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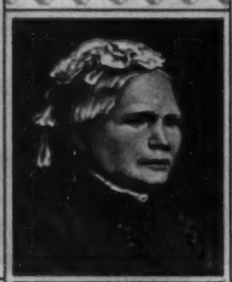
Harry Leon Wilson—Ben Ames Williams—Brooke Hanlon—Wythe Williams
Olga Moore—Nunnally Johnson—Katharine N. Burt—Everett Rhodes Castle

MOTHER'S DAY

MAY 11 TH.

MARY HILL WILLARD
Mother of Frances E. Willard



MARGARET MORRISON CARNEGIE
Mother of Andrew Carnegie

SARAH BUSH LINCOLN
Step-mother of Abraham Lincoln

VICTORIA MOOR COOLIDGE
Mother of Calvin Coolidge

ELIZA TOMLINSON FOSTER
Mother of Stephen Collins Foster

ABIGAIL SMITH ADAMS
Mother of John Quincy Adams

MARTHA BULLOCH ROOSEVELT
Mother of Theodore Roosevelt

MARY BALL WASHINGTON
Mother of George Washington

MOTHERS FAMOUS PEOPLE REMEMBER

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HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

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IN SUNNY CRIME LAND

The Fainting Form of Estelle, Lovely Young Ward of Lord Pitcairn, is Brought In by One of Lady Strelsom's Creatures and Confided to the Care of a Foul Hag

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS: Gwendolyn, Lady Blatchins, an awfully decent sort, suddenly disappears from Charlton Abbas in the heart of the Downs. Inspector Burt of the Yard learns that she had got off a bus at Sloane Square and gone to Raleigh Mansions. The following day the visiting Rajah of Puhts, wearing all his emeralds, also disappears. David Pitcairn, profligate son of stern old Lord Pitcairn, sees a connection between these and the sudden disappearance of Judson Potter and the disfigured body of a woman found floating in the Thames, beautiful even in death. David goes to Monte Carlo to look for Judson Potter and meets a young fellow named Cradleigh. He lends the latter some money and Cradleigh breaks the bank at roulette. David shrewdly suspects that Potter and Cradleigh are the same. Returning to London, he and Inspector Burt search Cradleigh's rooms at Raleigh Mansions and discover that a small spike has been broken from the Venetian fender. Through a ticket taker, David, while stopping at a Houndsditch slum for a quartern of gin, learns the whereabouts of Basher Scroggins, who drove an unconscious man and an unconscious woman on the evening of December eighth.

Meanwhile, Amelia, the wayward Countess of Strelsom, who has become leader of an international band, The Big Four, sworn to the total destruction of society, lures David to a waterside den, where he is bludgeoned to unconsciousness a moment before the fainting form of Estelle, lovely young ward of Lord Pitcairn, is brought in by one of Lady Strelsom's creatures and confided to the care of a foul hag, who cackles fiendishly as she promises to put the pretty bird where she will do no harm. Trapped like a rat in a trap among the lowest human scum that preys on society, David yet manages to get word to Inspector Burt. But on the arrival of a dozen sturdy lads from the Yard the birds have flown. To the wise Inspector Burt this looks like a parcel from Queer Street. About to call off his men, he discovers a message from David scrawled on the damp wall of the dungeon: "Topham has it." Disguised as a man come to mend the drain, P. C. No. 29, who has done some cushy staff work, learns that Colonel Topham, formerly a tea planter in Ceylon and later a rubber planter in the Malay Peninsula, has just returned from the upper Punjab, where he had been sent to put down border troubles. With his arrival comes word that the great Jondapur Emerald, The Idol's Eye, has been stolen. Inspector Burt, himself no dabster at the art of make-up, and having taken lessons from the best mimic in the London halls, disguises himself as the Bishop of Zanzibar in ill-health and calls on Colonel Topham in his chambers at Golders Green, after shadowing him from the smoking room of a café in Ludgate Circus. Presenting his card to the manservant, he is studying the room's handsome appointment, when he is seized from behind, held as if in a vise, dealt a smart blow with some heavy, blunt instrument resembling an iron bar, and falls like a pithed ox.

The press has lashed itself into a fury over the theft of the Jondapur Emerald and the simultaneous theft of the Charlemagne Crystal from the collection of Sir Eustace Edgware. Sir Eustace, about to hark up to a meet at Hanbury Cross, is startled by a scream from his wife's boudoir. He finds Lady Edgware staring wide-eyed at a writhing fer-de-lance tethered to a pin cushion by one of her long blond hairs. Rapping out an oath of dismay, Sir Eustace reaches for a poker, but that instant comes the bark of an automatic and he feels a stab of agony in his left shoulder. Lady Edgware falls senseless on the rug, and Sir Eustace, although strong as a bullock and a trained athlete—having obtained his blue at Cambridge—faints from the impact of the poisoned bullet. The door of a Florentine wardrobe opens and from it steps the Ranee of Thang, her creature, Lal Singh, at the same time emerging from a boot cupboard, an evil smirk on his depraved face. With a look of baffled rage, the Ranee motions her minion to follow and, just as a hospital van dashes up to the front door of Veronal Hall, they repair to a doss house in one of the lowest purlieus of Soho, where the Countess of Strelsom awaits them.

Rex Pitcairn, foster brother of David, a cool card, with muscles of tempered steel and keen about whippet racing, discovers where a parasol has been leaned against one of the noble beech trees in the park of Sefton Manor. Suspecting the parasol to have been that of Lady Gwendolyn, he resolves to pay the rascals back in their own coin, and traces her, step by step, until he finds her heavily disguised and acting as waitress in a bun shop in the Burlington Arcade. At the sound of his voice Gwendolyn quivers as if struck by a lash and vanishes through a secret panel. At this moment, Lord Pitcairn—it being a Whitsuntide bank holiday—learns that the Grand Constable of Lesser Armenia has offered a reward of 10,000,000 dinars for the return of the Charlemagne Crystal. With a

The President Steps Forward to Support Her. The Sly Minx Slips a Package of One Hundred Thousand-Dollar Bills Into the Inner Coat Pocket of the Kindly President!

muttered curse, he bribes the skipper of a coasting barge—a creature of the underworld, having but lately returned from ten years' penal servitude in the quarries of New Guinea—to transfer the Glenarm pearls from his palatial yacht to his dak bungalow on Hampstead Heath, from which a subterranean passage leads to his town house in Upper Tooting. As the crew of the barge are engaged in transferring the pearls, Basher Scroggins, his face contorted into a mask of fury, drops to the deck to warn Lord Pitcairn that the game is up. For a moment all is uproar and confusion, until the bark of an automatic is heard, and Pitcairn drops to the deck, his nostrils distorted, as his eyes squint to slits emitting a wicked fury. With a snarl of malignant triumph, Basher Scroggins leaps overboard. A moment later he throws off his disguise, revealing himself to be none other than Inspector Burt and Colonel Topham. Recognition dawns in the eyes of the men, and with glad cries of "Father!" they rush into each other's arms and leave on the next boat for the clean spaces of Canada, there to make a fresh start in life. At that moment ——

Down to Surrey for the Shooting

SOMETHING like that it goes. I mean, they all go like that, as well you know if you are a Crime Club member in good standing. I may have been a bit vague toward the last. Events may not have fallen in precisely that order, but, believe me, they fell. A mad world it is. I get mad myself when the murderer turns out to be a heavily bearded Australian johnny that no one hears a word of until next to the last chapter. Who wouldn't be mad? For 260 pages we—and the best brains of Scotland Yard—have been led to suspect, in turn, everyone in the book, from the silver-haired old rector down to Birdseed, butler at Veronal Hall. And just as we expect one of them to bite the setting of a ring, releasing the scent of crushed almonds, here comes—to spoil it all—one of those coarse-mannered, ill-dressed colonials, with no understanding of what is due readers of detective fiction. After that I'm always just a little glad that Sir Jasper was done in—a crimson stain slowly widening on the rug beneath him. Decently sorry for the old blighter while I thought I had the right murderer, I now see that he deserved nothing less for wronging the colonial forty-two years before and keeping it from us up to page 260.

It will have been guessed by the shrewd that the above synopsis covers an alleged story of British make. I prefer these to our native product—and I may speak freely, since I have been dropped by the Crime Club for non-payment of dues. After all, have we anything like Scotland Yard? But there are other reasons, which I shall try to bring out in this little talk. England, it seems to me, has the only ideal settings for high-class murder. As the scene for an attractive killing, compare the Jazzbo Arms on Riverside Drive, New York, with Thornburgh Manor or Chetwynd Lodge, near Chobham, Surrey. In the Jazzbo will be a dumb janitor and a not too bright elevator boy—lift attendant—and the police either will or will not have the murderer in time for the afternoon papers. If they don't land him the first day, they never will, no matter what the books say. But Veronal Hall, in the beamed library of which Sir Everard is found in a state to concern no one but his heirs and the coroner, is densely populated—servants, guests, relations—and at least six or eight of these had good reason for speeding the pellet that laid the old boy low. Probably one or two of them came down especially for the shooting. You have here something to work on—clews leading to almost any part of the island: London, with its picturesque corners; desolate moors; quaint rural inns; perhaps Paris, but a step away; yachts lying offshore; ruined abbeys; not forgetting Thornburgh Park, with its belted spinneys. Try to find a belted spinney in West Eighty-fourth Street. The whole layout is so good, I wonder Burton Holmes hasn't mixed in some good homicides with his travel stuff. New York killings are merely for the police—no style, no color, no background.

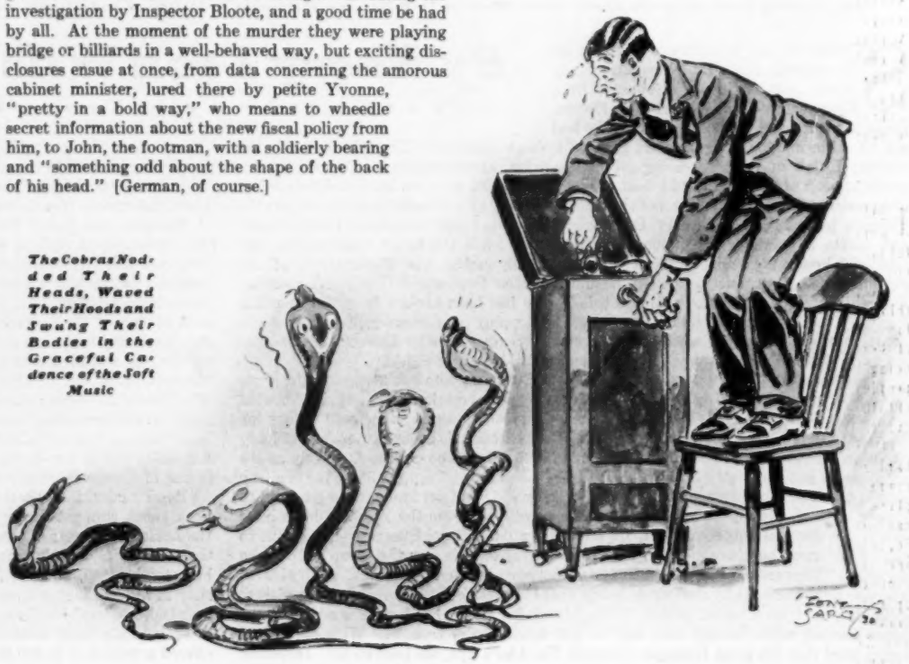
Another advantage the British story has—though perhaps it isn't a nice thing to say—those people are not only murder-minded but there seem to be so many more Englishmen who need killing, and need it badly. I recall no recent British story in which the victim didn't have it coming to him from at least half a dozen sources. Take the house party preceding a murder. Is it not usually composed of persons with spotty pasts and more than doubtful presents? Probably half of them are meaning to send poisoned chocolates to the other half as soon as they can get around to it. This will all be brought out during the investigation by Inspector Bloote, and a good time be had by all. At the moment of the murder they were playing bridge or billiards in a well-behaved way, but exciting disclosures ensue at once, from data concerning the amorous cabinet minister, lured there by petite Yvonne, "pretty in a bold way," who means to wheedle secret information about the new fiscal policy from him, to John, the footman, with a soldierly bearing and "something odd about the shape of the back of his head." [German, of course.]

Of all the guests, spies, gamblers, forgers, narcotic addicts, jewel thieves, Sabbath breakers, only Jack, nephew of the murdered man, is not of considerable interest to the Yard. Jack is weak, but not, so far, wanted. And of course it is Jack who is first suspected. Not only had he left the bridge table just before the shot was fired but the revolver found beside Sir Jasper bears Jack's initials, a button from his coat is found in one of the dead man's hands and a strand of hair in the other. Of course, we know Jack didn't do it; if for no other reason than because no one called "Jack" ever committed any crime in any book. Anyway, it is discovered the next morning that Sir Jasper really died from a vegetable poison, he having been a strict vegetarian from early youth.

But this should be enough to show the superior advantages of the British writer in these affairs of an unsocial character. You simply couldn't find that bunch of polite crooks at the scene of any American murder worth writing about. They are a thumping bad lot, and that's all to it. And don't forget the clipped yew hedges, rooks cawing in the lime trees—Sir Jasper raised all his own lime—belted spinneys, the bogs of Dartmoor and the disused quarry. [Note: All quarries in England have long been disused, or else the books have it wrong.]

A Horrible Shock for Little Goldie

BY CONTRAST, let us look over one or two pretty barren American crimes. Here is a late reading. Scene: Chillicothe, Ohio, or, possibly, Ottumwa, Iowa. I don't remember, and it makes no difference. Little Goldie, aged six, comes from the back garden, where she has just buried her dolly under a currant bush, because dolly had died, you see. It is a pleasant afternoon, however, and Goldie strolls over to the grape arbor. There on a rustic seat she observes the reclining figure of Mumsie's beautiful house guest. Even from the distance of five yards, Goldie knows something is wrong. Perhaps Nana has been reading some of those mystery stories to her. Anyway, she sees not only that the beautiful lady is dead but that she has been strangled with a cord from the near-by hammock. Further scanning the scene, with the eyes of a trained investigator, she shivers as she detects a certain bit of evidence left by the criminal. To think is to act with this loyal tot. She picks up the evidence and goes back to the currant bush to



The Cobras Nodded Their Heads, Waved Their Hoods and Swung Their Bodies in the Graceful Cadence of the Soft Music

With a Snarl of Malignant Triumph, Basher Scroggins Leaps Overboard

bury it with poor dolly. In the shock of her discovery—for she now knows the killer—the poor kiddie wanders off into the country, "half delirious," or possibly two-thirds. For hours she walks in this agony of comprehension and is found miles away late that night, still walking, and now wholly delirious. Meantime, the crime discovered, efforts have been made to pry into the murdered lady's past to learn who had reason for thus utilizing the hammock cord.

But there's no color to it; nothing like what we would have had at Chetwynd Lodge near Chobham, in Surrey, with any number of faultless-mannered crooks all about. Here we have only a cheap sheriff, who never dresses for dinner and who camps outside Goldie's room. The book says the sheriff knows that people tell the truth in their first lucid moments after delirium, so he catches Goldie lucid in about a week—along at page 245, after all the other clews have gone sour—and coaxes her into telling him where she buried dolly. Then what does the old meanie do but go and dig up the bit of fluff from Muvver's feather fan, and pretty soon Mumsie, not even stopping to give Goldie a couple of quick ones for blabbing, bites into the setting of her ring and the "odor of crushed almonds came to every nostril."

A Chemical Solution

I BELIEVE Goldie's papa had been something more than just a wonderful pal of the beautiful lady, but I'm not sure, because it was two weeks ago I read the book, and it cost $2.50. But think how richly the whole thing could have been colored in the walled garden of Sefton Park, with Inspector Bloote doing the snooping, a lot of the right people dressing for dinner, and faithful old Birdseed knowing all the time who did it.

Or listen to this one about a fine bank robbery in one of our provincial towns—Indianapolis or one of those places. The safe of the First National has been blown open and cleaned clean. So, next morning, when the president and cashiers and tellers and clerks come down to work, they are all lined up in the president's office and searched under the direction of the district attorney. This, we are assured, was "routine procedure." Well, almost everyone is willing to be searched, and it goes forward without a cent of the bank's money being found, until the assisting detectives come to a girl who refuses to submit. So the district attorney and the detectives and her fellow employes all look suspicious and the kindly old president tells her she really must obey. This so shocks her that she seems about to faint. The president steps forward to support her. And guess what! Right in that ring of sharp eyes, what does the sly minx do but slip a package of one hundred thousand-dollar bills "from the opened front of her blouse" into the inner coat pocket of the kindly president! [So far as I know the old boy is now serving time as the robber.]

But if that seems to you like smooth work, wait till you hear what else this chit had done. She had put something on the granite that held bars over a rear window through which her pals had entered the bank. The book says she applied "a strong chemical solution" to the granite which "reduced it to a cheeselike consistency." What do you think of that? What I always say—if criminals would only apply their intelligence to honest and useful endeavor! Surely there are enough entirely legal uses for that strong chemical solution to make one rich beyond the dreams of avarice, even in Indianapolis. But no, this poor girl had to be a criminal because her face, as I recall, was "of a strong Slavic cast" and her name was Olga or something equally suspicious. I didn't finish the story; no color, no Scotland Yard, no Master Criminal who had baffled all the police of Europe, no Château Lafitte '99, no glasses of sound vintage port with a crumb of old Stilton, no one fatally bitten by a Boulle cabinet with a hidden spring, no pet cobra to sting strangers on the ankle, not even a man from Australia.

And speaking of cobras, there's another reason for the inferiority of our output. We simply don't get prime cobras over here. I recall but one of our stories handling this rich reptilian motive, and in that the poor snakes were double-crossed in the vilest way. It seems there was a crook known as the Fox and there was a beautiful lady crook in her apartment in "an aristocratic Fifth Avenue hotel." The girl crook had the Nadij of Sadkara's amulet, for which the British Government had "offered a secret reward of twenty thousand pounds" to prevent a native uprising, it being feared that the loss of the amulet would "inflame the Orient." Well, the Fox gained access to the apartment and was chatting with this slip of a girl crook in a perfectly nice way when a lascar or a Gurkha or a punkah coolie—or maybe it was a *mem-sahib*—let down "a Hindu jug" from the room above and swung it in the window; the jug broke and out flopped six able-bodied cobras, all knowing their business.

Isn't this a tense moment? But wait. The cobras raise their heads ominously and stare about the room, while the Fox lifts the girl crook to the top of a bookcase and leaps to the phonograph. The cool way he acts, you might think he had been raised with cobras, for what does he do but turn on a waltz? I quote: "The cobras paused. They raised their vicious heads and slowly distended their hoods, their beady eyes fastened on the phonograph. 'Look! Great heavens, they are dancing!' The great hoods swayed rhythmically. As the record ended, the needle was returned to place for a repeat. It seemed hours. The cobras nodded their heads, waved their hoods and swung their bodies in the graceful cadence of the soft music."

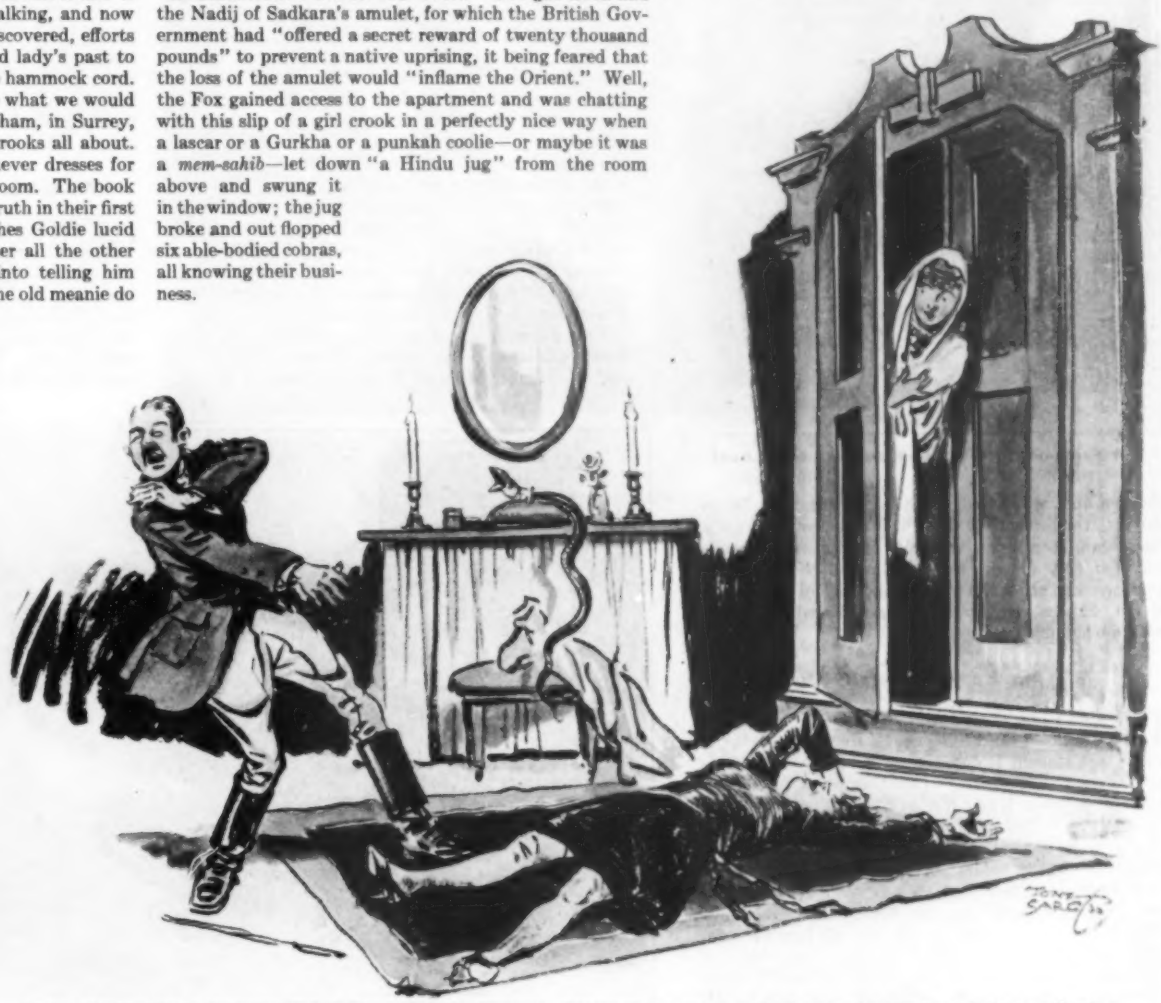
Ah, yes; all well enough for the younger dancing set. But suppose one cobra was getting on in years, a little puffy, a bit thick at the waist; good for a dance or two, of course, but getting shorter of breath with each repetition of that accursed waltz. I'll bet he never wanted to hear that piece again. If he could only have managed to sit out a dance! But he couldn't even take off his hood. There they were, helpless victims to their own mad craze for the dance. So far as I know, they danced themselves to death. I couldn't go on with the story. I was too affected. Never in my whole life have I felt so sorry for a herd of cobras.

Copping the Copper Mines in Honolulu

ANOTHER thing about our stories—they are too often worked out by an apparently not very bright newspaper reporter of unprepossessing appearance who hangs around police stations a lot and smokes far too many cigarettes. Once this chap had his principal character the victim of "a powerful narcotic" that, for six weeks, robbed him of all past memories; he didn't even know his own name. And during that blank the main crooks were getting control of "his vast copper mines in Honolulu." Believe it or not, that's what the book says; not poi mines, or ukulele mines—copper mines. Yet, had the story been of British make, with Inspector Bloote and his lads from the Yard, I'm sure we would have believed it all.

Such of my hearers this evening as are trying to break into the literary game, as we writers say—and who is not?—will indulge me, I hope, in a few other indications of British

(Continued on Page 143)



Lady Edgware Falls Senseless on the Rug, and Sir Eustace, Although Strong as a Bullock and a Trained Athlete—Having Obtained His Blue at Cambridge—Faints From the Impact of the Poisoned Bullet

Kultur of the Saber

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY POSED PHOTOGRAPHS

CAREFULLY, but hastily, we groped our way, upon a gray and dismal dawn, to behold the duels. Across the dingy Alexander Platz, the very *Hauptquartier* of German crime, almost in the shadow of the forbidding Polizei Præsidium, Berlin's central office for crime investigation, we followed our guide. A moment later, in a dim alley at the artists' entrance of a soiled dance hall, engaged as the scene for this particular blood *Fest*, our right as observer was favorably passed upon. We climbed a dark stair, paused at the check room, then entered a large oblong dance room dimly lighted by a central chandelier. Over the windows heavy tattered draperies excluded the daylight. While waiting for the program to begin, in company with about a hundred, we dallied with succulent sausages and foaming beer.

The duels were quite official, conducted under the high patronage of student corps of Berlin University, but, nevertheless, quite outside the law. The latest edict of the German Reichstag concerning dueling is so severe as to forbid even the allegedly harmless *Mensur*, or student duel. Collegiate argument, however, considers the *Mensur* necessary for various reasons; principally for the honor of the student corps, for the proper development of nerve and courage, and for teaching youth how to stand firm before danger. Old grads have thought it out even more fully. Face scars from duels are more than mere badges of courage; they are marks of distinction between those who have had academic training and the hoi polloi. One of the oldsters went over this learnedly with us while we munched our sausages.

A Position in the Modern Student Saber Duel

The Mark of a University Man

HE WAS particularly bitter over the high penalties now inflicted concerning the *Bestimmungsmensur*, in which one student is deputed by his corps "to fight a saber duel with a member of another corps, not on any point of personal honor but as a test of endurance of bloodletting." He pointed out a number of old grads in the ranks of the spectators, all beautifully scarred. Finally he paused before our rapt consideration of his own scarless countenance. He was not a very old grad and so undoubtedly, also, we betrayed wonderment. Then he smiled and removed his hat. He bent his head and solemnly called attention to three long trenches running across his shaved scalp. "*Gott sei dank!*"—God be thanked—he fervently exclaimed, and then he explained. He attended a university just at the close of the war, when dueling had almost become a lost art on account of the lost years when Germany battled against the world.

"And so," he concluded, "when I fought my duels we did not understand the delicate handling of the saber that just raises the skin from the cheek. My wounds might have been really serious." He caressed the top of his head and replaced his hat. The program was about to begin.

Five student duels were on the morning calendar, to be followed by a real hate duel between an army officer and an attorney, for a "secret but grave reason." Our old grad then explained that even hate duels nowadays usually are conducted under student auspices, on account of the "unwarranted activity" of the police. The students, he said, are far more adept at staging these duels than their elders, and so the officer and the lawyer would fight under the colors of rival corps rather than risk having things out on their own, in which event, probably, they might land in jail as well as the hospital.

"If the cops raid us during that affair," he added, "all of us are liable to get pinched; for then even the spectators are liable to penalty."

Our host, who had gone to settle for the refreshments, again joined us to give the information that this particular program had been marked down by the police, which explained why the promoters had daringly decided to move directly under the guns, while the law's minions scoured other and different quarters of the city—the sections of students' clubrooms and university life. Gun play in the Alexander Platz is fairly ordinary, but the clang of aristocratic and scholastic saber blades is evidently outside the imagination of the policeman on our particular beat. So the show was on.

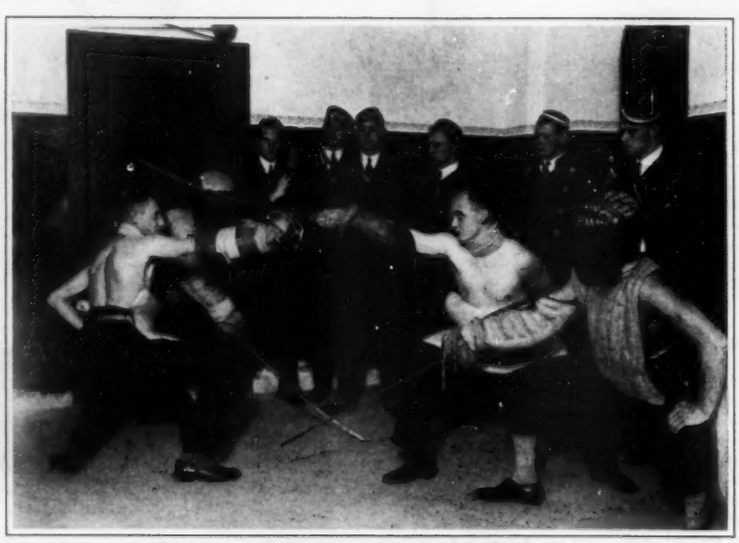
The small stage, with tarnished accouterments, was reserved for the doctor and the medicine chest. Bandages and cotton packs were piled upon a table; strong odors of ointments and liniments came to our nostrils. A platform placed in the center of the room, only a few inches above the floor, padded with rubber, constituted the runway for the fighting, and upon it now appeared the principals for the first fight. The first row of chairs about the platform was reserved for the two corps sponsoring the particular encounter. The other spectators perched themselves behind, standing on chairs or tables—many with beer mug or pipe in hand. The entire crowd was made up of students or graduates, all wearing the particular cap or neck cordon of their corps, which, after a fashion, correspond to the Greek-letter fraternities of American universities.

Two youngsters, not more than eighteen years old, faced each other on the runway. Except for the cheeks and the top of the head, they were incased in armor impenetrable even to sabers. Legs, body, arms, neck, were all covered with heavy leather pads; also special devices covered the eyes, nose and ears, for this was merely a curriculum duel, when only the cheek or scalp, and preferably the cheek, is the object of attack. The seconds, also equipped with sabers, were similarly armored, and with the addition of a head mask. Each second took position at the side of his protégé, holding him by the sword arm until the judge gave the signal that placed the duelists on guard. A weapon's length separated them, breast to breast. Ten times during his university course must every corps member indulge in one of these curriculum affairs. Usually, just for luck, he rounds out the number to an even dozen, or until his countenance bears sufficient lifetime decoration, that no doubt may rest in the mind of anyone that he has been the recipient of a university education. In the good old times before the war, our old grad told us, the students were forced to indulge in twenty such battles, or even more. But times are not what they were—and he sighed.

A Test of Student Beer Honesty

French and German Methods Compared

GERMAN saber play, as compared with the delicate art of French *escrime*, or Italian, lacks both grace and science. The opponents stand facing each other squarely, with legs spread apart, their feet remaining always in the same position. Thus there can be nor[illegible] of the catlike elegance shown both in advance and retreat upon the *piste* of the Parisian *salle d'armes*. The left arm, instead of held behind the body for balance, is thrust rigid against the back. The weapon is held high in the other hand and, instead of thrust, parry and riposte, the attack is entirely hack and slash. After eight swings of the weapons the seconds intervene, no matter what the condition of the fighters. Comes the cry of "Halt!" and the blades of the duelists are thrust back by the blades of the seconds. The seconds then hold the fighters' sword arms while the doctor takes note of the wounds, if any, or until the judge gives word for the men again to go on guard. The duelists face each



Costume for a Modern German Hate Duel—Note Position of the Seconds

Position in the Rapier Duel. This Photograph is Bad Because the Students are Using Sabers

Freshmen of a Student Corps Taking Orders

other so closely that the full force of the weapon is possible, if delivered upon any exposed part.

Before this duel began, a slight nervousness was manifest among the spectators concerning the presence of the foreigner, meaning us. So much secrecy is necessary nowadays that probably not half a dozen outsiders have attended German duels in as many years. Explanations became necessary, but the name of our host was sufficiently exalted in the hierarchy of the Berlin collegiate to allay alarm. So word was given that started the first duel on its bloody way. A second later, blood was streaming down the hairless cheek of one youthful combatant. Never did we care much for the sight of blood, so, both hopefully and naturally, we surmised the fight was then over. In our innocence we considered that the youth had received the scar due on this particular occasion, and would not need to get another one for months—until his corps commander booked him for the next encounter in his dueling course.

An Ancient Enthusiast

THE dueling program, it seems, is arranged between the corps chieftains. All members are scheduled and seeded much after the fashion of a big tennis or golf tourney. Every youngster knows, weeks ahead, just when and where he is to appear—health and police permitting. An old, old grad—up in the seventies we should say—and proudly wearing the cordon of his corps, gave us details concerning the order of booking duels ahead. It was all conducted in the same systematic, precise fashion that marks everything German, he said. He was enthusiastically naïve; his aged, battle-scarred countenance glowed with excitement. We counted up to fifteen scars on his right cheek, and then lost count because, in his eagerness to make us understand, he overcame his natural Teutonic stolidity and began to jump up and down.

"Why, you don't think the authorities will ever succeed in preventing duels?" His frame shook with excitement and his voice quavered. "Nothing can prevent them. They are run like a train schedule. In this country trains must run on time. Even storms and disasters are not permitted to make them late. And so, if the police make it too hot for us, our corps will rent a balloon or an airplane and the schedule will be carried out somewhere above the town and away from silly police interference. Yes, sir, you mark my word."

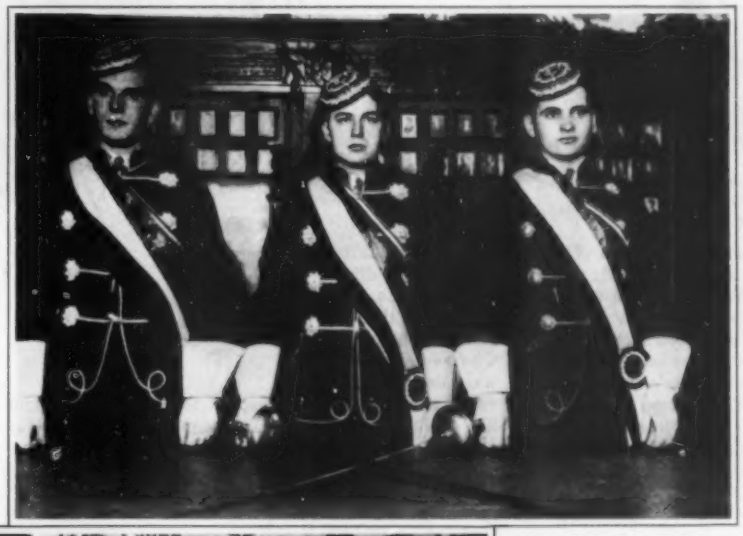
We were interested in the old gentleman's declaration, but our attention wandered back to the wounded youngster on the fight platform. Again the sabers were ringing. We asked why the bout was not stopped when one was hurt—why was it permitted for them to continue hacking at each other?

A duel must continue for a quarter of an hour of actual fighting, we were informed, and neither fighter is permitted to withdraw. Only the seconds can halt the combat if they decide that one or the other of the duelists is too badly hurt to continue.

The old gentleman beside us chuckled.

"He isn't hurt," he said, pointing at the bleeding youth. "Don't worry about that. Head wounds usually make a lot of blood, but ordinarily they are not serious."

Both youngsters were now bleeding profusely, but still they hacked away, pausing only when the seconds struck up their sabers and while the doctor peered into their wounds. At the end of the fight they were still standing—although groggy—and were led away by fellow members of their corps.



Corps Leader Ready to Announce That the Combat is On

The Clubroom of a Berlin Student Corps

Twenty-one Scars, and Proud of It

THE crowd shuffled about—largely in search of fresh beer. We strolled over to the fight platform, took casual notice of the blood on it, then wandered to the edge of the stage, where the victims of the encounter were being patched and bandaged. Both seemed quite cheery. One held a mirror before his countenance and with his forefinger appeared to count the number of marks he might be so lucky as to carry for the remainder of his life. We wandered back to the old gentleman and, just to make conversation, asked him how many scars he possessed.

"Twenty-one," he replied proudly, "as a result of fifty duels. Only one came from a real duel. I will gladly tell you of all the others, but of that I may never speak."

His air was intriguing, but the next bout was on. It was between freshmen, or "foxes," as they are known in the parlance of German student organizations. This duel was a complete flop, according to the entire audience. It was the debut of both battlers, and toward each

(Continued on Page 193)

MAN AFRAID

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

Simon Tried to Protest; and Then He Choked, and Swallowed Hard. For the Man Behind Him Jabbed Him in the Ribs With Something and Said Grimly: "Sit Down!"

SIMON GARY, by the unanimous opinion of those who knew him best, was an arrant coward; yet this was not altogether surprising. To train a fighting dog, you pit him first against opponents he can surely master; but Simon had fought since babyhood a series of losing battles. Thus in the matter of his profession, he was a drug clerk from choice; but it was his father's choice, not his own. The elder Gary was a snuffy old man with bristling brows; and he had held Simon in a filial terror for so many years that it never occurred to the boy to be anything but what his father wanted. His father wanted an assistant in the pharmacy, so a drug clerk Simon did become.

He was afraid of his father; and he was afraid of many other things. He was afraid of policemen, of automobiles, of indigestion; he was even afraid of caterpillars and of butterflies. Most of all, perhaps, he was afraid of his wife. When he found himself, in some fashion wholly mysterious, committed to marry Alice Field, he thought that marriage would at least remove him from his father's roof, give him some small empire of his own. But he was to find that he had simply bowed the knee before another tyrant. Alice was pretty and soft and helpless to the eye; but she had iron in her, and Simon was wax in her hands.

To be afraid of one we hate is bad enough; but it is infinitely worse to live in daily fear of one beloved. Simon devoted his every waking thought to the effort to avoid doing anything by which Alice might be displeased; yet he was not always successful. If smoking in the house scented her curtains, he could give it up; if she liked to read the morning paper as it came fresh-folded from the presses, he could surrender it to her intact; if she wished to lie late abed in the morning, he could prepare her breakfast and bring it on a tray. He learned to walk softly so that he would not wear holes in his socks. He learned to press his own neckties. He learned to put on overalls before tending the furnace, lest he soil his more formal clothes.

But three times during the first months of their marriage he committed, despite his best precautions, the unpardonable sin. He missed the last train home from town.

The first time he came home by street car, arriving half an hour or more after Alice had expected him, she gave him a chance to explain; but this was difficult, because she began with the assumption that whatever he said was a lie. After his explanations she refused to speak to him for twenty-four hours. The second time he came home late, she wept aloud all night in the bed beside him, sobbing that he had betrayed her for another woman. The third time she went home to her mother for three interminable days; and when she returned, she told him sadly that if he were ever late again, she would kill herself.

"Because I don't want to live, Simon, dear," she wistfully explained, "if I'm once convinced you don't love me any more."

A bolder man would have told her to stop being an idiot; but Simon was not bold. He was afraid of scores of things, though, of course, he was more afraid of some things than of others. He vowed never to be late again; but there was one occasion when in the effort to keep this vow he displayed an extraordinary energy, and a reckless audacity not to be expected of a man afraid.

The drug store was a small establishment, narrow and compact, tucked away in the crevice between a shoe-shine parlor and a fruit counter, just across the street from the South Station. Simon and his father were its only staff; and this meant long hours. Three days in the week Simon came in at eight and stayed till six at night, catching the six-seven train in time to be home for dinner at six forty-five. On the other days he reported for duty at noon and stayed till eleven at night, arriving home by the train which was due in Newtonville at eleven forty-two. The routine was absolute, and Simon clung to it tenaciously.

On the occasion about to be related, the elder Gary went home at six and left Simon in sole charge. It was a winter night; a blizzard howled through the street under the Elevated. Snow packed in the window corners, and frosted the windowpanes and banked against the door. The street lamps shone through a nimbus of light reflected from the swirling flakes. But the drug store was warm and comfortable; and Simon had no worry except a fear that his train might be late in getting home. Sometimes on such a night the switches froze.

Business in the little pharmacy was never brisk; and tonight it was even more dull than usual. Simon had time on his hands; and when his father had gone, he sat on a tall stool behind the glass screen which shielded the prescription department, and began to read the evening paper.

He was invisible behind the screen, so that from the street the store appeared to be empty. But Simon could see, through a transparent panel in the glass, anyone who might enter; and about twenty minutes after his father departed, two men came in. They were muffled against the storm, their faces invisible. They came in and closed the door behind them and stood looking out through the snow-crusted glass into the street, as though watching someone there.

Simon noticed that they carried bags: two suitcases and one soft black leather kit of smaller size. He thought this faintly surprising; because if they were about to take a train at the station across the street, they might as well have gone direct to that shelter from the storm.

But he descended from his stool and came around the screen into the front of the store to serve them. The men turned at his appearance, in a faintly startled fashion, and one of them dove quickly into the telephone booth. Simon thought the other had had a like impulse; but the first man closed the door of the booth behind him, leaving his companion outside; and this man, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Hot chocolate!"

Simon prepared the drink. The man in the booth seemed to be telephoning, for the low murmur of his voice could be heard through the muffling walls. He who had ordered the hot chocolate sipped it slowly, watching the man in the

booth, watching the street; and Simon studied him curiously. Till by and by the customer seemed to become conscious of Simon's regard, and to be by it disquieted. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a bank note.

"Here," he said, and laid it on the marble slab.

Simon noticed that the man kept his head bent so that the brim of his hat shadowed his countenance; he was still wondering why the other did this as he picked up the money and turned and pressed the key of the cash register to register the sale. But, as the drawer slid open, Simon looked for the first time at that which he held in his hand, and saw that it was a fifty-dollar bill!

Now the elder Gary had taken most of the day's cash with him. Simon hesitated, then turned to his customer.

"Haven't you anything smaller?" he asked.

"Smallest I've got," the other retorted.

"I can't change it," Simon confessed.

"Well, go get the change," the customer directed, in a quick impatience.

Simon still hesitated; he pointed toward the man in the booth. "How about him?"

"He can't change it either," the other insisted.

And Simon stood shifting from one foot to the other, suddenly a little pale. He was on the horns of a dilemma. There were two rules which the elder Gary held absolute. Never leave a customer alone in the store; and never let the cash register get out of balance. The sale was already registered, or Simon would have forgiven his customer the price of the hot chocolate. He might have done so even now, and made good the deficit out of his own pocket; but Alice required him to keep a punctilious account of his expenditures, and she would miss the nickel. Simon was more afraid of her displeasure than of his father's; and the end was that he went behind the screen and put on his overcoat and hat, and came out again.

"I'll be right back," he promised. The customer made no reply; and Simon went out into the storm.

He hurried, because he was uneasy at having left the store alone. Yet the first shop he tried, and the second, declined to accommodate him. It must have been almost ten minutes before he returned with the change. As he came in sight of the pharmacy, he thought he saw his two customers crossing toward the station through the swirling snow. But he decided this must be a mistake, and he went on to the store.

It was empty. The men were gone.

They must have been compelled to catch a train, Simon decided; and he remembered that there was a six-thirty express west. Trains were a hobby with Simon; he took long journeys in time-tables. Some day, when he could afford it, he meant to follow the routes he traced on paper now; but for the present his travels were purely literary. Yet he knew the time card backward; and he was quite sure in his own mind now where the men had gone.

It did not occur to him to keep the money. He had once short-changed his father, retaining three pennies out of a nickel with which he had been sent to buy papers. This was fifteen years ago; but Simon still remembered very vividly the penalties of theft. So he sprang the lock on the door and ran across the street toward the station. He could catch the two men before the train pulled out, give them their money, and be back in five minutes' time. He ran across the street into the station; and he raced the length of the train shed to the track from which the six-thirty would depart.

He came thus far without having overtaken the men he sought; but he cut through a nearer gate and ran along the length of the train, watching through the windows till in one of the forward cars, near the engine, he discovered them, moving down the aisle.

He climbed the steps, panting with haste, the money clutched in his hand. The train began to move; and he hesitated; but he could always alight at Trinity Place and return. So he went on.

The men were not in sight in the car, and for a moment he was baffled. Then he realized that they must be in the drawing-room; and he tried the door. It was locked; but he knocked; and after a moment the door opened a crack, and a man looked out. Simon said hurriedly:

"You forgot your money!"

Someone inside swore, in a tone of surprise and dismay. The man at the door hesitated, and half closed the door; but Simon was in haste. He must be ready to get off the train at Trinity Place, and they were already rolling through the yards. He pushed the door open and stumbled in, the money in his hand.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed.

The men seemed at a loss. One of them closed the door, and bolted it; but Simon did not notice this. He was not sure for the moment to which one the change was due; and he looked from one to the other searchingly. They were curiously alike, somewhere in their thirties, with alarming eyes.

Then the man at the door said: "Pull down the shades!"

The other reached across and did so. Simon tried to protest; and then he choked, and swallowed hard.

For the man behind him jabbed Simon in the ribs with something, and Simon looked down and saw it was a gun. The man said grimly:

"Sit down!"

Simon sat down. He was a jelly of fear.

Simon did not leave the train at Trinity Place. His first frantic appeals had been silenced by the steady menace of

(Continued on Page 136)

But Three Times During the First Months of Their Marriage He Committed, Despite His Best Precautions, the Unpardonable Sin. He Missed the Last Train Home From Town

Children Can't Understand

By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"Why Aren't You Eating, Jock?" His Mother Demanded Finally. "I Was Just Thinking," He Said Briefly

JOHN CHILTON PETTIGREW, 2d, explored the dark with a probing toe. The tall clock in the hall outside struck twice, solemnly.

Still searching for stability in the purple mass which lapped the bed, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, nodded sagely. "I'll bet you it's late," he whispered grimly to himself. "I'll bet you it's after ten o'clock."

The gingerly extended toe found solid bottom. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, sighed, as a man sighs who has traveled the first lap of a perilous journey in safety, and slid carefully out of bed. From below, the sounds which had greeted his waking ears broke out anew. Softly at first, and then suddenly rising to the crash of dishes in the butler's pantry. Standing rigid in the gloom, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, recognized the heavy hand of his father at the radio. There was a lot more noise. For instance, somebody was singing—not very nice singing, and pretty loud, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, thought. Then there were screams, but not like people being hurt. Then there was laughing, but not the kind of laughing you mostly heard, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, decided. It was more like loud squealing, and it didn't make you want to laugh too.

Carefully picking his way across the room through a splatter of silver from the two windows which looked out over the flat roof of the garage, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, made his way stealthfully to the bed in the other corner of the room. In a twisted mass of white his younger brother, Barrett, aged six—younger by two hours, four minutes and seven seconds—lay breathing gently into his upflung arm.

Bending over, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, breathed freely into the neck of his brother's pajamas.

"Hey, Barry!" he whispered. "Hey!"

The twisted mass stirred uneasily and then lay still.

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, breathed more urgently down the opening.

"Hey, Barry! Wake up! Don't you know what we said? Come on."

The twisted mass came to life with one convulsive, jackknife motion that swept the bedcovering across the floor like a scudding ghost.

"Hey, don't!" commanded John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, hoarsely.

"Wh-what's the matter?"

"Don't talk so loud." For a second John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, considered the wide eyes and the tousled dark head of his younger brother, waiting for returning consciousness to bring a realization of the important matter in hand. Then, as returning consciousness apparently only brought with it a vigorous digging out of sleepy eyes, he went on: "Don't you remember what we said? About mamma and papa's party?"

The digging hand ceased its excavating: "Jock, is it late?"

"Of course it's late," said his elder brother impatiently. "It's ten o'clock, I guess. Come on."

Pettigrew the younger yawned sleepily. Somehow the prospect of creeping along the dark side of the hall, past Uncle Lisle's room, and so through the arch onto the dark little balcony which hung like a lip out among the great beams of the living room, seemed a high price to pay for a glimpse of a party. He temporized.

"I don't care much ——" he began.

"Sissy"—contemptuously.

"I'm not"—stoutly.

"Scaredy cat."

"I'm not, Jock Pettigrew."

"I suppose a machine gunner would be afraid to get out of bed to see a party just because it was dark and ——"

Without further ado, Pettigrew the younger crept resolutely out of bed. Though his lower lip trembled slightly, the machine gunner settled the matter quite definitely. At the moment, no other hero, with the possible exception of old Mr. McHenry's gardener, who had once been a sailor on a real ship, possessed such power with the Pettigrew twins.

"Come on," he said briefly.

From the narrow slit of deeper shadow which indicated the presence of a partially open door came the regular, heavy breathing of Nursey. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, laid a warning hand on the shoulder of his younger brother.

"I'll open the door," he hissed. "If you don't press down when you turn the knob, it squeaks."

A blare of constantly changing sound, such as is made by a heavy hand carelessly twisting a radio dial, gave John Chilton Pettigrew his opportunity. He pressed down and turned. Slowly an oblong of dull orange light swung into the room. With the caution and bravery of a machine gunner the Pettigrew twins crept into the light.

A small lamp of Italian pottery lit one side of the wide hall. The twins, hand in hand, laid their course against the opposite wall. The radio was louder in the hall. So were the other noises. They passed the closed door of Uncle Lisle's room in safety and presently negotiated the tall, plastered arch. Ahead, just beyond an ornate Gothic screen of carved oak, lay success.

"Don't breathe so hard," ordered John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, "and look out for the waste-paper basket."

The minstrel gallery in the Pettigrew home was used as a writing nook.

Barry Pettigrew nodded. "Maybe it would be better if we got down on our knees," he suggested.

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, regarded the suggestion as sound. "That's neat," he complimented his junior. "Come on."

The carved oaken railing of the gallery was on a level with the great iron circle of twinkling lights, which hung, like a hangman's circlet, from three heavy chains running up into the mass of beams. Like two lion cubs dressed up in white flannel, the Pettigrew twins crept around the screen and into the angle of shadow provided by the desk and chair. An ancient Paisley shawl hung over the balustrade to add to the gloom.

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, pointed out a long slit in this frayed memento of Grandmother Chilton with obvious satisfaction.

"See? Isn't that neat? Didn't I tell you?"

Barry Pettigrew sidled forward and gently spread the opening with his fingers. As he stared downward, the light trickling through the slit sent his freckles to dancing. Excitement blazed in his eyes.

"Lookit," he commanded. "It's just like a picture or something."

As John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, maneuvered to a position permitting a joint view through the opening, a fat man danced into view. On his head, perched precariously over one fleshy ear, was a pink-silk lampshade. The ends of his black bow tie hung down over the white blotch of dinner shirt like two tiny stockings at Christmastime. In his pudgy hands, almost scarlet in the glow from the open fire, he held a broom which he fingered and twanged, as he sang, in a high uncertain tenor, about a Spaniard that blighted his life.

"What makes Uncle Lisle's face so red, Jock?"

"Sh—sh. Lookit, Barry."

The radio flared up. Somewhere—outside the narrow range of the picture—people clapped their hands. The fat man bowed low and kissed his hand. In regaining the vertical, however, the toe of his patent-leather shoe caught in a long Oriental runner which stretched before the fireplace and along to the door leading to the billiard room. With a crash which sent the Pettigrew twins backward in sudden horror, the fat man became a hopeless scramble of black cloth, pink silk, white shirt, splintered wood and blue-green straw. The room rocked in merriment. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, turned to his brother.

"I don't think that was very funny," he said; and then, as if the reason was too vague to classify, added: "somehow."

"What makes Uncle Lisle's lip hang down so funny, Jock? See ——"

A woman moved into the picture below.

"Sh—sh," warned John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d. "There's Mrs. Woodbury."

The woman was giggling. In one mittened hand she held a glass; the other held up a long, sweeping skirt. She bent over the fat man.

"You poor, dear, broken cherub" she tittered.

The fat man held his face up. "Kiss cherub," he implored. "Make cherub well."

The room howled with laughter as the woman knelt, the glass in her gloved hand, swaying uncertainly.

"That's silly," breathed Barry.

Pettigrew the elder turned away from the slit long enough to stare impatiently at his brother.

"I guess old folks know more about what is silly than you do."

The lady said something in a high-pitched voice: "You are my ——" John Chilton Pettigrew did not get the rest. Apparently Barry did.

"What's a spressed desire, Jock?" he wanted to know.

"Sweet nectar from your lips," the fat man was beseeching.

"What's nec——"

"Lookit, Barry! She spilled that glass all the way down the front of his shirt!" In his excitement Barry Pettigrew forgot about the nectar. Laughter from beyond the picture was louder than ever. Uncle Lisle had pulled Mrs. Woodbury into his lap and was vigorously rubbing one of her long, gloved arms up and down his dripping shirt. As he rubbed he sang at the top of his voice "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

The radio was blasting out Singing in the Rain.

Mrs. Woodbury, her blond head moving to the rhythm of the music, kept repeating the words over and over again, and giggling loudly in between: "You nice little suppressed desire. You nice little suppressed desire. You nice little suppressed desire."

"I guess it's a nickname," John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, explained. Then hastily: "Lookit! Here comes Mr. Woodbury."

"I like him," murmured Barry. "He's a nice man. Remember how he brought us those real faucets when we were building our railroad termalin?"

"Terminal," corrected his elder brother. "Don't talk so much. Lookit Mr. Woodbury, he don't —— What's he doin'?"

The nice man who appreciated, as few elders do, that builders need real materials to build railroad terminals, was standing over the rocking couple on the floor. The radio had ceased to blast. Something in the way he stood there seemed to have stilled the laughter; something in the way the cords stood out on the back of his neck made the Pettigrew twins lean forward, lips parted, staring.

"Get up," he said quietly to his wife.

"Sit down," invited the fat man, quitting his rubbing and singing for a moment. "Eh, Ada? The trusting husband and the suppressed desire ——"

"Get up, Ada."

"He's having his surly hour," Mrs. Woodbury explained loudly. "After a few drinks he always has one, don't you, Harry?"

The black line of pompadour which cut across her husband's face seemed to drop farther down over his pallid forehead. He took no notice of the gale of mirth which followed his wife's sally.

"Get up," he repeated.

"Don't be a fool, Harry!" somebody shouted from across the room. "Come an' have another drink. We'll drink confusion to all these suppressed desires. Come on!"

"Run along, Harry," advised the fat man, with a grin, "an' leave your wife to her little suppressed desire."

Only the pompadour seemed to move—lower; "Listen, you fat little pup! Take your paws off my wife or I'll twist that smart tongue of yours ——"

The room was in a sudden uproar. Somebody outside the picture began to scream hysterically.

"Are they going to fight?" demanded Barry, breathless.

"I guess Mr. Woodbury don't like nicknames," his brother told him. "Lookit! Here comes daddy."

The man who patted Mr. Woodbury on the back and said he was a good fellow was tall and dark and smiling.

With the Caution and Bravery of a Machine Gunner the Pettigrew Twins Crept Into the Light

He tried to keep his hand on the scowling man's shoulder as he held out a glass.

"What we all need is another drink," he suggested.

Mr. Woodbury shook the hand off his shoulder, but took the extended glass.

Mrs. Woodbury got to her feet and laughed again. "He's having his surly hour. After a few drinks he always has one, don't you, Harry?"

John Chilton Pettigrew stepped out of the picture momentarily and returned with a tray of clinking glasses. Uncle Lisle stood up and took one. So did Mrs. Woodbury. As the Pettigrew twins stared, their father raised his glass aloft.

"Here's to good old Harry," he proposed.

Uncle Lisle stopped brushing off his coat and grinned. Then he raised his glass.

Mrs. Woodbury waved her glass. "It's just his surly hour," she explained again. "After a few drinks he always has one, don't you, Harry?"

Her husband drained his glass and smiled. "Sure," he admitted amiably.

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, leaned back with a sigh. "I guess they were only fooling after all."

Barry Pettigrew had been scared. He said so, his eyes still blinking rapidly. "I—I guess maybe we had better get back to bed," he finished.

From over the gulf of two hours, four minutes and seven seconds, his elder brother looked at him patronizingly.

"Don't you be afraid," he whispered. "I'll take care of you. See, everything is all right now. Lookit. Mr. Woodbury is giving Uncle Lisle a cigar and patting him on the back."

Barry nodded. "I—I don't think I like Mr. Woodbury as much as I used to," he decided.

Down below, the blond Mrs. Woodbury was still explaining her husband, glass waving freely.

"It's just his surly hour, isn't it, Harry?"

"Woodbury's all right," Uncle Lisle was repeating over and over again.

"Jock, why do they keep saying the same thing over and over again?"

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, still peering, shook his head. "I don't know," he admitted.

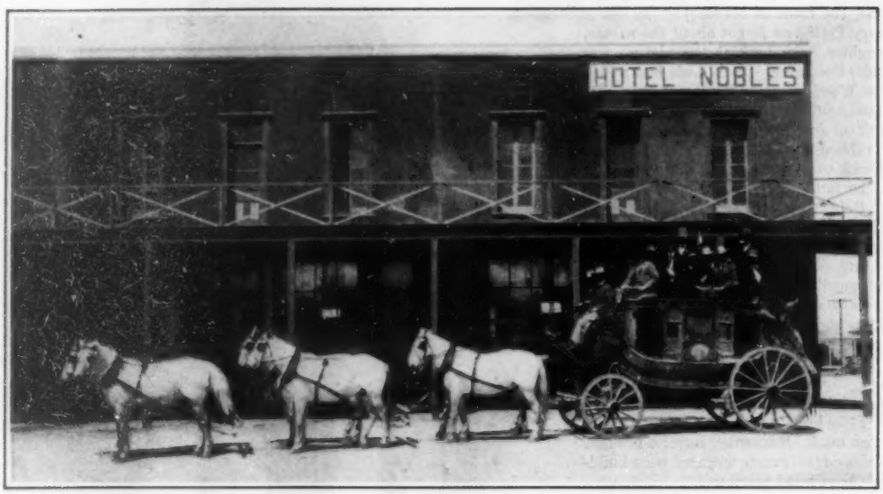
Mr. Woodbury moved out of the narrow frame and then back in. In his hand was another glass. He was smiling broadly.

"Here's to Pettigrew's bootlegger!" he shouted. "Good ol' scout! Good ol' liquor!"

(Continued on Page 69)

"Jock, Why Do They Keep Saying the Same Thing Over and Over Again?"

Tombstone and its Epitaph



The Mail Coach, Many Times Robbed While en Route From Tombstone to the Southern Pacific Railway at Benson

By Will Levington Comfort

FOR seventy-five miles southeast of Tucson on the El Paso highway the desert grew greener and loftier, until it was presently a mile-high mesquite mesa, every leaf washed to a sparkle from the late summer rains. The car rolled past a gigantic prospector's mound, with an engraved copper plate not readable from the road, and presently into a town—rows of solid adobe buildings, entrances barred and deeply shadowed under tropical arcades.

Tombstone in enchanted sleep on its high mesquite mesa. Once the scene of Arizona's greatest silver boom, where the original whoopee makers of the Southwest had enough left at the end of exhausting bonanza days to go in for riot, big games, politics and society as well. Now one moved about hushed for fear of waking it up, kept fingers crossed for fear of breaking the spell. Through the still streets showed faded signs almost spiritual in storied significance:

CAN CAN RESTAURANT
ORIENTAL BAR
CRYSTAL PALACE SALOON
BOOT HILL CEMETARY
BIRD CAGE THEATRE

One of the front doors of the last shoved open easily. Festoons of cobwebs curtained the stage and trailed from balcony to box. A huge old iron safe that had been blown open held down the floor, the name F. G. Butler across the top. Show posters, with colors still alive in the semidark, adhered to the box fronts:

Tonight, THE CONVICT'S OATH—

not later than '85.

A whole set of acrobats, mustached men and matronly women trapezing with hair done up; a trick bicycle troupe holding itself together in tights on high front wheels with peewee trailers. A bit of a bar in a rear corner with a dumb-waiter to carry drinks and cigars to the boxes above, and over the proscenium a lone advertisement:

Cochise County First, the Rest of the World Afterward

A Whole Town on Location

RIGHT! Plenty of time before and afterward for the rest of the world. Meanwhile, to drop a blanket roll in one of these deserted adobe shacks at the edge of town, well off the highway, and sink quietly into the Tombstone trance.

The Crystal Palace Saloon was locked. On another street showed an old board, WELLS FARGO & CO., carrying direct electrical connection to a day of Deadwood Dicks, with the first paragraph of reading matter on the front page:

The red sun was sinking as the jehu cracked his blacksnake and the stagecoach wound out of Rustler's Gulch. . . .

You had to turn the page to follow that seduction, and you had to have a nickel to turn the page. . . .

Finally in a side street, the point of elucidation: THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH, JOB PRINTING—a bright shop, life showing inside; two young men at desks far apart; two beards, one dark and drifting, one red and short-clipped. The first vanished to the pressroom, the other looked up from a set-up of ads: "Bill Kelly, the publisher, is out," he said. "Anything I can do?"

The Gigantic Pump of the Abandoned Grand Central Silver Mine, Once the Greatest of its Kind

"I'm afraid there is; quite a lot," the caller said. "First, why the barber boycott, even here in a printing shop?"

"We're putting the old town back, less than two months from now; a four days' show—Helldorado, same as '81. The whole town's to be on location, so to speak, and all of us are doing what we can to grow the superannuateds. The big posters are about ready to go out. A gang starts work in the buildings tomorrow."

"You're going to disturb the cobwebs in the Bird Cage?"

"I'm 'fraid so. It's Tombstone's last chance. This town has kept alive for years on the bare fact of retaining the county seat, and now Douglas has got a move on to get that. . . . Hollywood's coming over to help us take pictures and the racket with sound. Same old games running, dance halls in full blast, robbery of the old Modoc stage to be put on—fifty-year anniversary."

"What are you going to use for likker?"

The keen light instantly faded from the young man's eyes. "Tears, mister, mostly tears."

Tombstone and the Epitaph are inseparably intertwined. The first issue of the Epitaph was May 1, 1880; its editor, John P. Clum. He chose the name to go with Tombstone against the advice of all his friends, yet, as he alone foresaw, every paragrapher in the country was presently getting smart over the name. Clum kept pace with the sepulchral wit of his beginnings, the Epitaph in the next three years becoming one of the most eagerly sought sheets on the exchange desks of metropolitan newspapers and magazines. The three years of Clum's editorial authority were the flush years of the town itself, not only a mining mecca then but queen of the cow country. The demonetization of silver was a staggering blow, and next to that the burning of the hoisting gear of the Grand Central Mine, permitting water to gain on the miners.

News in Old Tombstone

BACK in the kerosene bright lights of the early 80's, the boom-shot populace was informed in longhand by Editor Clum that Johnny Behan was chosen as first Cochise County Sheriff over Wyatt Earp and that the conservative element was perfectly satisfied; that the Guiteau trial still hung on; that the Bird Cage opera house, with its new curtained boxes, was rapidly becoming one of the most popular resorts in the city; that Dan McCann and Fred Dodge were running a quiet and square game of faro at Hafford's, "where those who feel so inclined may woo the fickle goddess"; that the ladies of the Methodist church have organized an aid society and plan to give a series of business men's lunches; that the Grand Central hoisting gear is up at last and the new stamp mill now handling the ore "just as God made it on one of his best working days"; that tent city is becoming a permanent adobe metropolis and still the scores and hundreds are pouring in; that M. Joyce, founder of the Oriental Bar, has taken back his property, which is being refitted "beautiful as a parlor" and the Crystal Palace Saloon may naturally expect a run for its money from now on; that Guiteau is still upon the rack; that the Wells Fargo agent himself was one of those stood up in the robbery of yesterday; that if the feud between the Earp brothers on one side, and the Clantons and McLowery boys on the other, gets any riper, Tombstone citizens had better take to chain underwear; that Wyatt Earp himself might be one to confer with as to how to procure this line of gents'

Dick Gird, Mr. Wood, Superintendent of the Mill, a Nephew and Will Gird. Mrs. Richard Gird Seated at Left

furnishings; that the "wild and wicked whistling whirlwind of the San Simon and the H—— A—— of the Hassayamp, about town last evening, are in Doc Vetche's care today and Boot Hill Cemetary may still have a yawn or two left by tomorrow."

Advertisements drove straight to the point. Wells Fargo & Co. carried a picture daily showing six prancing palfreys designed to get treasure and treasure hunters speedily anywhere, and depreciating the chances of being stood up. Hurrish's ointment was repeatedly declared to heal the unfortunate. M. Joyce, once more at the front in the Oriental Bar, announced all kinds of drinks at twelve and a half cents and all kinds of games conducted in an orderly and gentlemanly manner. Prackett's sartorial shop confessed to leading the territory in style and cut, "the best dressed man in town" being their living advertisement. The Bon Ton tonsorial parlors—near the Maison Doree—taught manly back hair to lie gracefully upon the shoulders, also trimmed facial fronts so as not to impede a quick draw from an armpit holster.

Wells Fargo had a bad day prior to January 10, 1882, but the following advertisement didn't interfere with the prancing daily contract on the same page:

$2500 REWARD: A reward of $500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of each of the robbers who stopped and stood-up the Tombstone-Bisbee stage on Friday Jan. 6, 1882, also one-fourth of all treasure recovered.

L. F. ROWELL, *dist. supt.*

The editor was firm in the matter of slack military operations. "The failure of the campaign [evidently in the fall of '81] against the Apaches was disgraceful," he writes. "The Epitaph insists that the blood of our murdered countrymen together with the groans and anguish of the captives are crying to high heaven against the imbecility of the late campaign against the fleeing hostiles who were pressed just hard enough to drive them across the border into a friendly state, and not sufficient to kill or capture other than a papoose who fell from her pony and an old squaw so fat she could neither walk nor ride."

The Spirit of '82

RINGWOOD, the Dos Cabezos correspondent, wrote: "Major Downing's mules and work oxen were driven off recently. A cowboy has since been lynched. Mr. White had all his vaquero stock run off recently. No lynching yet. In this camp you have to sit on your horse to be sure of him, and then keep away from Doc Pyles' Sample Room to be sure of yourself. If we were living under a petty European government we wouldn't be so surprised at the position we find ourselves."

In one of the winter evenings of '82 an audience gathered at Schieffelin Hall to hear Colonel Howard on the "Spirit of Present Day Times." Ben Goodrich, Esq., in graceful and appropriate terms introduced the orator of the evening, and the colonel, stepping forward, engaged the attention of his hearers, first on the evils of intemperance. In part he said: "While the Frenchman indolently sips his wine, and the German gulps his beer, it is reserved for the American with the thirst of a desert camel to engorge himself with fiery alcohol. It is national to get drunk. The voice of the reeling reveler, chanting his ribald songs, is heard day and night upon our thoroughfare. Bacchus is God! Io Bacche!" Speaking of our great writers, Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Prescott, et al., now passed away, the colonel concluded that the present is not a literary period. "All is hushed now," he impressively said. "The mystic and entrancing pen is paralyzed; the brooding silence is as palpable as if we heard the dropping of a pin, the stirring of a ady's handkerchief, the unfolding of a rosebud. All is hushed. . . ."

From the hushed aspect of the 80's pictured by Colonel Howard, the absorbed reader was brought blinking back by a touch on the shoulder from Sykes. "A party of tourists is looking over the town, and Old Man Sanguinnetti is on the job," he said. "He's just taking them over to the Bird Cage. Listen in, and you'll hear the other side of it—the outside."

An Idealized Painting of Ed Schieffelin, the Discoverer of Tombstone. At Left—a Photograph of Him

"Stars came here clean from 'Frisco and Denver in them days"—Mr. Sanguinnetti was saying—"Eddie Foy, Lottie Crabtree, none too good to show on that stage yonder. Night after night them boxes were full. Chairs packed close, not rockin' chairs. But one night a miner came in and set up there on our right, an' he was rockin' from the load he carried and hung his legs over the rail to hold on with, bein' convinced that the buildin' was slippin' to one side. Now just across from him in a box on the other side was a cowboy who calls across the opry house for the miner to go take a walk to the ranchitas if he is so all-fired tired. Not gettin' no soft answer, he began shootin' off the soles of the miner's boots, before he was pacified by Bill Breakenridge, deputy sheriff ——"

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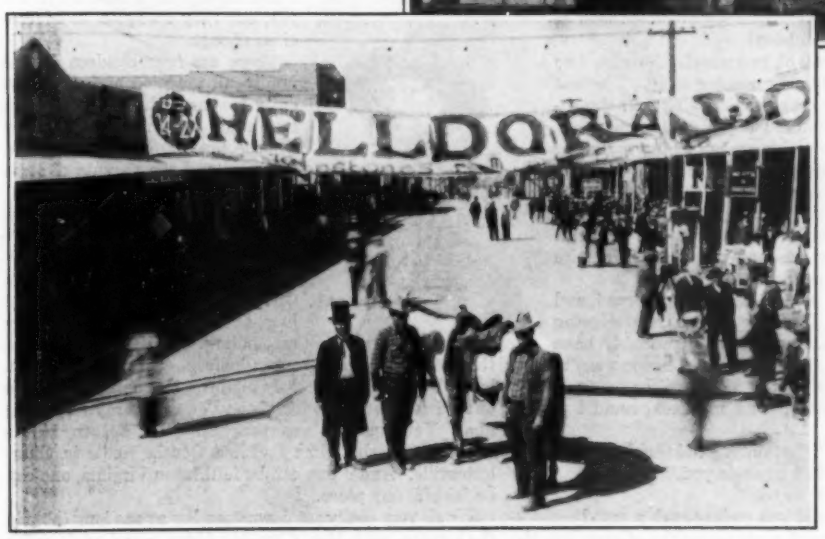
The Last Resting Place of the Tombstone Epitaph



Tombstone Celebrates its Fiftieth Birthday. Mayor Krebbs and Cowboys on Allen Street

"The show went right on?" a voice asked Mr. Sanguinnetti.

"Right on, yep; and they're going to put it all back, October 24–27—Helldorado, Bill Breakenridge himself comin' back—just as it was in the days of '81, when this town seen the greatest silver boom in the Southwest; when the Tough Nut, the Contention, the Lucky Cuss and the Grand Central were runnin' full blast and eight thousand people were here ——"

"How many are here now?" one of the tourists asked.

"'Bout eight hundred."

"Where do they keep themselves?"

"You see us when court's in session," replied Mr. Sanguinnetti, leading the party into the light. "Down this street to the left is somethin' you won't see in no other town I ever heard of—a surface stope fenced off ——"

But one of the tourists could wait no longer with the primary question: "Who named the town Tombstone?"

"Ed Schieffelin named it. That's his monument you see comin' in from the west, that big prospector's pile. Ed named it; Ed also discovered the mineral, fifty millions' worth before it was done. It was this way: He was prospectin' out of Fort Huachuca; that is, he was usin' the fort to fall back on, and goin' out with the soldiers in their pasears after Apache. Finally he got to takin' more and more chances. When he turned up at the fort the soldiers would keep askin' him if he found anything. 'Not yet, but soon I will,' Ed would answer. 'Yes, you'll find your tombstone,' one of them finally told him; and when Ed found his first mine, he remembered that and named it Tombstone."

In Defense of Johnny

THIS rendering somehow stretched the story sense of the listeners. It is found to lie more easily when one has told it a few times.

"Plenty of Apaches round about then?"

Mr. Sanguinnetti jerked up; his jaw went gaunt under his beard. "Plenty," he said with indescribable feeling; "plenty as ki-yot-es and rattlesnakes. Plenty is right."

Arizona now speaking. He pointed up to the north, where a tweed and tawny mountain range lay in the haze of noon:

"Plenty 'Paches, yes, mister."

The big hole fenced off, now called the million-dollar stope, had been duly examined. The tourist party was back on Allen Street, and Mr. Sanguinnetti directed the attention across: "Right there, Wyatt Earp held off three hundred miners and fellow citizens, who cut into his marshal business while he was conveyin' to custody a prisoner named Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce ——"

"What did the people want?"

"Johnny, ma'am. To stretch Johnny then and there for killin' Hank Schneider over in Charleston. His fellow miners never knew how much they loved Hank until Johnny shot him in Quinn's saloon, but they didn't get him away from Wyatt, and Johnny lived to break jail from

(Continued on Page 185)

PRACTICALLY FAITHFUL

The Buckskin Blew His Nose Violently and Pulled Back on the Reins, But I Dropped to My Knees Beside the Object, Limp With Relief

By
OLGA MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

SEPTEMBER 15, 1929.

DEAREST POLLY: At last I have met a man I despise! He is six feet tall, not a bit good-looking, conceited, insolent, has a disposition like embittered ice and a smile I must admit is perfectly adorable, though I hate him.

He needs to have his heart broken—and has no heart to break. Besides, I'm practically out of the wrecking business since I've promised to be faithful to Pat.

The trip out was very amusing. The first hundred miles I devoted solidly to weeping over you and Pat. Dearest, that candy you gave me was lovely. You can imagine what a pathetic picture I made with both tears and chocolate dripping off my face!

Then I pulled myself together, added a womanly bloom to my complexion, pinned on the orchids Pat gave me and spent the next hundred miles talking to a boy from Harvard. Sweet thing, with a profile, but young. He knows Peggy Chandler and told me the most delicious gossip about her. And somehow he seemed to take me in to dinner—which, I might add in passing, was fortunate. The rest of the time I talked to a youth who went to Cornell and knew Sidney George, but he got off at Detroit, so I wept some more over you and thought sentimentally of Pat and read the book you gave me, discreetly propped up inside the book Aunt Hannah gave me. And so it went for three days, and you can imagine how exhausted I was when I climbed off the train at Antelope, Wyoming.

Darling, the most exciting place! First you come to a gaudy collection of bottles and tin cans, then some back yards, then Main Street and a maroon-colored station. The buildings are one story, with funny, false fronts and the most touching captions, such as The New York Store, Palace Theater and Savoy Hotel. I was met by a dusty, stunning creature in corduroy trousers, high boots and a whopping big sombrero. He looked at me out of hard gray eyes, discarded me as if I were an old towel, studied three traveling companions and decided I must be his prey, after all.

"Are you the new school-teacher at Yorkee Gap?" he asked in a cold voice.

I broke down and confessed I was. Whereupon he gave me a bitter stare, picked up my suitcases and without a word started up the street, with me trailing wistfully behind. With a sort of remote disgust, he helped me hoist my fragile form into the battered flivver he had provided for that purpose.

Polly, that was the wildest ride I've ever had! I don't even except that night Pat crashed into a milk wagon or the time you and I ran away from Miss Blair's school and got brought home by a motorcycle cop. The town of Antelope is at the mouth of Paint Creek Canyon, which anyone can see is impassable, but which my abductor took at practically fifty miles an hour!

We tore around curves on two wheels, the other two just dangling helplessly over nothing at all. I peeked out once and saw the most savage-looking river thrashing around several hundred feet straight under me, showing its teeth and making a munching sound. I nearly got sick over the side of the car. We careened up ghastly pitches and hurtled down them. We struck rocks and ricocheted. I finally gave up all pretense of heroism and just clung mawkishly to the pirate at the wheel. I shut my eyes and clamped. Dynamite couldn't have blown me loose.

At last we came to a level stretch in the road, and he stopped the car. I hastily sat up, remembering how men are, and thinking I would probably have to defend my honor. But the darned honor wasn't even in danger. For he just said in a cold voice:

"When you are through with my neck, could I please button my collar?"

I said very sweetly, "Certainly. And thanks awfully for the loan. I hope I didn't strangle you."

And he said, "I hope so too."

I ask you, Polly, could you endure such a man?

We then passed through great quantities of very beautiful scenery in dead silence. It was nearly dark when we reached the Churchill ranch where I am to be quartered this winter. I was paralyzed with fright—or practically paralyzed. What if everybody in this country were strong, silent, inarticulate savages like the brute at my side? You know, Polly, I was never meant to live in a strictly speechless place. I was born to sparkle against a background of wit and wisdom—all vocal.

But I needn't have worried, for the Churchills are not only vocal—they are voluble. Mrs. Churchill is the first person I have ever known who can speak English as fast as the French can speak French. They are rather terrifying, but I think I am going to like them. Mrs. Churchill is very fat, wears a corset which is always trying to get away, slaps the men on the back, and cooks like an angel. Mr. Churchill is dark, small, stutters, lisps, winks, swears and chews tobacco. He is president of the school board and carries a gun.

Shorty, one of the local John Gilberts, tells me he has shot six school-teachers and gets a bounty from the government. But I hardly believe that. The mental giant who drove me out is also a member of the school board. Some people think he is a little young for the job, but they all agree he is ferocious enough.

There are four children in the family, all towseled and all apparently tongue-tied. There are also two adult cats, named Fred and Charlie, both respectable wives and mothers, and the parents of some uncounted kittens.

And then there are the hands. Five of them, darling! Hands are what we have always called cowboys in our youth and innocence. One is fat, one is bald, one has red hair, and the other two are simply astounding. Even gaudier than the movies would have you believe. Practically miraculous. I will send you their pictures, but don't pass them on to Pat! Not that there's any danger of my forgetting him. You know I was practically faithful to him a whole month that time I visited Cousin Nellie in Charlottesville. And if one can be faithful in Virginia, one can be faithful any place.

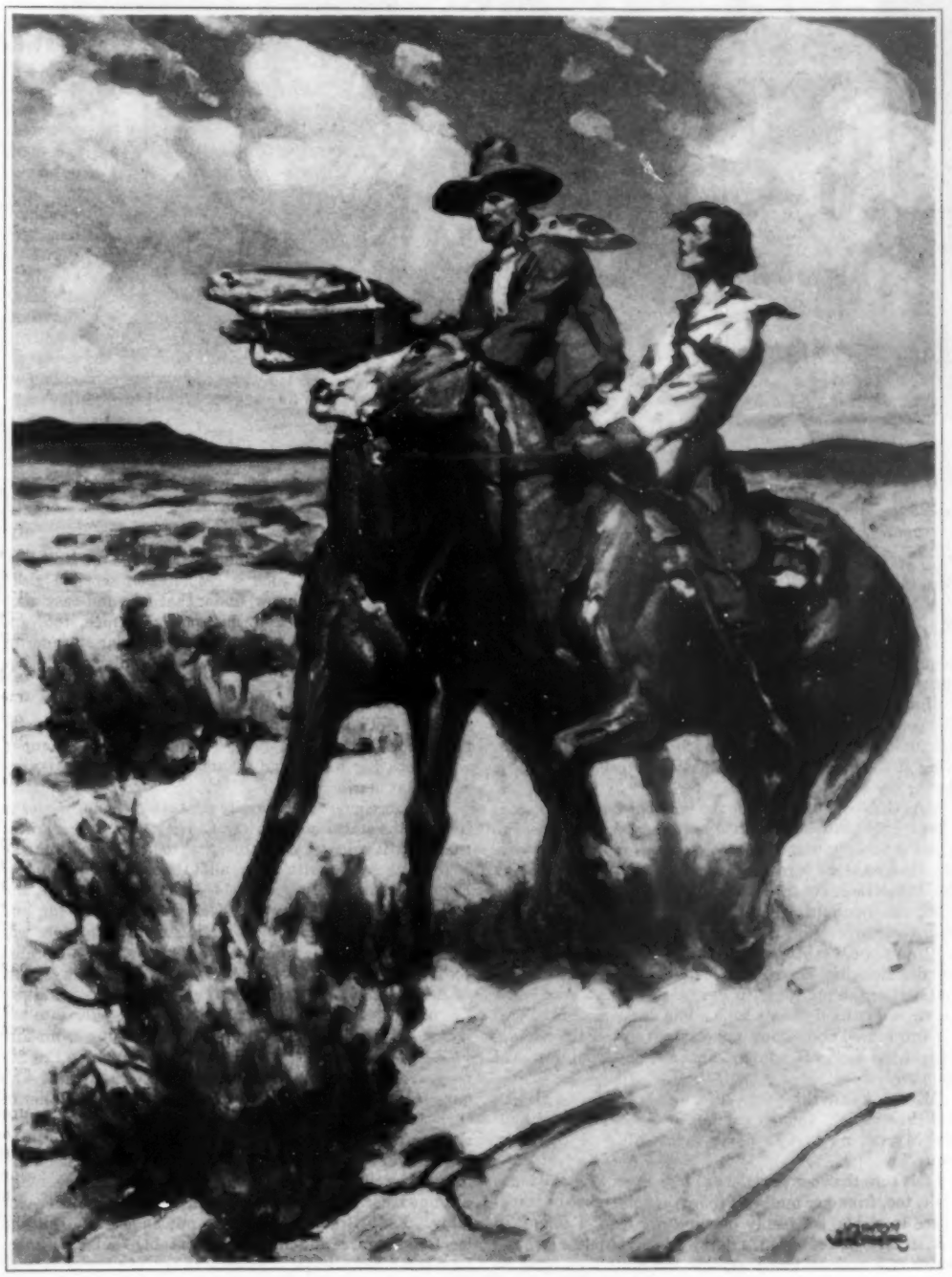
We all very cozily sat down together at one long table in the kitchen, with Mrs. Churchill filling everybody's coffee cup at least four times, and Mr. Churchill trying to press a

whole side of beef on me every time I laid down my fork. I never ate in such a blinding white glare of publicity in all my life—not even that time you and I went unchaperoned to the Beta house for dinner. Every bite I took was intensely scrutinized by the five hands, the four children, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and the two cats. I ate brilliantly and only hoped they wouldn't rally round to see me wash my teeth. I do have my reticences.

After supper the hands disappeared to some mysterious region known as the bunkhouse, the children washed the dishes, and I was led firmly to the sitting room, where Mr. Churchill filled out pedigree blanks for his calves and Mrs. Churchill dragged from me the story of my life. She was harrowed to hear Uncle Jack had lost all his money, and said she knew it must be a great blow to me, because I am so thin. And she remarked slyly she would soon have me cured of that. With a nudge that nearly knocked me off the sofa, she said she would have me fat as butter. It seems she disapproves of thinness. Oh, Polly, my precious thinness! The thinness that gained me the hatred of all the girls in Waynestown! The thinness that kept me from looking downright obscene in that silver dress, the thinness that snagged Pat away from Mrs. Reggy Davis—for I know darned well he would have had an affair with her if I hadn't made her look just a little chubby at the Harvest Hunt dance. I weep and moan and gnash my teeth, but I can see Mrs. Churchill is a woman of her word and I know a fat doom hangs over my head. When you meet me at the train next June you will probably find me a waddling wonder. Do you suppose Pat will still crave me if I am practically massive?

My hostess put me to bed at nine o'clock in the maw of a feather mattress which gulped me down and all but closed over me. I was about to drop off to sleep when I suddenly looked out of the window and saw the mountain. It was so big my heart popped into my mouth and my knees knocked together in sheer stupefaction. It was like all the states of the Atlantic seaboard standing on end. With the moon riding above it and whole forests looking like eyelashes on its face, it was simply terrific. I never was so frightened in my life. There were other mountains too. A whole range of them right in the back yard. Great, calm, haughty, indifferent things that snub you cold and make you feel like some perfectly worthless and invisible protoplasm. I just cowered back in the mattress and wished I were home. I tried desperately to think of your modernistic green bedroom and Pat's new roadster and Aunt Hannah's black taffeta, but the mountain smiled down its nose at me and told me nothing in the world was really important. Mountains get that way.

Darling, this is a gigantic letter and I'm positive you haven't read this far. So take care of yourself and look after Pat. Don't let Peggy Chandler get at him if you have to abduct him yourself. Yours intensely, ANNE.



A Few More Jumps and Heaves and Snorts and He Had Caught the Bridle. Another Jump and We Had Plowed to a Spectacular Stop

SEPT. 21.

DEAREST POLLY: Shorty just brought the mail, with his horse in a lather. Besides a gorgeous fat letter from you and a young volume from Aunt Hannah, there were five telegrams from Pat. Telegrams mean certain death in this country, and Shorty had visions of my whole family dropping like pins in a bowling alley. Imagine his disgust to find two contained proposals, two insults and the other simply one word: "Kisses." Poor Pat hates to write letters, and besides, he can't spell.

I'm glad you and he are having such a gaudy time together. I nearly crept off in the woods and wept when I read that description of Sidney George's party. Sidney has his lurid moments, but he is an artist at parties. The clambake must have been a riot too. I don't know which makes me feel more sentimental—Pat or clams.

Darling, salute the passionate pedagogue. Can't you see me in a long skirt and a shirt waist, with glasses on my nose and my voluptuous haircut all slicked back in a noble fashion? No, you can't. If Aunt Hannah or Miss Blair should see me striding into the schoolroom, they would fall in a dead faint and lie there until rescued by the D. A. R. For I expose the mysteries of multiplication and grammar—in riding breeches. The reason for this quaint costume is that I ride three miles to school every morning, accompanied by those four horsemen, the Churchill children. And the schoolhouse does not offer the proper privacy for changing clothes.

I have eight students—the Churchills, Len Snyder, the son of the Bar Four cook, the two Mitchells, and Howard Holmes, the pestilential younger brother of Lewis Holmes, the fiend who met me at the station that first day. They have dispositions just alike. I woke up last night from the loveliest dream. I dreamed I was spanking Howard with a log. And when I found it was only a dream I was so disappointed I cried myself back to sleep. But the Holmeses, incidentally, are quite important in these parts. Lewis is the only cattleman who has got back on his feet after the panic of 1920. He's just the cold, brutal, pig-headed type who would succeed.

I briskly open the mornings with setting-up exercises and an impressionistic rendition of The Star-Spangled Banner. Then—can you bear it?—I read poetry to them for ten minutes. Then I hear the reading class, have penmanship drill, leap lightly from that to spelling, toy idly with a little arithmetic, then have recess. How I love recess! It is my only chance of remaining thin. I tear out and work off Mrs. Churchill's beaten biscuits and chocolate cake playing tag with the boys. After recess we pant through some grammar, gasp over a little history and gargle some geography.

And, strangely, it's all rather fun. The first week I was anguished. Their minds seemed utterly virgin, and they seemed determined to keep them virgin. But I find they were just shy and suspicious of my accent. The refined diction Aunt Hannah pounded into me only arouses hostility and amusement here. The women think it's stuck-up and the men think it's funny.

But now we understand one another, and I've unearthed several traces of intelligence in my charges. Susan Mitchell has a flair for dramatic reading, and we are grooming Len Snyder as principal entry in the spelling match next month with the Black Canyon school, our hated rival. But it pains me to state Howard Holmes really seems the brightest of them all—the little scourge.

I can't seem to keep my prattle away from the Holmes brothers, so I may as well confide an adventure I had the other night coming home from school. My horse, a giddy, giddy creature, decided to run away with me. I had sent the Churchills on ahead, as I wanted to linger and write a passionate note to Pat. When I had finished the soul pouring I embarked blithely on my festive steed. I find that the riding lessons we received at Miss Blair's school are about as useful here as an etiquette book. This horse, name of Flapjack, has been brought up on mountain lions and grizzly bears, but gets hydrophobia at the sight of a jack rabbit. One jumped up in front of him and he promptly struck for Africa. For a while I thought it was all good clean fun—just the old play instinct—but when I tried to stop him I found he was taking it seriously. A jack rabbit must have done something terrible to him when he was a

(Continued on Page 89)

THE LONGEST WAY ROUND

"Uh-Hum. I Know It. I Told You He Wasn't an Englishman. I Always Know"

By Katharine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

SEVEN times, on the good ship Asterisk, faring westward, in the August of 192—, between Havre and New York, no fewer than seven times did I make the entire circuit of the deck before I could come even to a tentative decision as to my future line of behavior toward Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit. I am not a snob, and the little god of American travelers knows how keenly and how often my sensitiveness has suffered on account of my in so many ways embarrassing fellow countrymen, but in my delicate situation on board the Asterisk I had, even more than ever before, just reason to be socially meticulous. For at the moment I was traveling with my good, I may say my intimate, friends, Lady Bradley-Graham; her son, Sir Philip; and a young Italian nobleman, Count Giorgio Tatusto—charming and amusing Giorgio—dei Ducchi Amazi-Holi.

I had known them, had visited them, indeed, on the other side, at Graham House in Hants and in the old Amazi-Holi palace, and was now by way of engineering their first visit to the United States. Naturally, I was anxious; naturally, I was careful. I wanted them to see my in so many ways socially difficult country under the most favorable auspices. I had planned their introductions thoughtfully. . . . But on the steamer Asterisk, plying from Havre to New York, there was a certain Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit.

I am usually taken for an Englishman; partly, I suppose, because of my London tailor, my single eyeglass, and a certain air of exclusiveness inherited from my mother's people, the Lansockets. On my father's side, too—the Groom-Bordens—I am of Anglo-Saxon stock, although neither the Borden nor the Groom family can compare in distinction with the Lansockets. Be that as it may, I do appear to be an Englishman; more so, oddly enough, than Sir Philip, who is a cheery little inoffensive fellow, undersized, underweight, rather deprecatory in manner, and as friendly as a mongrel dog. A delightful fellow, Sir Philip, but a good deal of a problem, I fear, to his good mother.

I found on my third day out, emerging from an unavoidable period of seclusion in my stateroom, that a plump little woman had parked herself beside Sir Philip's chair, which, being at the moment empty, I hastened feebly to occupy, closing my eyes.

Mrs. Gubbit—I did not at the moment know her name; I knew only that she was a very ordinary American of the type I especially wished to avoid on this momentous voyage—looked at me earnestly as I sank into my place. From the human rather than the social angle, she had nice eyes—good, conscientious, honest eyes. I should have known from their expression that she had a daughter on board.

"I do hope," said the unfortunate creature, in spite of my discouraging expression—"I do hope you're feeling some better this morning, Sir Philip. It's such a grand day. As my father used to say, such a fine, large morning."

I murmured something noncommittal and depressing. I could feel her eyes, smiling, anxious, maternal, fastened upon me.

"Ever take anything for seasickness? I wasn't a bit sick this time myself, though coming over I was pretty bad. My Myrtle, now, she's never sick. All over the boat, she is."

I felt sure that her Myrtle was indeed all over the boat. I felt, too, from her mother's tone, that she must be somewhere in sight; so, feebly opening my eyes, I found, in fact, in their line of vision, a dark, pale, nymphlike girl, the center of a near-by group against the rail. This must be Myrtle.

"Very pretty, really," I said involuntarily.

Mrs. Gubbit sighed. "Yes, isn't she? And such a responsible, sensible girlie, you know, under that free-and-easy manner. And she speaks so nice, too, and plays the piano something wonderful. Maybe you might see her dance this evening, Sir Philip. She's a regular little fairy on the ballroom floor."

"I dare say. I dare say."

I had noticed that in the group surrounding Myrtle, rather conspicuously enjoying her radiant ease of manner, were both Sir Philip and Count Giorgio, and I became somewhat alarmed.

These foreigners are so easily mistaken when it comes to judging the status of Americans. They take it for granted that there is, with us, no status, that to know one American is to have entrée with them all. I was disturbed by Sir Philip's rattling fluency with this Miss Myrtle Gubbit, and even more disturbed by my dear Giorgio's burning and open ardor of admiration. Giorgio's fine Roman face was all suffused with it. I decided that I must speedily enlist the aid of Lady Bradley-Graham. I was relieved to see her, at the moment, coming in a rather crablike fashion down the unsteady deck. She ricocheted twice—once into the lap of a vulgar American who said, "Not at all, ma'am. Pleased to meet you!" just like an American in an English novel, and once against one of her own compatriots, who gave her a coldly expert shove which actually aided her to such an extent that she was precipitated into the deck chair next to the one I occupied.

There for a while she lay, breathing fast through her high-bridged, well—though amply—proportioned nose. She champed her teeth—they are somewhat prominent—audibly. Lady Bradley-Graham is not beautiful. But she has that far rarer and more precious thing—a look of race. I am reminded always, in looking at her, of a horse—something distinctly equine about the nostril and the mouth, She is a truly distinguished figure, with that splendid,

large-jointed leanness which I find so interesting in the women of her type.

Said Lady Bradley-Graham presently, between gasps, "Mornin', Adee."

"Good morning, dear lady. Good morning."

"Who's that woman that's got next?"

"My name is Gubbit," announced my terrible small neighbor—"Genevra Gubbit; Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit, knee Hykes."

I spoke swiftly: "Let me wrap you up, Lady Bradley-Graham. I fear there is too much wind here. Perhaps we can have our chairs moved. Steward!"

"No," said Lady Bradley-Graham, lifting her hand and turning her equine face toward the round one of Genevra Gubbit, *née* Hykes. "I'm not going to be dragged about, Adee. Here we stay. Fancy giving the man another tip!"

It occurred to me then that perhaps my wisest maneuver would be to leave Genevra Gubbit alone with Lady Bradley-Graham.

Weak as I was, I rose, and it was then that I dragged myself seven times around the deck, trying to find some final solution of my problem.

There was in my memory an association with the name of Ephraim Gubbit. I felt that, if this could be resurrected, it might be useful. But neither the slashing brightness of the sea nor the gayly frequented decks of the Asterisk were helpful. On my fifth turn I met Myrtle, walking arm in arm with Giorgio Tatusto. He was bending toward her, all attention, all surrender, as a Latin knows how to appear in the society of a woman, and his easy laughter rewarded her chatter while his glowing eyes repaid her beauty. But Myrtle's eyes were only occasionally receptive. They were everywhere. They seemed, whenever I encountered them, to be faintly malicious and sardonic eyes. At least those expressions floated across their undeniable young beauty. But also they seemed to be in search of something. Again we passed, and on this second occasion Myrtle lost her scarf. It blew from her slight shoulders, and as I bent to rescue it another man collided with me and snatched it from my hand. He then returned it to its owner.

She stood, grave and still, and thanked him softly as she took it from his hand. A young American boy with red hair and a lively eye whom I seemed to remember. Already on this voyage he had been definitely presented to my observation. But I could not place him.

As soon as he joined Myrtle and the Italian count, the girl's eyes were no longer questing. I realized—and was glad—that she had annexed her immediate desire. Giorgio's face, however, betrayed a deep disgust. He held up his chin a trifle and lowered his eyelashes, while the suggestion of a sneer disturbed his Latin lips. Jealous, with that facile Italian jealousy.

As I drew near my chair again, Genevra Gubbit plunged past me. Her little round face was very red and her eyes were distended. I was certain that my device had been successful. Lady Bradley-Graham had already done the trick. Perhaps Mrs. Gubbit had gone now to see about the moving of her deck chairs.

Lady Bradley-Graham, sallow and sardonic, had leaned back and closed her eyes. I drew myself as quietly as possible into my own chair beside her. She spoke to me at once, however, but without opening her eyes.

"Awfully odd," she murmured.

"Yes? You mean?"

"Your country people."

"You are not, I hope, considering Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit a representative ——"

She interrupted me: "Nice little woman. Very nice. Unassuming." I waited. Something in her tone suggested a denouncement. "Easily shocked."

"Shocked? Mrs. Gubbit? By anything you might say to her, Lady Bradley-Graham?"

"Odd, isn't it? Too sweet. We got talking about relatives, y'know. Odd ones. She has an uncle in what she calls the show business. So I told her about my husband's aunt—the marchioness, y'know."

I could say nothing. I felt my color rise. I did know the history of the marchioness.

"Remember the old lady's crash, don't you, Adee? 'Ice chest,' we called her. Awfully correct old thing. Terrible snob. Nobody good enough for her. Not her husband. Not anybody. Then it came out, after she'd forged the note, you remember. Yes. For years. Liaison. Haberdasher's clerk." She opened her eyes and fixed them upon me.

"You told this Gubbit woman about the marchioness?"

"Yes." Lady Bradley-Graham closed her eyes. "Awfully disturbin' to her. Shocking. She pressed my hand. Sympathetic little woman. And then she toddled off somewhere. I dare say she'll not be int'rested any more in me and Phil."

I understood. I became gradually amused. Eventually I laughed.

"Ha!" I said. "You are, dear lady, too extraordinary."

"Pretty good, wasn't it?" chuckled Her Ladyship, as it amuses me at times to call her.

But I was afraid it was not good enough. I was afraid—no, I was certain—that Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit would find herself presently able to swallow the marchioness, haberdashery clerk, forged note and all. The story would serve only as a momentary check to the mother's obvious ambition—a check more of embarrassment than of dismay. Hadn't she pressed Lady Bradley-Graham's hand?

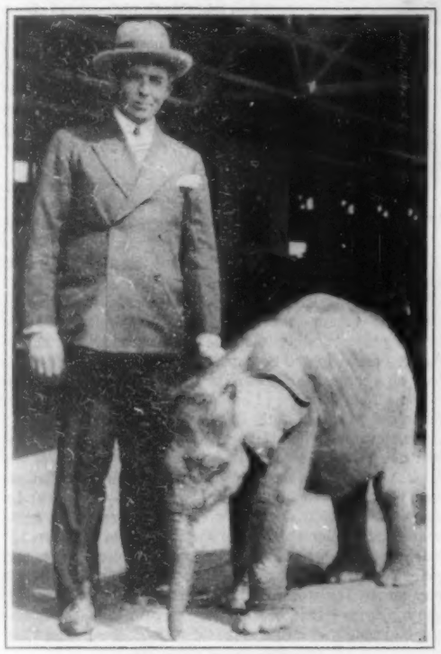
That evening I had the pleasure Mrs. Gubbit had promised me. I saw her Myrtle dance. The orchestra of the S. S. Asterisk was playing nonchalant and nonmelodious jazz. Five instruments—violin, two banjos, a piano and a drum—were being attacked with a joyous frenzy, a lighthearted abandonment to syncopation rare in a universe of machine-made joys. Five young men with eager eyes and well-sleeked hair, twanging and banging and thumping their way across the world. The pianist had black hair, the banjo players—twin brothers—were towheads, the drummer had a curly chestnut crop. The violinist—I recognized

(Continued on Page 128)

Myrtle

Myrtle Lost Her Scarf. It Blew From Her Slight Shoulders, and as I Bent to Rescue it Another Man Snatched it From My Hand. He Then Returned it to its Owner

NICE, FRESH TIGERS, ETC.



Mr. Buck With (Left) Baby Boo, Youngest of Elephants, and (Right) a Tiger Cub

By Frank H. Buck With Wesley Stout

THE Sultan of Johore, one of the Federated Malay States, lives in his palace at his capital, Johore Bahru, just across from Singapore. I know him well, eat at the palace frequently, go to the Singapore races with him and get some of my animals through his good offices. I call him "H. H.," meaning "His Highness." He calls me "Mr. American Bluff," meaning what he means.

The Sultan is one of my reliable tiger purveyors. He pays his subjects a bounty of $100 for trapping live tigers, and usually has one or two in the cages back of the jail. Occasionally, when a touring celebrity comes to Johore, the Sultan gives him a tiger hunt, neglecting to tell the visitor that the cat he has just shot so splendidly had been dumped out of a cage into his path a moment before. Not that H. H. cannot offer the real thing to a true sportsman, for his domain harbors tigers a-plenty and no *shikari* in Asia knows better how and where to hunt them. When visitors are few and tigers accumulate, he may, if in a good humor, give me one for nothing.

The tiger has had its share of nonsense written about it. So far as I know, there is but one living thing that, without provocation, may be depended upon to take the offensive against man. That is the king cobra. He waits for no overt act, but spreads his hood, raises his head two to three feet off the ground and charges.

Capturing a Man-Killer

THE mere smell of man is terrifying to most of Nature. A child will stampede a herd of elephants. I once surprised a female tiger with two cubs in Northern Perak, was within twenty feet when we saw each other. She snarled and slipped away with her youngsters. A normal tiger, cornered and killing a man in a fight, rarely will eat the body. Occasionally an old or crippled one, too slow to catch its natural prey, will be driven by hunger into attacking a coolie, and once in a great while a sound young tiger will turn to man-eating as a sort of depraved taste.

I have brought in many tigers, but only one that I knew to be a man-eater. He was a magnificent specimen I sold to the Goodfellow Park Zoo in Minneapolis. I was in Singapore putting the final touches to a large collection four years ago, when the Sultan telephoned me that a rubber coolie on a plantation twenty-five miles north had been killed and partly eaten by a tiger the evening before.

The presence of a man-eater will demoralize a whole region, for once the big cat forms the taste, it will break into the flimsy palm huts of the natives and carry them off in the night if it chooses, and the local government authorities always declare war on the beast at once.

The Sultan told me that he was sending out an officer and twelve soldiers. If I thought I might trap the tiger alive, I could use them as I saw fit. The region was accessible, the asphalt roads of Johore—many of them American built—are fine, so I hurried to Johore Bahru and joined the party.

We motored to within three miles of the scene, then walked in over a jungle trail. I had asked the Sultan to order the body left where the tiger abandoned it, it being their habit to return to their kill. The coolie had been stooping over to tap a rubber tree in a corner of the estate where it came up against the unbroken wall of the jungle, and the tiger had dragged him into some near-by brush. Immediately against the jungle wall and some fifty yards away was a small pineapple grove, fenced to keep out the wild pigs. The tiger's spoor led to the fence, through a hole he had made in it, across the pineapple patch and into the jungle.

Commandeering a working party of estate coolies, we dug a pit just inside the fence. When finished before sundown, the hole was four feet square, sixteen feet deep and sloped outward from a six-foot depth downward; the last to make it more difficult for the cat to leap out. The excavated dirt was scattered at a distance and the hole covered with nipa palms. I went back to Johore, leaving two soldiers on guard at the coolie lines, as the rows of plantation barracks are called.

At daylight the soldiers were to look at the pit. If the tiger was in it, a boy who had a bicycle was to ride to the nearest police station. The police would telephone to Johore Bahru. But there was no word the next morning. I drove up at noon. The tiger had not been seen and the man's body was decomposing so that we buried it.

No tiger again the second morning, and the old major and his twelve men combed the jungle for him that day. They told me that he certainly had left the vicinity, yet he was there, for on the third morning came a telegram from the Sultan, reading: "Tiger dropped in pit last night. Hurry over."

There were fifty or sixty Malays around the pit, jeering at their enemy, and a white man and his wife from a near-by estate, besides the soldiers. The natives had rolled logs over the mouth, driven heavy stakes and lashed the cover down with rattan. I asked why.

"Oh, *tuan! harimu bassar!*" they exclaimed. The last two words mean "great, big, enormous tiger." I knocked aside two of the stakes, pushed a log away, lay prone and peered down. Before I could see anything, Stripes made a great lunge and did not miss my face by more than twelve inches. We had underestimated his size and the pit was barely deep enough for safety.

A tiger in a pit sounds a good deal like a bear by the tail, but they are not much of a problem normally. Kill a couple of chickens, put them in a tiger cage with a slide door, lower the cage into the pit and eventually the cat will grow hungry enough to go in after the chickens. A boy left on watch pulls a rope, closing the door. Or a box without a bottom can be lowered over the tiger with a little patience. Then you can drop into the pit, slide a sliding bottom under the box and haul away.

Fishing for a Tiger

NEITHER was practicable here; the tiger could jump on a box and from there leap out of the hole. The morning yet being young, I drove back to Singapore and put my Chinese carpenter to work on a special long, narrow box with a slide door at one end. While he was doing this, I bought 300 feet of native-fiber rope, a block and tackle, and hired a truck. I always carry with me an ordinary Western lasso rope, which I learned to use as a boy and with which I have caught escaped animals. You may remember that they laughed at Buffalo Jones when he announced his intention of going to Africa and roping big game, and that he did just what he said he would do.

When the box was made, it, the fiber rope and the block and tackle were loaded on the truck and dispatched to the rubber estate. Ali and I set out in my own car with only my lasso. We stopped at the fort at Johore Bahru to tell the Sultan. When he saw my lasso and nothing else, he smiled.

"You going to catch tiger with rope like cowboy, eh?" The Sultan likes his Hollywood horse operas.

"Don't you think I can do it?" I asked him.

"This is tiger, not American cow," H. H. advised me. "You try monkey business with rope and they bring you back in box, not tiger."

"I'll make you a sporting proposition, H. H.," I proposed. "I'll bet you a bottle of wine that I ll have that tiger alive in Johore Bahru by sunset."

Slinging Three Tons of Elephant Aboard Ship for San Francisco

"I bet you, bluffer," he agreed.

When we reached the pit I first cut the fiber rope into extra nooses. Then, with the major standing by with cocked rifle, I rolled away some of the logs, lay flat with my head and shoulders over the pit and began to fish for tiger. At the first throw of the rope I dropped it over the beast's head, but he ripped it off with one flash of a paw. When I got it over his head again, he bit it in two with one snap. I tried a new loop, but he foiled me with tooth and claw every time.

I had been working an hour when I finally dropped a noose over his head and through his mouth, and with a quick jerk pulled his lips inward so that he could not bite the rope without biting through his lips. Several coolies laid to the rope and pulled his head in the air. With a fresh loop I ran a second hitch around his neck. Other coolies hauled on this. I got a third noose under his forelegs and a fourth under his body. Eventually I had eight or ten purchases on the tiger and, with coolies hauling at each line, we pulled him up thrashing.

A pouring tropical rain had set in and we were slipping precariously on the wet clay. With the cat's head almost even with the top of the pit, we lowered the box below him, door end up. We had to keep our distance and move the box with long poles. But his hind legs were free, and each time as we would laboriously navigate the cage into position, he would kick it away. The ropes were beginning to give and the strain to tell on the boys, and something had to be done quickly.

I jumped into the pit beneath the cat, dodged his flying back feet, got a firm grip on his tail, hauled him over the box and yelled: "Let go!" They did, Stripes dropped into the cage, I slammed the door, leaned on it and yelled for hammer and nails.

In the excitement and the sliding around in the clay, the nail bucket had been kicked over and the nails could not be found. I could not understand what the boys were shouting, and the more I yelled and cursed, the more they yelled and ran around in circles. What is technically known as pandemonium reigned until the nails were found. Then I boxed up the tiger with a few strokes of the hammer, ran the tackle under his cage and he was hauled out. Carrying poles were lashed to the cage and eight coolies toted him to the road where the truck waited.

Buying a Skin on the Hoof

AS WE reached the highway I noted that the sun was lowering. First telling the other boys to drive the truck for all it was worth to Johore Bahru, where we would be waiting in front of the United Service Club, Ali and I went ahead in my car.

At the club I scribbled a note, gave it to a China boy and told him to chop-chop to the palace. The truck had been there ten minutes and the sun was just tipping the waters of the channel when the Sultan rolled up.

Still plastered with clay mixed with rain and sweat, I stood up to the club bar with H. H. and split a bottle of the Widow Clicquot's best, he signing the chit. I bought a female from the Sultan to mate with my capture and four months later delivered the pair to my agent in San Francisco, who expressed them to Minneapolis.

The Market Place in Jolo, Sulu Islands; Such Bazaars are Primary Sources of Animals and Birds

Ali and I were in the market place at Kuala Lumpur once when a native asked Ali if his *tuan* cared to buy a tiger skin. Questioning brought out the fact that the tiger had been trapped near Klang and had not yet been killed, but failing to find a buyer for the live animal, they now were offering the skin.

Klang was not far off, so we drove down, saw the *datu*, or headman, of a near-by village who was proprietor of the tiger, and were led by him four miles into the jungle. A good, adult female was trapped in a heavy log cage with two compartments and a deadfall door. The inner compartment had been baited with a young goat which could be counted upon to bleat loudly for its mamma and attract the killer.

We haggled over the price of the skin and agreed on twenty Straits dollars, or about $11.60 gold. That settled, the *datu* called for a kris, the local curved blade.

"Wait a moment," I objected. "If you are going to kill the tiger with that, you will ruin the skin, in which case I want none of it."

"But how, then?" the headman asked.

"I'll take him out of the cage and skin him myself."

"Oh, the *tuan* has a gun, then?"

"No," I said. "I want no hole of any kind in the skin. Instead, I shall take the tiger home and chloroform him."

"What!" he exclaimed. "Does the *tuan* know tigers? They are ferocious, these lords of the jungle. One does not lead them home on a string."

"You leave that to me."

The *datu* was puzzled and a little suspicious. He knew quite well that a live tiger was worth $100 to $200, and it looked very much as if the white man was about to put a fast one over on him.

While he pondered I began to walk away, calling back, "It's all the same to me. I don't especially want this tiger skin, and if I buy it I buy it my own way."

His curiosity got the better of his swapping instincts. "Very well," he submitted. "Let's see what the *tuan* is going to do."

"H. H." the Sultan of Johore, Who Collects Tigers

The Cost of Wild Animals

ALI and I ran a noose around one foot of the tiger and lashed it tight against the side of the cage. We did the same with the other feet, passed lines around her body and continued until the lady was sewed securely and immobly to one side of the framework. Then we knocked away the rest of the trap, leaving the side with the tiger lashed to it in place, for the corner posts were imbedded in the earth. Carrying poles completed the job.

"A dollar apiece to four boys to carry this *harimau* into Klang," I called, and four boys, seduced partly by the dollar, partly by this opportunity of sharing in the tiger's public humiliation, carried her to Klang as no tiger ever was carried before—pinned like a butterfly to a specimen card. Instead of being a tiger-skin rug or a surtout for Ted Shawn, the dancer, the *datu's* big cat is still alive in an American zoo.

A good Bengal tiger brings $800 to $1000—nearer the latter figure—laid down in San Francisco; a Malayan tiger a little less. A black leopard is worth $700 f. o. b. the United States. A good adult elephant will bring from $2800 to $3000 here. Young ones, ten to twelve years old and five to six feet high—the kind most often imported—sell for around $2200.

Though elephants are a staple, they are so hardy and long-lived that their rate of replacement is low enough to break a sales manager's heart. One time I was offered

(Continued on Page 150)

Seeing Delhi by Camel Bus

BRIGHT LIKE A CANARY

They Pleaded With Her. They Heaped Recriminations Upon Her Head. Henry Stormed and at Length He Shouted, But She Wouldn't be Moved

By Brooke Hanlon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS October, and fat baskets of apples stood in rows on the sidewalk in front of the Reffsnyder store. Taller, thinner baskets of cabbages, white and red, stood there. Potatoes from the fields that hemmed in Heitsville gave dignity and solidity to the scene. Yellow pumpkins, tasseled ears of late corn, turnips topped with neat green wigs added color to the display set out to tempt motorists passing through Heitsville, and such of the townspeople who didn't have trim back-yard gardens of their own. A shining spectacle it was; all Heitsville giggled over the fact that Alverda Reffsnyder scrubbed her vegetables.

William Reffsnyder was the name that still stood in faded letters on the wooden canopy that sheltered Alverda's vegetables from the sun, of course, and William Reffsnyder appeared in neat lettering on the shining windows. In the two years that had elapsed since William's death, however, customers had grown accustomed to the sight of his daughter's crisp blue or pink skirts fluttering about the spotless interior of the store; they had practically forgotten the ominous head-wagging that had taken the town like an ague when it was learned that a twenty-two-year-old female meant to take over the management of the community's only grocery store.

Heitsville had always liked Alverda; it trusted her now and gave her its trade without question. The most careful housewife in the town had learned that a comely face and fair braids need not detract from the honesty and efficiency with which a store was run, that a penny in value was still received for every penny parted with at Reffsnyder's. And rare was the salesman who these days attempted to pull the wool over the eyes of the slight, alert young person who gazed at them out of such candid blue eyes. Rather did a salesman from time to time, under the influence of that clear blue, find himself imparting such heretical information as that Tower Peas at two dollars the gross was a better value than Large Early Junes at two seventy-five, that this was part of a consignment of old corn meal his house was trying to get rid of, that it might be just as well to wait until his next trip to stock up on flour, or vinegar, or dimities.

Alverda's skin was cream, her hair was corn silk, and her lips were something like strawberries; but a salesman tempted to call her attention to these facts was quick to come upon something like a smooth stone wall. At twenty-four the manager of Reffsnyder's was brisk and energetic and cheerful and good to look upon. The Reffsnyder business was settling down upon a firmer foundation every day. Its accounts were as neat as the rows of red geraniums in the dining-room window of Alverda's little house next to the store. Debts had been paid off smoothly and a small reserve fund was growing in the bank.

Henry Betzendorfer came to call on Wednesday and Sunday evenings, and though Henry wasn't anyone to stir a girl's heart unduly, yet he was young, reasonably personable, and prominent in the Reformed Church; and if his coming didn't contribute materially to the feeling of contentment that was the wellspring of Alverda's life, at least it didn't detract from it. There wasn't anyone in Heitsville to stir a girl's heart, Alverda thought sometimes in the secrecy of her own heart, since Ralph Krause had gone. Her life was too busy to permit of much harking back to a time when Ralph Krause had been in Heitsville; but at times, when dusk was coming and the lights had not yet been turned on, when Heitsville was home to its early supper, thoughts of him forced their way in.

"Och!" Alverda would shrug them away with a heightening of the delicate pink in her cheeks. "No more he thinks of me, certainly. Better it would suit that I should redd up the ginghams than go off into such dopplig thoughts."

For a moment thereafter, however, something that was as shy as the memory of a schoolboy caress would rest in her blue eyes. The alert upstarting of her lashes at the entrance of a customer would dissipate it completely, then cast it into that limbo of shadows at the back of the store where mops and brooms had their place, where galvanized buckets gleamed.

This was the way things were in late October of the second fall after William Reffsnyder's death. Then men came with ladders and began slapping bright orange paint, one coat after another of it, upon the remodeled front of what had been Evalina Holstetter's millinery shop.

"What makes it with everybody today, Elmer?" Alverda sought eighteen-year-old Elmer Zweig, her assistant, at the end of the day on which the paint-slapping began. "Do they seem"—she frowned and buried her hands in her apron pockets—"some cuckoolike to you, the customers?"

"I ain't noticed nothing," Elmer said noncommittally. He was engaged in wheeling the baskets of vegetables in from the front of the store. His face turned brick red as he spoke and his eyes avoided his young employer.

"It Seems Like All Heitsville Has a Secret on Me!"

Alverda considered something in her mind. "It seems like all Heitsville has a secret on me!" She pounced upon the solution. "Such coming in and going out as though they had their fingers laid onto the sides of their noses I never did see. Och!" Her eyes lighted upon Elmer's reddening ears. "You too! You, too, are coloring up in your face."

"I don't know nothing," the boy asserted gruffly. He straightened up, and his eyes rested miserably upon the small gingham-clad figure. "The National Groceries, Inc., has bought out the Evalina Holstetter store," he gulped.

"Och!" Alverda swayed slightly. She was still. "Doppelheads." After a long time she laughed. "Don't they know this town ain't big enough for two stores?" she scoffed. "Hardly big enough it is for one, even."

"That is the talk it gives around," Elmer said slowly, "that the town ain't big enough fur two stores."

He took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his brow.

Alverda laughed again, but with less certainty. "All Heitsville is friendly-like to me," she stated. "Off me they will buy always, if it comes ten such chain stores into the town."

"No friend it gives to these Heitsville women like a penny saved on a pound of sugar," Elmer pronounced slowly.

"It gives no reason why the National Groceries, Inc., should sell sugar off cheaper than right here by Reffsnyder's," Alverda said sharply.

"Can you buy sugar then in such carload lots?" Elmer inquired unhappily. "They can sell you under, that's what." He shouldered a basket of apples and went with it into the store.

Alverda stood quite still, hands in her pockets, troubled blue eyes on that splotch of orange which stood out like a bright banner in the center of the next block. At last she laughed, a faint little crow which defied all the powers of National Groceries. "For fifty years and more even Heitsville folks has bought their groceries off Reffsnyder's!" She raised her chin and flung this silent challenge down the street. "Since grandpop sold them coal oil for their lamps even have they bought off us! Since the Heitsville post office was at the counter behind where candy is now at! Since horses was hitched up at the front of the store and a big coal stove it gave for customers to warm themselves at in winter, Heitsville has traded by us and it can't change. It can't change ever."

Having delivered this ultimatum, she scurried again into the store. It was time to close up for the night, and Alverda would no more have turned the key in the lock before everything was in order than she would have permitted a rebellious lock to escape from one of the butter-smooth braids which were wound about her head. "There, that's done." She removed the blue cover-all apron and placed it on its hook. "You could go now, Elmer," she said graciously. She took down her coat and hat and slipped them on.

Reaching her own gate, she changed her mind and turned, walking slowly down the street on the opposite side from the shop that had been Evalina Holstetter's. One or two quick glances told her all that she wanted to know. The painting was finished now and lights were lighted within the store, showing gleaming new shelves and counters. A huge truck was backed up, halfway across the sidewalk, and men were passing in and out with packing cases. Alverda circled the block slowly and came back to her own little house. "Some dumb I have been," she thought. Her blue eyes had caught some of the shadows of the descending evening now; her soft lower lip was caught by her teeth.

"They can sell me under, Elmer says." She considered this thought unhappily. "He don't know!" She strove to convince herself of this. "A boy where came out of the sixth grade to work and help his mother don't know everything. He maybe says only what he hears others speak out." This apprehensive thought closed down.

The owner and manager of Reffsnyder's sat for a long time over her coffee and omelet that night. She didn't touch the tempting spice cake that stood in the middle of the table. Her bravado faded, and the triumphant tilt went from her chin as she went about her chores for the evening, washing the dishes and making the kitchen tidy, watering the geraniums on the window ledge and snipping the dead leaves from them. It was eight o'clock when she finally sat down to do her stint of sewing on the new kitchen curtains.

"Heitsville folks won't want to buy off strangers," she told herself firmly, "even if to maybe save a penny here or there. Us Reffsnyders they know and —— Och, who could that be?"

A knock had sounded at the front door. She stood up and smoothed her hair automatically, smoothed the material she had been working on and folded it into a neat square. She picked pieces of thread and lint from her skirt, standing frowning in the middle of the kitchen floor. "Whoever, on a Thursday night?" she puzzled. Wednesday and Sunday were Henry's nights; if Emmy Deeter or Elmira Goss ran in to see her they went around to the back of the house, rapping on the window or calling a cheery "Hoo-oo."

"Enemies We Got to be in Business, Alverda," He Said. "Leave Us at the Least be Friends Outside of It"

"Och!" She smiled. "Henry." Henry had heard about the National's coming, no doubt, and had dropped in to tell her not to worry. She was at the door. She was lost in the shadow of broad shoulders. "Henry," she said tentatively.

Her visitor laughed. "Three years I am gone," he stated mischievously, "and come back to get called by such a name as Henry yet!"

"Ralph!" She retreated a few steps. "Ralph Krause." Her hand went to her throat.

"Even." He grinned and caught her hands. "Ain't you going to say you are some glad to see me?" he asked. "Ain't you going to give me the dare to come in even?"

"Right glad I am." Alverda was having difficulty with her voice. "You must come in, certainly. Such a surprise it is to see you it—it takes my breath off from me, Ralph."

"What kind of a surprise is it, then?" he teased.

"A—a nice one, certainly."

"Och!" They were inside now, under the front-room light, and his eyes lingered on her smooth hair, her shining eyes, her rounded neck where small flaxen curls were. "You don't look no different," he discovered. "You are just like I remembered you always."

"You remembered me never." She raised her eyes shyly.

"Always, always I remembered you," he declared with mock seriousness. "Without such fooling, Alverda, more happiness than I have found by other cities it gave me to walk up onto your porch tonight and ring the bell."

"Letters some writes when they go away."

Her lips curved in spite of her on this chiding. A spontaneous giggle burst from her. Ralph Krause! In Heitsville again! You couldn't scold him ever. You had always to laugh. Her dimples winked in and out. She stood remembering the days when she and Ralph and Elmira Goss and Henry Betzendorfer had journeyed each day on the bus in to the county-seat high school. It was the same with Ralph now as then. He made you laugh always. He made work and worry, and three years of time even, fade completely away. They stood for a moment in the center of the neat flowered carpet in the Reffsnyder parlor and Ralph swung her hands and they laughed.

"Och, letters!" Ralph made a deprecatory gesture. "I wanted anyhow to wait till I had made good to write off such news back home," he explained.

"And now that you are made good you are back to make us a short visit maybe?" Alverda was shy suddenly. She clasped her hands tightly together and looked away from him.

"To stay I am back." He took a short turn about the room. "Och!" He paused in front of a framed square. "The old high-school picture even." He laughed heartily, pushed his hair back. "I am back permanent, Alverda, you might say. You live alone here, now that your pop is gone?"

"Alone, yes." Alverda smoothed her skirt. "Aunt Ettie stayed along at first, but she could not make herself at home so good off from the farm. A year since she has gone back."

"Better it would make maybe for you to live on the farm by her," Ralph said solicitously. "I don't like it that you live alone here, Alverda." He frowned.

"I got to be near the store," she said simply.

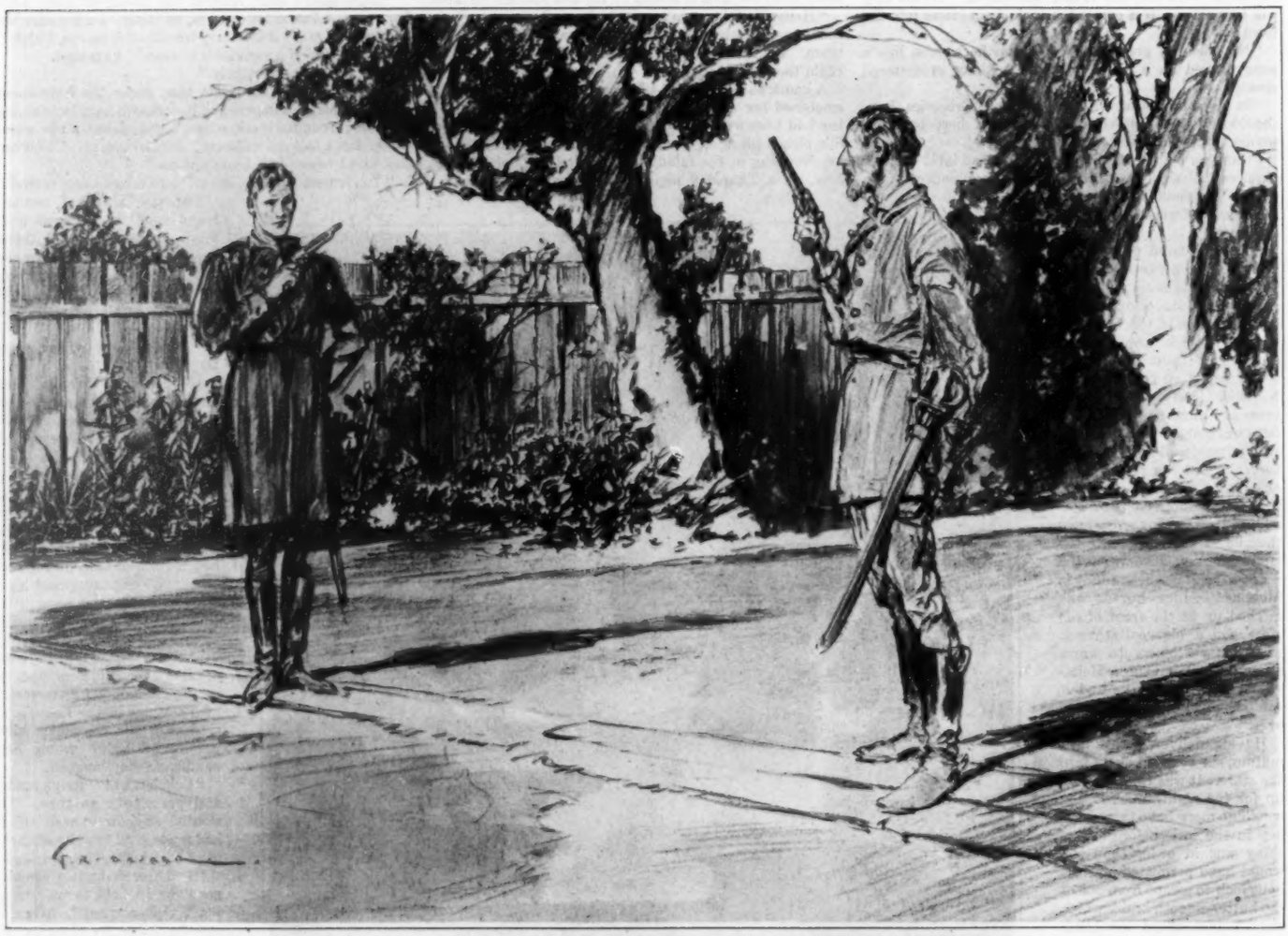
"You what?" He stopped short in his walk. He looked at her. "You got to be near the store? Why, then?" There was a sharpness in his voice.

"Why not, then?" She laughed at his fixed regard. "Have you not heard how I have kept on with the store, how I run Reffsnyder's?" Impossible to keep a tinge of pride from her voice.

He didn't answer. His fixed gaze didn't waver. "That I have not heard," he said at length, slowly. He resumed his walking again.

(Continued on Page 168)

THE LIMESTONE TREE



They Took Their Positions on a Narrow Walk of Planks. "Will You Agree to Turn and Fire?" Wickliffe Further Asked. Isham Rose Replied That He Would Agree to Turn and Fire

THE REBEL TRACE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

AT DUSK, in the barren mountains of Eastern Kentucky, an aide galloped up to the head of the third brigade of General Morgan's Confederate force. Wickliffe Sash, captain in the first battalion, was walking beside Colonel Smith, in immediate command.

"We will rest here for the night," the aide said, with a shadowy salute. "General Morgan's order."

That decision, Wickliffe told himself, had not come too soon by a moment. His company was practically incapable of another step. He returned to it.

"Fall out," he ordered.

The men collapsed where they were. Behind them the precarious way—the Rebel Trace—vanished in an abrupt turn around a high bare shoulder of mountain; they had come upon a contracted open space where, clinging to steep walls of stone, there were some scattered melancholy pine trees and a swift narrow stream; ahead, Wickliffe could see nothing but a rocky defile rapidly growing dark. The stream made a loud impetuous sound and a whippoorwill called and called from a pine tree.

The first two brigades were mounted, but the third brigade was on foot—it had been composed of the men for whom no mounts could be provided. Wickliffe, however, was unable to decide if that were a disadvantage or a benefit.

The animals had suffered more than the men—Colonel Giltner's brigade alone had lost at least two hundred horses. Morgan's mounted infantry, it seemed to him, had become foot cavalry. At any rate, the third battalion had kept up with the men on horseback.

He said to Major Diamond, "I don't like the way the men look. They are not taking care of themselves. Their feet are cut to pieces."

What, Major Diamond inquired, could they expect? "A hundred and fifty miles of these mountains in seven days. Worse than twenty miles a day climbing in formation. Some only left Huyter's Gap ten days ago. That's two hundred miles anyhow."

Wickliffe saw that Diamond was discouraged. His own feet were so swollen that he didn't think his boots would come off.

He moved back to where his company lay in a variety of exhausted attitudes on the mountainside.

"Where is the kitchen detail?" he demanded. "Ambrose Huffman!" he called. "Where is Ambrose?" A short figure, fat and inexpressibly weary-looking, rose. "Get supper started," Wickliffe ordered him. "Send two men for wood and two for water. We want coffee before morning."

It was little use, Huffman replied, to prepare supper. "There won't be nobody hardly to want it. Captain Sash, it's God's truth; the boys are too tired to eat. Most of them are asleep right now."

"I want two men to go for wood and two with buckets for water," Wickliffe Sash repeated harshly. "You have forty-five minutes to make a mess of bread and boil bacon and greens, if we have any. With coffee. Lieutenant Brenno." First Lieutenant Jacob Brenno stood at an uncertain attention. "Send up the usual picket detail to the brigade head. The rest can stay where they are for half an hour. Then get them in line for supper. Everyone, Mr. Brenno. If Ambrose Huffman isn't ready, from now on he'll do with a musket instead of a frying pan. In the front rank. It won't matter to me if we lose a good cook."

Wickliffe sat on a small ledge of rock. He was, like Major Diamond, filled with doubts.

What day was it? It was the seventh day of June in 1864. They had reached Pound Gap, beyond the Virginia line, on the second, after dislodging the small Union force guarding that entrance to Kentucky. General Morgan absolutely counted on investing Mount Sterling tomorrow. He had no time to lose. When it was discovered that he was again raiding in Kentucky—it must be known to the Union headquarters in the state tomorrow—there would be an overwhelming concentration of troops upon him. General Hobson, with six regiments of cavalry, three thousand strong, was with Burbridge and part of the Twenty-third Union Army Corps somewhere near Louisa, south of Pound Gap. General Averell and General Crook were on the march. General Burbridge would not linger in the east. Morgan, at best, had twenty-five hundred men. His success depended upon the outcome of the race between the Federal commander and himself for Mount Sterling. The distance was greater for General Burbridge, and he was

hampered with artillery; Morgan had no cannon, but his brigades were weary from the immediate exhausting past.

The odds against him, Wickliffe knew, were not important. This was Morgan's fourth raid into Kentucky—a state that had remained part of the North—and he had always been opposed to enormous majorities of men and arms. On the whole, successfully. John Hunt Morgan was a military genius. Everyone, North and South, acknowledged that. It belonged to his genius to make his force seem larger, infinitely more threatening, than it ever actually was. He split his command into small detachments and sent them here and there against towns and stockades and railway bridges and bases of Federal supplies. These individual assaults were made with great swiftness and the bodies of men composing them swiftly returned to the main body of troops. It was a further characteristic of General Morgan that all his engagements were fought upon the advance. When he retreated he retreated. Morgan didn't, then, stop for anything. That was why he still, after three years, had a command at all; why they were not all either killed or in Northern prisons.

The best of so much, Wickliffe Sash realized, belonged in the past. To the first and second raids, and even to the disastrous third raid into Indiana and Ohio, when John Morgan had been captured. Yes, it was different now, with the unavoidable multiplication of his reverses. It was different, worse, with the whole Confederacy. Wickliffe, sitting on cold rock in the fast-gathering darkness, his body one intolerable ache, said to himself, "We are licked." He said it and, deep within him, he knew it was true, but he would not acknowledge it. "A miracle will save us," Wickliffe Sash added. "England will recognize the Confederacy, the blockade will fail; a miracle—General Lee—will save us." But Morgan's situation was desperate. This must be his final raid and it must succeed. He was, for one thing, losing his prestige with the soldiers on paper. With President Davis and Richmond. They would not admit, through ignorance and jealousy, the enormous good General Morgan had worked in Kentucky. Again and again he had diverted, more than once actually scattered, the concentration of armies bent on the destruction of the Confederate resources and commands in Tennessee and in Southern Virginia.

If Morgan failed now, it would be over with him. All Wickliffe Sash's weariness, his doubts, were lost sight of in his passionate realization that they must reach Mount Sterling before General Burbridge could get there. Before the Union forces had time to close around them.

On his left the kitchen fires made a sullen glow on the accomplished night. He could see the fires of companies ahead of him. There was an occasional call and the distant scrape of horses' hoofs, a scarce-moving figure—the brigades were largely silent and he could hear no singing. The strains of Stump-tailed Dolly and of General Stuart's favorite song, If You Want to Have Fun, Jine the Cavalry, were wholly absent. He could, now, hear Lieutenant Brenno stirring among the men of their company.

"Line up for mess!" Brenno cried. "Everyone on his feet!" There was a slow responding movement and a half-audible bitter cursing. Wickliffe Sash had a battered tin cup of coffee, a thin segment of bread hardly better than a burned paste of dough, and bacon boiled without greens.

Lieutenant Colonel Martin requested his presence, and Wickliffe found him with Alston, who commanded the second brigade, Colonel Giltner and General Morgan. Morgan, still a handsome figure, had his tunic unbuttoned and showed unmistakable traces of the continued strain on him. He had never, Wickliffe Sash believed, wholly recovered from his imprisonment on Johnson's Island. His voice was sharp and his periods short. The command was to move at daybreak. Its purposes, as usual, were diverse: Captain Jergens, with fifty men, would be detached to destroy the Frankfort and Louisville Railroad bridges. Major Chenowyeth would burn the railway bridges of the Kentucky Central. Captain Sash, who was especially familiar with the ground about Lexington, General Morgan required to proceed ahead with messages of his intentions to Confederate supporters in Fayette County.

In the morning there was a space of gray depression, the physical agony of all further movement, and then the sun enveloped Wickliffe Sash in a blaze of transcendent beauty. The mountains fell away behind him, their gloomy ascents and stone precipices dissolved, and before him lay a wide and brilliant and pastoral plain. There were, everywhere, noble groves and woodland meadows deep in grass, shaded by aged sugar trees and elms and hickory and tulip poplars; he saw orderly pastures with whitewashed fences where horses burnished by the sun were slowly grazing, with flowing tails and manes, red Devon cattle like animals in dark copper. The pastures were woven with crystal streams; houses, tranquil and white, were set in the tall groves, with lawns falling away in slopes and terraces of flowers; and everywhere the grass was bluer than green.

An intolerable sharp pain of recognition and longing, of relief, struck into Wickliffe. "The bluegrass," he said out loud. The peace and loveliness of the land below him, the great houses among the trees and the small houses along the roads, with the morning smoke rising from their chimneys, wet his face with sudden irrepressible tears. It was the bluegrass! It was home. The privations and terrors of war, the brazen noise and hailing iron and lead, the swift silent peril, seemed to have been lost with the mountains. No one, on that vast sweet plain of happiness and plenty, must need food or shelter or security. Wickliffe, as General Morgan had acknowledged, knew it intimately; he had caught innumerable silvery fish in its innumerable clear silver rivers; he had shot quail and woodcock in its thickets, squirrels and wild turkey in the woods and clearings; there was hardly a house of consequence where—when, before the war, he was a boy—he had not danced to the fiddling of negroes and added to the gayety of the barbecues.

A general revival of spirits possessed Morgan's column. The men shouted happily and called to one another their comments and appreciation of what, they would die to maintain, was the finest country God had ever made.

(Continued on Page 175)

"Did This Captain Rose Know You Were Engaged to Me? That, I Think, is Important"

SWORDSMEN OF THE SEA

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

THE cruiser lay moored at the end of the dock, and the two men approached it with the aid of an electric torch. The waters of the bay lapped gently against the sides of the boat, and the starboard running light threw a green ray across the surface of the clear water which attracted hundreds of tiny fish. These darted in phantom-like procession through a brief visibility.

"It's always darkest just before dawn." One of the men laughed as the two stood above the gunwale of the cruiser. "Tonight proves it. Here, Captain Ray," he called; "come alongside and take these rods and reels."

Suddenly the Swordfish Darted Ahead, Then Disappeared Beneath the Surface

From the cabin of the cruiser appeared a ruddy-faced individual whose teeth glistened in a smile by the light of the electric torch. "Mornin', Mr. Welkin," he greeted enthusiastically. "You're goin' to get a broadbill today. I just naturally got a hunch."

The owner of the boat answered with a laugh. "This is Mr. Tierney, Captain Ray," he introduced. "I hope, for his sake, your hunch proves up."

The second man acknowledged the introduction and joined in the laugh. "I'll have a good time, even if we don't see a fish," he promised. "This sort of thing is strange to me. You know it isn't often I can get out on the sea and just have a day of it."

"I'd give a thousand dollars," Welkin said, "if we could hook a five-hundred-pound broadbill today. I tell you, Tierney, you never saw anything like it. You just won't believe such creatures live till you see one hooked."

"You're the fisherman." Tierney laughed. "I leave the matter in your hands."

Captain Ray received from them the heavy rods and the big nickel reels which twinkled faintly in the light from the masthead. Then he assisted the two men to climb into the cruiser and called out to his assistant to stand by at the stern. In a few moments the staccato voice of the motor sprang into life and the exhaust bubbled rhythmically at the water line.

"We'll ride in the forward cabin, Tierney," Welkin suggested. "Jimmy, you might bring us a pot of coffee there." And he added, for the benefit of his guest: "It'll take us two hours to get into territory where we're apt to sight a fin; we ought to get there at just about daylight."

So they sat behind Captain Ray at the wheel and sipped hot, black coffee and puffed at cigars.

"Maybe you seen that tramp steamer come in last night?" Captain Ray said to them. "Just as soon as I had everythin' shipshape aboard the cruiser, I went over and talked with her crew. The fish are out there all right. The second mate of that tramp told me he sighted five broadbills yesterday mornin' between here an' the point."

Welkin grunted and stretched his legs along the leather cushion of the bulkhead bench. "They sighted five, eh?" He smiled. "Well, we've sighted five times five in the last two weeks, and out of the whole bunch we got only three to take a bait." He turned then to Tierney and through a frank smile continued: "And the longest we kept any of the three on a line was twenty minutes. I tell you, my friend, nothing that swims, flies, creeps or walks has the ferocity of a broadbill swordfish."

"It'll be fun for me," Tierney repeated, "just to see one at a distance."

"I guess we can promise you that all right," Welkin answered. "But that won't satisfy me. I want to hook one and bring him to gaff. If I do, I think you'll admit you've had the greatest experience of your life."

"We will today," Captain Ray interrupted. "Somehow I just know it. I got a hunch."

The two men smiled and Tierney changed the subject from fishing to matters of business. "Of course," he remarked, "this trip today is a real treat for me. And our talk last night, Welkin, has more than paid for my trip across the continent. I feel as though I know you now."

"It's been a great pleasure to have you," Welkin answered quietly. "You Easterners are apt to get a wrong impression of us Californians. I'm always glad of a chance to let a man see us as we are."

"I felt," Tierney continued thoughtfully, "that I had to know every man we were considering for this contract. It's a big thing, Welkin," he went on earnestly. "A big one and a difficult one. Capital is the easiest thing on earth to furnish and it's the least valuable without direction. We could pour fifty million dollars into those mountains and never find a trace of it, if we put the wrong man on the job. Half that sum will pay dividends, if we get the right one. In matters of this sort, I try not to permit sentiment to sway my judgment. In narrowing down to three prospective men, we haven't hesitated to consider each candidate's private life, business affairs and temperament, in so far as that is possible. We know each of the three men we're considering. The other two I knew a little better than you, which accounts for my trip out here."

Welkin laughed easily. "Mr. Tierney is a capitalist," he said explanatorily to Captain Ray. "He sits in a beautiful Wall Street office and plans things for people thousands of miles away. That's why I'm doubly anxious to hook onto Mr. Broadbill today. Try and remember the first one you ever saw hooked, Ray, and you'll realize what it will mean to Mr. Tierney."

"You'll get a kick out of it," Captain Ray promised as he turned to regard Tierney critically. "I suppose you're a pretty big man, but you won't feel so big about the time a hooked broadbill charges the boat."

"Perhaps not," Tierney said noncommittally. "But I'm a pretty good fighter myself, Ray. A man has to be, in Wall Street." As he spoke, he glanced sharply toward Welkin, and the other saw this and smiled. "Don't laugh," Tierney suggested. "What I say is the truth; and a fight's a fight."

Welkin continued his smile.

"Mr. Tierney's syndicate has just bought about half of Mexico," he said to Captain Ray. "There are some mining possibilities there they thought they might ask me to develop."

"Well," Captain Ray grunted, "you've developed 'em before, sir. I guess, if it's a fighter they want, they couldn't come to a better man."

Welkin laughed and turned toward Tierney. "You can see the reputation I have among my associates," he said. "It's hardly an enviable one."

Tierney remained thoughtful. He removed a cigar from his lips and regarded its glowing end.

"But look here," Welkin continued with finality. "I thought we settled the business matters last night. This is a day of pleasure. Whether you select my organization for your development, or whether you don't, can predicate itself on what we settled last night. Today we're just two men with fishpoles in our hands." And he added meaningfully, "If you can get that feeling, Tierney, you'll have a fine day of it."

He dropped his feet off the cushion onto the deck and stood erect. For a moment he glanced over Captain Ray's shoulder at the binnacle there.

"You're headed straight for the point?" he asked the navigator.

"Straight as a string, sir." Captain Ray nodded. "We're makin' about ten knots now, which ought to bring us into good water by the time it's daylight."

Welkin glanced at the clock on the bulkhead. "I'll take the wheel now, Ray," he said. "You might go back and rig the fishing gear. Put on thirty-nine-thread line and use one of the new reels and poles." Captain Ray relinquished the wheel and stepped to the cabin door. "Be sure you wet the line thoroughly," Welkin called after him. "And you'd better put on a new wire leader."

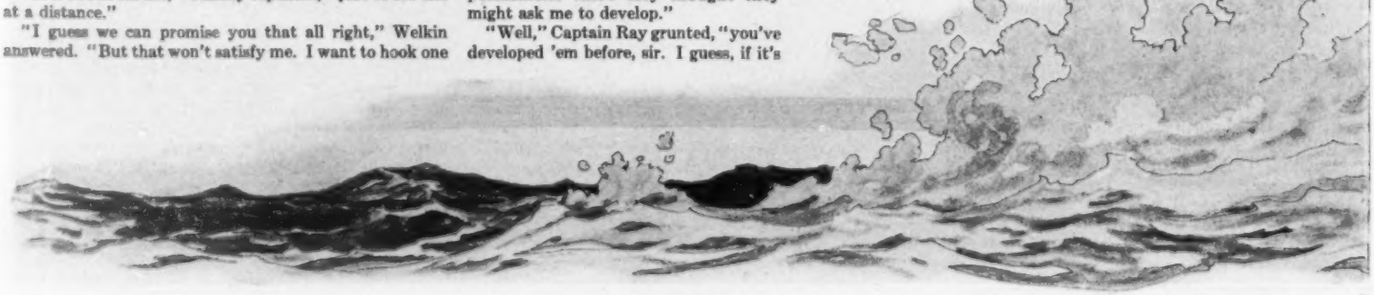
Captain Ray nodded and left, but the owner of the cruiser turned to his guest. "I can stand losing a broadbill," he smiled, "when the fault is my own. But if a fish ever broke off on me I think I'd go raving crazy."

Tierney's keen eyes regarded the man curiously. "I don't think I've ever seen anybody quite so enthusiastic about a sport." He smiled.

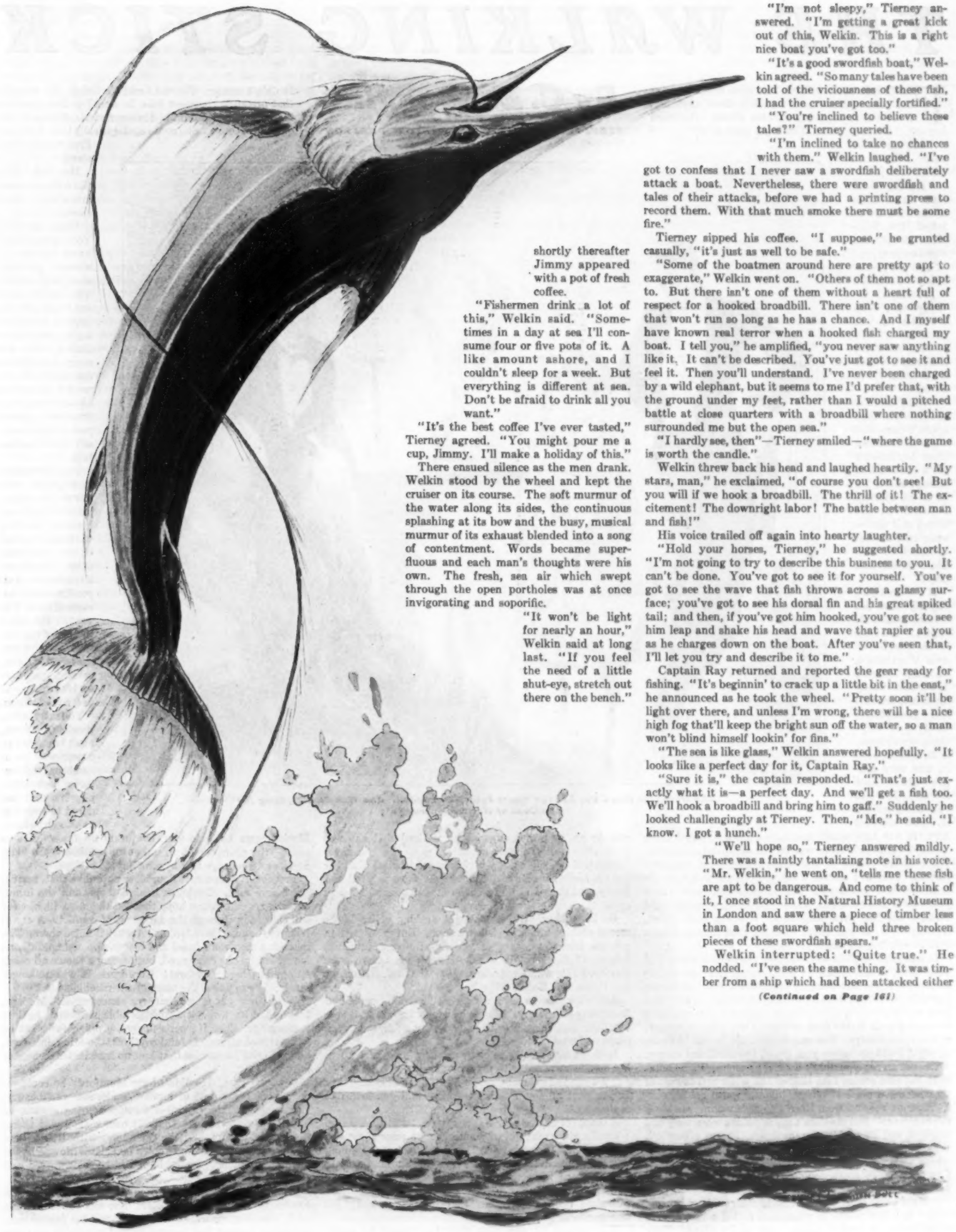
"Wait," Welkin suggested. "Just wait, Tierney. When daylight comes, I'll climb up into the little crow's nest on the foremast. It may seem a little tiresome to you down here, but you'll be repaid when you hear me bellow 'Swordfish!'"

"I'm already repaid," Tierney assured him. "If we don't even sight a fish, it'll be a fine day for me. Just the ride, and the motion of the boat, and the quiet of the sea are enough to satisfy me."

"Get your mind off business," Welkin snapped. "It's a hard thing to do, but do it. Fishing has done a lot more for me than just catch me fish. It has a trick of changing your viewpoint when what your viewpoint most needs is changing." They laughed together, and



The Fish Came Across the Water Like a Locomotive. Some Fifteen Feet From the



shortly thereafter Jimmy appeared with a pot of fresh coffee.

"Fishermen drink a lot of this," Welkin said. "Sometimes in a day at sea I'll consume four or five pots of it. A like amount ashore, and I couldn't sleep for a week. But everything is different at sea. Don't be afraid to drink all you want."

"It's the best coffee I've ever tasted," Tierney agreed. "You might pour me a cup, Jimmy. I'll make a holiday of this."

There ensued silence as the men drank. Welkin stood by the wheel and kept the cruiser on its course. The soft murmur of the water along its sides, the continuous splashing at its bow and the busy, musical murmur of its exhaust blended into a song of contentment. Words became superfluous and each man's thoughts were his own. The fresh, sea air which swept through the open portholes was at once invigorating and soporific.

"It won't be light for nearly an hour," Welkin said at long last. "If you feel the need of a little shut-eye, stretch out there on the bench."

"I'm not sleepy," Tierney answered. "I'm getting a great kick out of this, Welkin. This is a right nice boat you've got too."

"It's a good swordfish boat," Welkin agreed. "So many tales have been told of the viciousness of these fish, I had the cruiser specially fortified."

"You're inclined to believe these tales?" Tierney queried.

"I'm inclined to take no chances with them." Welkin laughed. "I've got to confess that I never saw a swordfish deliberately attack a boat. Nevertheless, there were swordfish and tales of their attacks, before we had a printing press to record them. With that much smoke there must be some fire."

Tierney sipped his coffee. "I suppose," he grunted casually, "it's just as well to be safe."

"Some of the boatmen around here are pretty apt to exaggerate," Welkin went on. "Others of them not so apt to. But there isn't one of them without a heart full of respect for a hooked broadbill. There isn't one of them that won't run so long as he has a chance. And I myself have known real terror when a hooked fish charged my boat. I tell you," he amplified, "you never saw anything like it. It can't be described. You've just got to see it and feel it. Then you'll understand. I've never been charged by a wild elephant, but it seems to me I'd prefer that, with the ground under my feet, rather than I would a pitched battle at close quarters with a broadbill where nothing surrounded me but the open sea."

"I hardly see, then"—Tierney smiled—"where the game is worth the candle."

Welkin threw back his head and laughed heartily. "My stars, man," he exclaimed, "of course you don't see! But you will if we hook a broadbill. The thrill of it! The excitement! The downright labor! The battle between man and fish!"

His voice trailed off again into hearty laughter.

"Hold your horses, Tierney," he suggested shortly. "I'm not going to try to describe this business to you. It can't be done. You've got to see it for yourself. You've got to see the wave that fish throws across a glassy surface; you've got to see his dorsal fin and his great spiked tail; and then, if you've got him hooked, you've got to see him leap and shake his head and wave that rapier at you as he charges down on the boat. After you've seen that, I'll let you try and describe it to me."

Captain Ray returned and reported the gear ready for fishing. "It's beginnin' to crack up a little bit in the east," he announced as he took the wheel. "Pretty soon it'll be light over there, and unless I'm wrong, there will be a nice high fog that'll keep the bright sun off the water, so a man won't blind himself lookin' for fins."

"The sea is like glass," Welkin answered hopefully. "It looks like a perfect day for it, Captain Ray."

"Sure it is," the captain responded. "That's just exactly what it is—a perfect day. And we'll get a fish too. We'll hook a broadbill and bring him to gaff." Suddenly he looked challengingly at Tierney. Then, "Me," he said, "I know. I got a hunch."

"We'll hope so," Tierney answered mildly. There was a faintly tantalizing note in his voice. "Mr. Welkin," he went on, "tells me these fish are apt to be dangerous. And come to think of it, I once stood in the Natural History Museum in London and saw there a piece of timber less than a foot square which held three broken pieces of these swordfish spears."

Welkin interrupted: "Quite true." He nodded. "I've seen the same thing. It was timber from a ship which had been attacked either

(Continued on Page 161)

Boat, the Fish Swerved Again and Leaped, its Body Flying Ten Feet Clear of the Water

THE WALKING STICK

VIII

By C. E. Scoggins

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

FRED didn't look at Rose Yancey as he sat down at the piano. He wasn't thinking about anything; there wasn't anything to think about. He heard her say, "Don't mind it. You'll get used to it."

"Ma'am?" he said. "Used to what?"

"Having them look down their noses." She mimicked Mrs. Worsham's large, calm condescension: "'You play very nicely!' I bet she's a prominent society and club woman in her home town."

"Yes'm. Her husband's made a—a sinful lot of money."

"Well," said the girl grimly, "they needn't come and wave it around here. My father's got a sinful lot of money, and if I'd go home meekly I could eat the fatted calf and—wear real clothes instead of —— Oh, come on, let's play!"

He thought vaguely that her clothes looked all right. Not so fresh, maybe, as Ann Worsham's, because Rosika had to save money for music lessons; more pretentious, though, if anything. Ann's dress, as he remembered it, was very simple—sleek and smooth, so that you hardly noticed it. You noticed Ann. It was Ann herself that looked like a million dollars.

She Held Her Head Up, Let the Tears Splash Unheeded. She Was Still Fighting for the Goal of Her Long Struggle

Maybe Rosika's dress was out of date, unfashionable. What of it? Most of the women here wore eccentric clothes. It didn't matter what you wore if you were intellectual and hated your home town—the town where your father had belonged, where your mother was all right because she had good neighbors. Where a cool, sweet, friendly —— It was queer to think that Ann had been here in this hot, fantastic place.

It was good to yield to music, let your hands move and your tired, foolish brain be still. Music was something definite, brought into being by some fellow who had known just what he felt, at least for one high moment. Power and form and dignity; it didn't change and melt into confusing torment if your father died or made a sinful lot of money. It was there always. You only needed the fingers to evoke it, see it build up before you, great, beautiful and strong.

Oh, not alone; you didn't build it up alone. Piano notes were the cool stones that shaped the walls and towers of that nameless place of refuge, but the warm golden sunlight on it streamed from Rose Yancey's violin. He knew she saw it too. But she didn't say anything when they had finished, and he didn't say anything. It was afterward, when the tea room closed, that she put into fragmentary words what he had felt—the picture of them standing before a thing too great, too sure and beautiful ever to be possessed.

"Walk home with me," she said. "A couple of bums."

She had two rooms in what they called a mews, over what had once been a stable. She had a piano. They played a long time, drifting together in a world of dreams and passions that could keep a man from thinking. He rose to go, and with surprise he realized that she was little—this exotic, grimly ambitious girl. He had never thought of it; she was so vivid, so hard-boiled that her stature hadn't mattered. But tonight she was tired and lonely, and there was no veil before the depths of her dark eyes.

He kissed her. Oh, he thought nothing of it; kisses meant nothing much to his generation. But afterward, in a white daze of sleeplessness, hearing the vast, inhuman rumble of the city, he wondered why his nerves were stretched like white-hot wires. Was that exhaustion, or was it fire that Rosika's lips had started?

Ann's kisses were not fire. They rested him, made him feel strong and happy. Maybe he hadn't known what love was like. Not comradely and steady, but a fire, a storm, a fierce and wretched longing.

It didn't matter. When he saw Rosika in the afternoon, her eyes were veiled with flippancy again.

"We can't afford many sprees like that," she said. "My fingers were all thumbs this morning, and you look like something the cat dragged in."

A couple of bums. . . .

Rosika got a contract with an orchestra somewhere and disappeared. The tea room closed, padlocked for selling other things than tea; but the union got him another job, a little more respectable, in a café where people came sometimes in evening clothes. Once or twice he saw Mumford people there, but they didn't see him. He was merely the piano player.

Why should he care that they had hoped he might amount to something? He tried taking piano lessons, but it was too late; his fingers had too many habits to unlearn. It didn't matter. He could make a living. He thought that presently, between jobs, he would go home and see his mother; but he didn't. She married Mr. Allison—very quietly, of course. She wrote apologetically that she hoped Fred would understand.

He did. His place in the community was closed.

Well, in New York you didn't have to worry about getting along with people. You could move one block and disappear. You could walk anywhere unseen, feel the most formidable community in the world swirling about you, untouched unless you thrust yourself on its attention.

You saw strange immigrants who came in ships, dumb, frightened human cattle, darkness behind their yearning eyes. Freedom! Freedom! And you knew what became of them. The vast, inhuman rumble of the city swallowed them, molded them, pressed them to uniformity—or destroyed them.

You saw the sea, timeless, eternal, restless with power now as it had been long centuries ago when pilgrims first had dared to seek this unknown shore. Stories came back to you, conjuring up the wilderness again—the grandeur of an unknown continent, the high, unfaltering courage of a bygone day.

Freedom! Freedom! Four clear notes like that, marching before men. Darkness behind them, and the formidable sea, and a brave hope that led them. A high, clear call that sang through the dark roar of conflict. A cry of triumph—and a vision fading. Always it faded there. The marching men were fused and lost in the community, no longer led by one clear need, but forcing a thousand needs on one another. Conform! Conform! It was no longer music; it was noise, the noise of the machine.

Well, there was music that was almost noise. Modern, they called it; a revolt against established forms, against conformity. Fred Harper's fingers, groping for what he felt, evolved strange hateful rhythms, thudding, insistent, built of grim harmonies that had no human tenderness or beauty.

It wasn't true. He didn't hate Mumford; he could remember a great deal of human tenderness and beauty. Sometimes, walking invisible through roaring streets, he had the curious illusion that his own reality was there; that something of himself was there, with friends and neighbors, people who had known him all his life and hoped he might amount to something. But he remembered well enough that he didn't fit.

He wasn't homesick; he was merely lonesome. He saw Rosika sometimes, but not often. She was out of his class now. She wore smart, exotic clothes, and her professional or foreign manner had become second nature to her; she used it sometimes even with him. Sometimes they played together, hours when they didn't have to play, drifting

through dreams and passions; and sometimes he kissed her. But it didn't mean anything. It didn't rest him. It only made him lie long hours awake, remembering Ann Worsham's friendly hands.

There ought to be some human place where a man could rest, escape from the machine, hide for a while even from dreams and passions. Ann—Ann—Ann as she used to be, before Jim Harper died and Mr. Worsham made a lot of money.

But there was no going back to things that used to be.

IX

YOU only kept your place on the treadmill, and the machine took care of you. Policemen told you when to cross the street. The union got you a job if you needed one. Automatically, as you got more experience, the jobs got a little better. Then, if you had a friend who was a real musician, the employment office passed you on to the booking agents.

Rosika chose him as her accompanist. He wasn't a good pianist, but his ear was subtle, and his passive personality was a good background for her own colorful, volcanic one. She explained this, cynically.

"You are so qui-et, like a pic-ture on dthe wall; I am dthe bad, wild woman. When dthe Bab-bitts do not like my play-ying, I shall pull out your hair. . . . Give 'em vaudeville," she said scornfully. "That's what they really want."

He didn't mind; he knew how reputations were manufactured. Even the tour was manufactured, and by mass-production methods. A group of agents had sent out a mass of advertising, followed by high-pressure organizers, selling seasons of concerts—standardizing a market for a lot of medium-priced talent. Fred Harper wasn't surprised to find Mumford on the list. It was that kind of town.

He didn't mind. He didn't belong there, but people would be kind. His mother was Mrs. Allison now, but he would be glad to see her. Ann—maybe he wouldn't see Ann. The Worshams had been spending winters in California; Mr. Worsham was still making money. He, Fred Harper, still wasn't making money, but his name was on the programs in type only slightly smaller than Rosika's. Maybe they wouldn't realize that he was still a bum.

He was braced for everything except what happened. They didn't realize how long, how long he had been away.

He got home on a Tuesday morning, by an inconvenient route, leaving Rosika to come later on a more comfortable train. Home? Well, Mr. Allison's house was at least familiar. The grinning face that welcomed him belonged to Sophy, who had belonged to the Harper household. His mother ran in from the kitchen, laughing and crying a little, scolding him a little. She hadn't expected him till afternoon.

"Why didn't you wire me? This is the day I have my bridge club for lunch, and it's too late now to make one of the other girls take it. I've got a million things on the stove. You'll just have to park yourself in the kitchen and tell me about everything while I work. . . . Sophy, run down to the corner grocery and get me those lemons."

Everything was as usual. The kitchen here wasn't very different from the one at—at home; he even recognized a good many of the utensils. His mother worked and talked in her usual darting manner, asking a hundred questions, none of them touching anything that mattered. He remembered now. She never talked about anything that mattered; she merely noticed everything, no matter how trivial. That was why she got along so well.

She noticed his abstraction, but mistook its cause.

"Don't worry," she said, laughing. "I won't make you eat with the women. I'll phone Will to come and get you. It's Rotary day; that's why we have the club on Tuesday, because the men eat downtown anyway. It'll give you a chance to see everybody."

That was what you did in Mumford. You saw everybody. You arranged your days to suit everybody.

"I saw Ann yesterday," said Mrs. Allison, beating eggs. "She looks awfully happy."

Vaguely the phrase meant something. But his mother was looking at him; he fumbled for a cigarette.

"That's good. Not gone to California yet?"

"Why, no. Have you got so indifferent that you didn't notice the date?"

He heard himself echo, "Date?" But suddenly he knew. Awfully happy. . . . That was the way women talked about—brides. Women loved weddings. He heard himself going on, "Haven't heard a thing about it. Married?"

"You mean to say you didn't even get an invitation?"

"My own fault if I didn't; haven't written to Ann for—for ages. Or maybe they did send me one and it hasn't caught up with me. These one-night stands ——" His voice was coming smoothly, easily. Why not? Ann had to marry sometime. It wasn't hard to ask, "Who's the lucky man?"

But Tonight She Was Tired and Lonely. He Kissed Her

"Gene Harris."

"Well, Gene's all right."

Sure, Gene was all right. Nothing to hate about him; Gene was everybody's friend. Why was the kitchen filled with slowly whirling specks of red? Gene Harris. . . . Ann. . . . But his mother had stopped beating eggs, was studying his face.

"Look here, son. Are you still fond of Ann yourself?"

"Why, sure. Why not? I always was." He grinned. "That is, I guess I am. Haven't seen her but once since I went East."

"What happened?"

"Happened? Why, nothing. What would happen? They just dropped in on their way to Europe and said howdy. Why?"

His mother sighed. "I thought you hadn't changed, Fred, but you have. I can't tell what you're thinking."

He laughed. "Oh, I don't have to think any more. I just take orders from Rosika, and the old lunch hooks do the rest." His broad strong hands ran up rapid arpeggios on the kitchen table, ending with a two-fingered thump in his mother's ribs: "Tr-rrrrrr-rink! Tunk! That's all there is to it."

"Stop that! You make me splash." His mother giggled. "Don't you ever think of getting married yourself?"

"Who, me? On what, Mrs. Gilhooley?"

It wasn't hard to be jocular when nothing mattered. He went to Rotary with Mr. Allison, and he was as jocular as anybody. They asked him, "How's your behavior?" and he said, "You'd be surprised!" He called them all by their first names, and they liked it. They didn't know he was a bum. He saw Gene Harris, a brisk, hearty young man who had already stepped successfully into his father's shoes before Fred Harper had left Mumford. He wondered how he could endure the grip of Gene's warm, hearty hand; but the mask saved him. He was jocular.

"Congratulations, Gene! Just heard about it. I do think you might have invited me to the wedding."

"We did," protested Gene, a cordial arm about Fred Harper's shoulders. "Sure we did, Fred! I saw your name on the list myself. Didn't you get it? Don't you care! You know darn well we want you!"

Through a red mist Gene's voice came hearty, jovial, pressing; you would have thought Fred Harper was his bosom friend—unless you knew Gene Harris. Gene was that way with everybody.

Everybody was that way with everybody. Some of those men belonged to Mumford's unacknowledged aristocracy, the older, inner town that had been Mumford once; they were real intimates, lifelong associates, welcome in one another's homes. But they didn't dare sit together, seem to form a clique. By twos and threes the mass absorbed them, wiped out the lines with conscious jocularity, calling them ostentatiously by their first names. And they responded. They had to. You could be fined twenty-five cents if you rejected wholesale intimacy, called a man mister.

A visiting Rotarian gave them a talk on coöperation; team work, he called it, taking no chance that anybody might think he was being highbrow. Nobody did. It was all familiar. He was a good Rotarian, a good business man, a strong member of

(Continued on Page 72)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 26, 1930

Regulation of Trucks and Busses

LEGISLATION is under consideration in Washington designed to place under Federal regulation the operation of trucks and busses in interstate traffic. In light of the history of public utilities, regulation is inevitable. But we ought not to muddle into it, we ought to plan into it. Though elements of restriction may be necessarily included, regulation should be designed from the standpoint of development of transportation service. To curb carriers is easy; to expand their usefulness is more important. The interests of the areas lying outside of the highly populated districts, and particularly of agriculture, are especially concerned.

It is to be hoped that a short-sighted attitude of the railways may be avoided. It seems to be generally agreed that local passenger traffic, local and short-haul freight traffic, especially in less-than-carload lots, and suburban freight traffic incline to be unremunerative to the railways. This service is being taken over by trucks and busses. But to be fully efficient, it ought to be taken over by trucks and busses in correlation and coördination with railways. We are now in the period of competition of these services. On both sides, the services are not being so well done as they should be.

Broadly regarded, railways ought to be looked on as the central arteries and veins of commerce, trucks and busses as the peripheral arteries and veins. This relationship implies a central policy; perhaps it implies a common plant. But whatever may be our views as to ownership relations of railways and highway transportation companies, regulation is essential.

Probably the definition and scope of the test of public convenience and necessity as it has been applied to railways may not fit highway carriers and will need to be modified. If, as and when railways become coördinated with highway carriers, protection against monopoly and extortion must be fully provided. Water must not be poured into the securities of highway carriers, as was the case in the development stage of railways. Fortunately we have in the Interstate Commerce Commission a large accumulation of regulatory experience and perspective. This Commission, with its experience, technic and skill, should be able to safeguard at once the interest of the older rail carriers, the newer highway carriers and the public, the travelers and shippers. Coördination for service is the essential objective embodied in the proposed consolidations of railroads; coördination for service should be the essential objective in the regulation of highway carriers in interstate transportation.

Lessons of Experience

DECLINE in labor banking in the past few years confirms many old lessons. It shows that the exaggerated enthusiasm in the early stage of a new social endeavor does not last and that such movements pass through a cycle of growth and diminution. A nucleus of successful and growing banks remains, but the false glamour of the early experiment has gone. The motive for the formation of labor banks was at least partly militant—namely, the creation of a tool which might be employed against such of the regular banks as favored open-shop programs after the war. But regardless of one's attitude on the subject of labor-union policies, there was something which appealed to the imagination in the democratic character of labor banking.

Unfortunately, from the organized-labor standpoint, the banking enterprises in some cities, rather than protecting the labor movement against anti-union aggressions, have exposed it to the charge of mismanagement and irresponsibility. In a cautious study of the subject, the Industrial Relations Section of Princeton University remarks that the American labor movement has probably been injured far more through the various failures in labor banking than through all the machinations of anti-union bankers. Then, too, the losses that have been sustained by the unsuccessful have gone far to offset any dividends made by those banks which have given a good account of themselves.

The first labor bank opened in May, 1920. Six years later, thirty-six institutions were in operation. In July, 1929, only twenty-two remained, and at the present time there are said to be nineteen.

Then, too, the elements of class consciousness and coöperation which were supposed to mark the early movement have become less marked. They are now more banks controlled by labor organizations than labor banks, if such a distinction is possible.

One of the labor organizations most aggressive in entering this field went much further and organized allied financial companies. The results were not altogether fortunate, and the banking movement was not helped thereby. Then, too, it was discovered, as always, that banking is no royal road to wealth.

It is not only a highly complicated business, requiring competent managers, but it is a highly competitive one as well. Trained bankers were not employed in all instances, and another obstacle which had to be contended with in a number of cases was the presence of local labor-union politics.

Of course, it is perfectly suitable for such large groups as those which compose the unions to enter the field of banking, provided they can help their own cause by so doing. But it was hardly a necessary step to popularize banking. The whole tendency in that field is democratic in the extreme, and in its benefits members of unions share along with others.

It is possible that labor banking may have made some slight and mildly interesting contributions to democracy in banking. But the main trend toward popular banking, the insistence upon welcoming the plainest of people with the smallest of accounts into the banking structure of the country, has proceeded on its own and without regard to group or class.

The Tariff-Truce Convention

WHILE the conference on reduction of navies is sitting in London, under the League of Nations a convention has been assembled to negotiate a truce on tariffs. The objectives of the conference are modest and limited. The contracting parties are merely being besought not to raise their tariff walls. Later, if circumstances are propitious, efforts will be made to have existing tariffs lowered. The movement is the direct outcome of the International Economic Conference of 1927, and the spur to the agitation has come from the almost innumerable tariffs of reprisal which infest Europe. Apart from Cuba and Japan, the representation is limited to European states. It is highly significant that the dominions of the British Empire are not represented. It is assumed that the holding of the conference at this time has no connection with the circumstance that a new tariff bill is pending before the American Congress. Possibly the absence of representatives of Canada and Australia was directed as much against the mother country as against the continental European states. Though the British Empire was represented by a distinguished delegate, at home Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook were engaged in organizing a movement—possibly a party—for free trade within the Empire and a tariff against the rest of the world. The main trouble with the convention of the tariff truce is that most of the delegates neglected to convert their own peoples before they left home for the meeting.

Dominions Without Domination

THE past half century has witnessed the steady progress of the dominions of the British Empire toward independence within the Empire. The war gave the final impetus to the movement, which has all along had the support of liberal opinion in the mother country. Independence in internal affairs within the dominion, independence of relations between dominions, independent diplomatic relationship with outside nations, independent tariffs within and without the Empire, and finally full partnership in determination of economic and political policies of the Empire have been achieved. Some of the points in the relations of the mother country to the dominions are not settled and are still under delimitation. In fact, at the present time a commission has prepared a report on the relations and prerogatives of the British Government to the dominions. In the light of British character, what is *de facto* will soon become *de jure*. The dominions possess a constantly expanding power, due to their growth of population, wealth and political development. Also, they have acquired influence through the organization of the League of Nations.

All this would have one meaning for the world if the numerous parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations had identity of interests in all international questions. But this is not, in fact, the case; nor could it be expected that new, exporting dominions outside of European entanglements would have the same interests as the old, importing United Kingdom within the historical entanglements of Europe. The geographical and economic environments of the dominions are different from those of the mother country.

That Great Britain has loaned and the dominions have borrowed does not give them identity of interests. The new countries have, necessarily, a different outlook from the old.

Gradually these differences are coming to light in two of the problems of the British Empire—naval disarmament and the independence of India. Under the surface, it is clear that in respect of relations to Italy and France in the Mediterranean, and to Japan, the views of the dominions do not coincide with those of Great Britain. Certainly the responsibility of Great Britain to her people in respect of relations with France, Italy and Japan are of a larger order of magnitude than the responsibilities of the governments of the dominions to their peoples. To some extent, dominion opinion on Indian affairs deviates from British opinion; and assuredly dominion responsibility for India is not to be compared with that of Great Britain.

To what extent, up to the present, dominion opinion and influence have operated to change British policies and plans in external relations is not to be appraised. But it is not hard to foresee that Britishers will wonder whether they have acted altogether wisely in relinquishing authority while retaining responsibility. And the wonder will not be confined to Tories.

FRANCE ON TWO WORDS

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN JEWELL

THE two words that I have in mind, and I most certainly must set them down before I forget them, are *oui* and *non*, and no resourceful American whose interest in France is only that of a tourist need fret his silly big head with more.

As a matter of fact, the thing can be, and has been, done with fewer. In my own bouquet of memories there is one instance—and these remarks and conclusions, incidentally, are based on adequate personal experience and a great deal of depressing observation—where a gentleman visited the country four times, toured the provinces as well as Paris, spending a total of something like sixteen months within the borders of France, and all on one word—*la*.

In this case it was a matter of necessity. The gentleman exhibited a complete and flawless incapacity to assimilate another word. Nor was this dullness on his part. There do exist people, keen and intelligent in other respects, who are fundamentally unable to grasp the faintest conception of an alien tongue. It is a kind of amnesia. In other fields this gentleman had attained definite eminence, but *la* was his limit in French.

Oo-la-la-la-la-la-la

HE FARED surprisingly well, largely because he came under the happy delusion that *la* was all there actually was to French, that further palaver was invented on the spot by all concerned, and that everybody who pretended a knowledge of French was involved in a gigantic if amiable hoax, everybody indulging everybody else just for the fun of it. He regarded the whole situation as more or less childish, reminiscent of the days when he and other boys had conversed in hodge-podges of chatter to awe and dumfound outsiders; and he unbent to the extent of using *la* only as a means of tipping off the natives that, though not a player himself, he was still wise to their little game.

It was his confident practice simply to drop *la* here and there in his otherwise excellent English. "Very well, waiter, let me have some *la* soup, some *la* chops, and *la* cup of *la* coffee." "I beg *la* pardon, officer, but am I right for *la* depot?" "*La* package of *la* cigarettes, please." This haphazard device naturally led to a great deal of French garrulousness, his custom then being to nod his head serenely and say, "*La, la, la,*" repeating it as often as necessary until some visible results came of his efforts.

These results were, of course, often strange and novel to the point of astounding, but he was a singularly philosophic person about it, and frequently pointed out that it was infinitely easier for him to alter his mode of living than to attempt mastery of the incomprehensible doggerel.

"Speak English," Our Man Interrupts Impatiently. "Either Speak English or Send Someone Who Does Speak English"

On the other hand, another gentleman of my acquaintance attempting the same thing and for the same reasons found no success or happiness whatever. The one word he conquered was *monsieur*, which apparently will not work as well as *la*. When occasion came for him to address a Frenchman he exploded into a series of loud, wailing sounds superbly similar to an oration in the Chamber of Deputies, ending it with a triumphant *monsieur!* To the untutored ear it was French as a Frenchman speaks it, and the climactic *monsieur* was clinching. To the gentleman himself it was as thoroughly French as anything he'd ever heard.

But it never worked. For some reason he never got either what he asked or anything else. He tried it again and again in my presence, endeavoring to prove to me that French is a sound, not a language. He aped the sounds he had heard with varying inflections, in a vain, pitiful hope that by some great chance, some extraordinary good fortune of possibility, they would fall into meanings—any meanings at all—but they never did. His visit to Paris was completely disappointing.

My records, indeed, show one case where a chap vanquished France with no knowledge whatever of French. A chauffeur, in the service of a gentleman of Glasgow, he had never been off his mainland, had scarcely heard of the French, when he was ordered to report to his employer at Cannes. A few weeks later he was dispatched, alone, to Biarritz, and later still, to return to London via Paris, all of which he accomplished, eating, sleeping and drinking through villages in which the English tongue is only a rumor, without picking up one word of French, or even trying to pick up one.

"I just kept repeating what I wanted, sir," he explained when I asked, "again and again and again, until they got it for me."

"In English?"

"In Scotch, sir."

That, however, falls under the head of miracles and is offered here only to indicate what man can do, once he sees no reason for not doing it. But attempting France on fewer than two words is hazardous. It may work, and then again it may not. In any event, it is a slipshod way of doing the thing. Only cheap people, if I may use the expression, enter Havre or Cherbourg with but one word, or less. In the crowd I go with, it is regarded as slightly *déclassé*.

The Taxi Stopped and All Hands Piled Out for the Row. But the Guilty Man, Too Proud of His French for His Own Good, Waved the Others Back

Safety First

GOING beyond two words, however, is more than hazardous; it is positively dangerous. An American tourist the master of, say, ten French words is going to make opportunity, by fair means or foul, to air them to a Frenchman, just for the sheer pleasure of uttering one of these outlandish sounds and finding it understood. There is something voluptuously delightful in the experience, and few men can withstand its lure, though nothing on earth could be more foolhardy.

(Continued on Page 149)

POST SCRIPTS

Gallant Husband: "Take That—and That! I Will Not Let Anyone Annoy My Wife!"

"It's Really Very Lovely, Isn't It?"
"Yeah, I Think it's Pretty Swank"

Talkie of Lady Telling Anecdote

"AND Mr. Laidlaw was telling such an amusing anecdote, something which actually happened to him, or no, not actually to him, but to his uncle. It was his Uncle Whatsisname. His name was—oh, dear, I had it right on the tip of my tongue! Oh, how absurd! I know that name as well as I do my own. But no matter. The name doesn't make any difference. It seems he was down South somewhere. His name wasn't Fuller, but it was something like Fuller, and it began with a *G*. Well, anyway, he was talking with a darky down South, and this darky said—you know how they talk. Burton! Burton! That's it! No, it couldn't be, because I remember old Mr. Burton, he wore a little pointed beard like this uncle of Mr. Laidlaw's. Oh, isn't it exasperating!

"Gorton, Webster, Miller, Andrews, Wilson. No, that doesn't sound like it—wait a minute, I'm getting it! Let me alone! Let me alone! I'm getting warmer, I've almost got it! It was something like Pimple. Davis! Davis! Davis! That's the name. It was Davis. I remember the name perfectly now. It was Davis. Now which Davis was it? There are so many Davises. And what were we saying about him? Well, someone was telling a story about him, because he was an uncle of Mr. Whatsisname—why, of Mr. Laidlaw! Why, of course! How silly of me! I sometimes think I'm losing all my wits. Well, it seems he was talking to a darky down South, and he had the most killing conversation. Of course I can't imitate the dialect, which is three-quarters of the fun, and I can't think offhand of how the words went exactly, but it was really the most killing thing. He-he-he he-he-he! 'Rastus,' he said—that was the darky's name. Or no, it was Sambo. Maybe it wasn't Sambo, either, it was Pompey. No, no, no, not Pompey. It's right on the tip of my tongue. Wait a minute . . . wait a minute. . . ." —MORRIS BISHOP.

"Oh, Hello There, Old Man. I Didn't Know You Were Married"

"And, Oh, My Dear, When We Got to Venice—Nearly All the Streets Were Flooded"

After-Dinner Speaker (About to Propose): "Stop Me if You've Heard This One ——"

Renting Office Now Open

IT SEEMED my heart was broken in
A thousand bits, but now I feel
That tender organ must have been
Constructed of triumphant steel,
For to my great astonishment
I find that it was only bent.

—Margaret Fishback.

Mule Song

OH, THE Brown Missouri Mule has a copper-plated throat,
And the welkin splits apart when he hits an upper note;
And he mebbe sings by ear, for he doesn't sing by rule,
But there never was a roarer like the Brown Missouri Mule.

Oh, the Brown Missouri Mule he can eat a ton of hay,
But he'll pull the biggest load on the hottest summer day,
For the shadow of his ears keeps him always fresh and cool,
Oh, there never was a hauler like the Brown Missouri Mule.

Oh, the Brown Missouri Mule he is gentle and refined;
He is innocent in front, but he's dangerous behind;
There is lightning in his heels and it's never safe to fool
With a double-action kicker like the Brown Missouri Mule!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Spring's Reveille

THE day is cold and dreary, and the air is raw and wet.
I haven't heard a robin or a bluebird singing yet;
I haven't seen a blossom bloom, nor yet a daffodil,
And yet I know that sunny spring is just beyond the hill,
For though the sky is shadowed and the howling north wind raves,
I've heard the bunkers calling to about four million slaves.

I've heard the bunkers calling them by upland and by vale,
I've seen the duffers tremble as they quivered and turned pale,
For just around the corner where the sky is turning blue,
They see the heel prints waiting where the sand is full of glue;
They see the hazards grinning where the atmosphere resounds
With the war cry of the caddies as they clamor, "Outer-bounds!"

Soon they must leave the happy hearth and tell the wife good-by,
To find the terror of the traps and face the cuppy lie,
To curse and stumble through the rough and somewhere on beyond
To see a new ball sail away and splash into a pond;

(Continued on Page 87)

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A real thrill!

No wonder this is the most popular soup in the world!

Sing at your work,
Let your deeds shine.
Eat Campbell's Tomato
To make you feel fine!

The moment Campbell's Tomato Soup greets your eye, you respond to its striking, glorious color. Your appetite is awake. At the very first spoonful, there is a quickening of the sense of taste—an eagerness for more and more of this irresistible flavor.

For here is a vivid brightness, a sparkle, a glow of satisfaction that combine to give one of the keenest pleasures of the dining-table.

A soup so refreshing, so invigorating that you literally never tire of it. You want it again and again. 12 cents a can.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

HAPPY LANDINGS

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XX

EVE went into Lillian's room at a quarter-past ten, the morning after the party at the club. She had heard Lillian come in at something only slightly less than daybreak, but any compunction she might have felt about disturbing the young woman's belated slumbers was overborne by resentment, remembering Timberlake's casual explanation of how he came by the latchkey. "Lillian's," Timberlake had said.

So Eve knocked sharply, and when a sleepy voice, after a considerable interval, mumbled "Come in," Eve went in and stood at the foot of the gray enameled bed and looked at Lillian for a moment in silence.

She was thinking: "Serves me right for living with that sort of girl—no background, no breeding——" But there she caught herself up with a twinge of shame: "She's a darned decent sort, and you're a rotten snob, Eve. Don't let the old-Southern-family stuff make a fool of you."

Lillian said, rubbing her serpent-of-old-Nile eyes, twisting her petulant mouth into an enormous yawn: "What is it, darling? Where's the fire?" Her pale brown hair stood out in eldritch disarray. Above her yellow nightgown with its bands of black lace and bows of gold ribbon, her shoulders showed bonily young. She said, "Get the little girl a big glass of milk, will you, Eve? You're up already. Oh, my Lord, what was I trying to do last night?"

"He Lost His Job, He Lost About Everything He Had in the World"

Eve fetched the milk without a word. When she came back, Lillian had combed her hair and brushed her teeth, and lay back against her pillows, exhausted by the expenditure of so much nervous energy.

"What time is it?" she inquired feebly, burying her nose in the glass. "Is it twelve o'clock yet?"

Eve said it was half after ten.

"Then what's the idea?" protested Lillian aggrievedly. "Who do you think I am—Thomas Edison? Don't I get any sleep a-tall?"

"I wanted to talk to you, Lillian," said Eve coolly, "and I've got to go out in a little while."

"It was almost five when I came in," grumbled Lillian. "Gosh, what a life!" She finished the milk and set the glass down on the little table beside her bed.

"I know. I heard you," said Eve.

Lillian, drawing a languid hand across her brow, suddenly clutched five fingers in her hair.

"What became of you last night?" she cried, startled. "Jack Carman was fit to be tied!"

Eve said, "I asked Jed Traill to drive me home."

"Well, was that nice?" inquired Lillian reproachfully.

"I thought so at the time," said Eve. She added, to divert Lillian's attention from Traill: "I'd have ridden home with the iceman before I'd have danced with Carman again."

Lillian stretched herself magnificently, grinned and drew a sigh of suffering.

"You should have seen him after you left."

"I'm glad I didn't. I'd had enough of him."

"Your bag's on my dressing table, I think," said Lillian.

Eve glanced over one shoulder. "Yes, it's there. Thanks a lot."

Lillian said, through another vast yawn, "And your coat is somewhere."

"In the sitting room. I saw it when I got my breakfast."

"You ate breakfast! . . . Well, I will say," said Lillian, "you red-headed women have marvelous constitutions." She widened her eyes as far as was possible under the circumstances: "What's the matter, Eve? What're you looking so sick about? If you could eat breakfast, I don't see——"

Eve said, with suppressed violence, "Lillian, I want to know what you were thinking of—to give that key to Mr. Timberlake yesterday afternoon."

"Well, is that all that's the matter?" said Lillian, marveling. "I thought you were sick or something—you look so funny."

"I am sick," said Eve quietly; "I'm sick with rage. Will you tell me what induced you—— You don't live alone, you know; I have some right to be consulted as to who enjoys the use of the sitting room when we are not here."

Lillian sat up in bed and clasped her head in both hands. "Wait," she said, "that's a fast one, and I'm not all on deck yet. Let me have a moment to get myself organized; then I'll tell you." When the required moment had elapsed, she produced the result of organization: "You came in and found Timberlake in the sitting room. Well, what's the matter with the sitting room?"

"At one o'clock at night," said Eve icily.

"One o'clock at night's not so late as it used to be," argued Lillian. Abruptly she arrived at a conclusion, unclasping her head, staring at Eve woefully: "Traill brought you home. . . . Oh, my Lord! Not so hot! . . . I'm sorry, Eve."

Eve said, "Jed Traill has nothing to say as to what I do"—with her chin up, but her mouth unsteady.

"I'll bet he closed like a clam," said Lillian.

Eve said, "Did Timberlake suggest your giving him the key?"

"No," said Lillian humbly, "he didn't. We met Timberlake at the Roosevelt, and he said he had a piece of good news for you, and Al and I had already got kind of a start, if you know what I mean——"

"Vaguely," said Eve. Her lips twitched in spite of her. Lillian's one gaudy garment, the strange uninspired sirenism of her high-cheekboned face, and that whipped-puppy attitude!

Lillian said, "I was feeling—you know—kind of generous; so I gave him my key and I said, 'Come in and wait for her tonight, if you feel like it'—just like that. . . . And he did, hunh?"

"He did," said Eve. She thought: "At least, then, it wasn't a plant on his part." She hated to mistrust Timberlake. She was afraid of what might lie beyond—a vista dimly glimpsed and ominous.

"Did they stage a terrible battle?" asked Lillian greedily.

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Eve.

"You needn't be so high-hat," said Lillian. "It has been done. And if you want my advice, darling——"

Eve said, "I haven't asked for it, have I?"

"That's not saying you don't need it," Lillian assured her. "Well, you'd be a fool to let anything put you off Timberlake while he's that way about you, because——"

"Mr. Timberlake thinks I can act," said Eve, chill as shaved ice.

"I know," said Lillian soothingly. "Any woman he's that way about can act by the time he's through with her."

Timberlake had said: "But I've got to teach you, Eve."

"There was Doris Leonard," said Lillian, sitting up in bed, hugging her knees, with a web of brown hair hanging over one eye.

"Doris Leonard was his wife, wasn't she?" asked Eve abruptly.

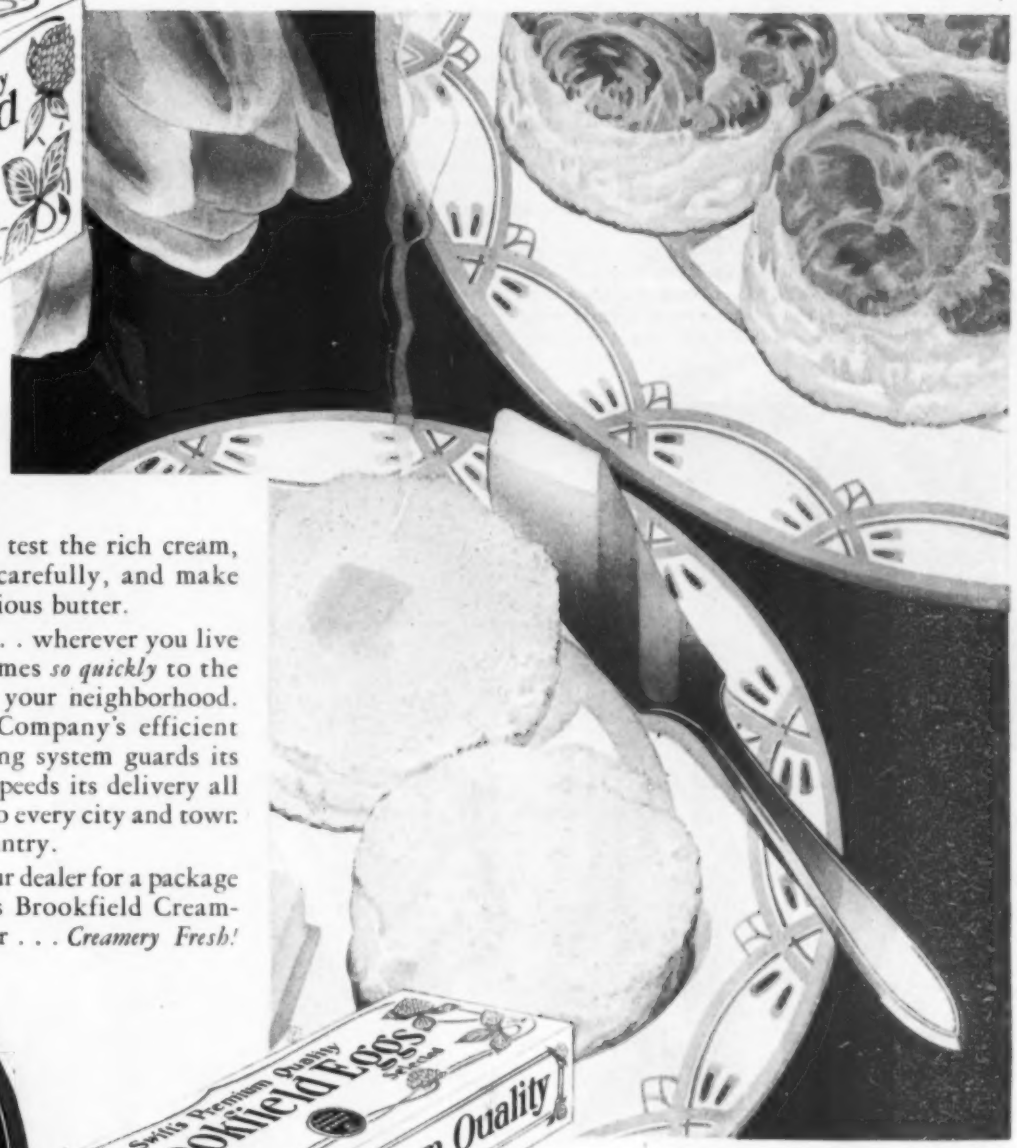
"Sure, that could happen too," said reasonable Lillian; "but it was all over the lot that he was going to make Leonard the Number One girl in pictures, then he drives off the side of a hill with her, and for almost a year you'd think it was his neck and not hers that got broke."

"You mean, he was so——"

"All washed up!" said Lillian. "He darned near drank himself to death. He lost his job, he lost about everything he had in the world; a lot of people thought he'd gone so far he'd never come back. But when talkies began to go

(Continued on Page 34)

Nation-wide . . . the same sweet Freshness



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And with *this* butter—*Creamery Fresh*—they're specially good, as millions of women know. All over the country they're depending on its unvarying sweetness of flavor for the table and for cooking.

Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned at spotless creameries, located in the best dairy regions. There trained workmen test the rich cream, grade it carefully, and make this delicious butter.

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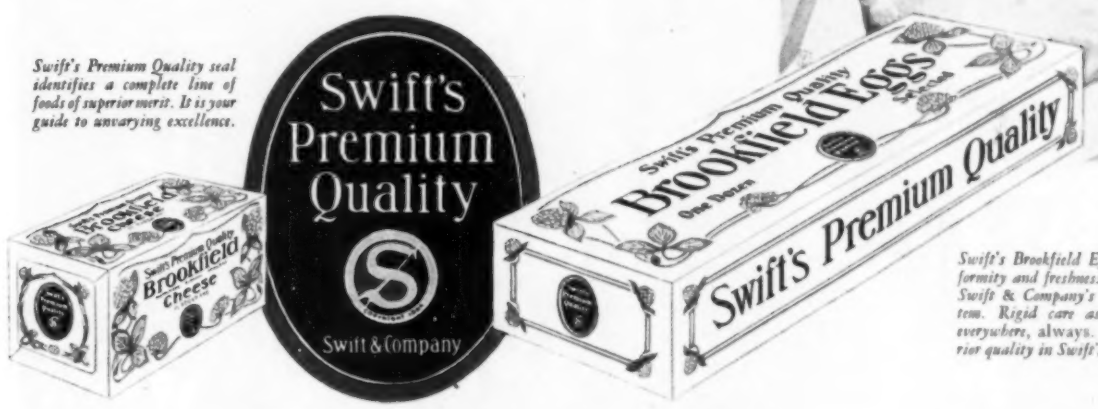


Swift's Brookfield Eggs, carefully selected for uniformity and freshness, are brought to your dealer by Swift & Company's nation-wide distributing system. Rigid care assures you of their excellence everywhere, always. You will find the same superior quality in Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese.

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

(Continued from Page 32)

over, he took a brace. He makes one swell picture, he gets a great big hand with National Players; then he goes East and lays eyes on you."

Eve thought, "That's just what he did—if you only knew it." She felt again the fire of his deep look burning through her weariness, the opening night of What Luck; the silent appeal her own eyes had made to him, and the revivifying power of his silent reply. She thought: "I'd be an ungrateful fool to forget that. I was pretty well licked when he found me."

"Sure you can act," Lillian was saying, lying back upon her pillow with an air of incurable exhaustion. "But you've got the looks, too, or he wouldn't be after you."

"Don't say that!" said Eve sharply. "He isn't after me. It's a disgusting idea!"

"Reach me my book on etiquette and I'll find you some language the well-dressed woman can use," said Lillian, quite unperturbed. "But keep your shirt on while you're doing it, because you know he is after you; and if you don't like the idea, you can always go back to New York, darling, where men are pure and women are priceless—so they say."

"Oh, shut up!" said Eve, half laughing. Impossible to keep a decent rage burning before that Struwel Peter head, that extravagantly sensuous, yet naïve mouth.

"Well, I'm just telling you," murmured Lillian. She lifted drooping eyelids as Eve reached the door, to inquire on some sort of afterthought: "Say, did you know your friend Traill had been in the Army?"

Eve stopped, rigid, pleasantly lifting an eyebrow, curving a nervous mouth. "Yes. Did he tell you?"

"Al told me last night; says he used to be a big-time flyer. There's a man on the ship knew him during the war. Al says the man says Traill's kind of changed. Used to be the life of the party, you know, on his leaves in Paris. Used to have a nickname. Wot-a-Life Traill—that's what they used to call him, Shane says. Can you imagine? That gloomy guy!"

"There's the telephone," said Eve suddenly. She went out of Lillian's room and closed the door behind her. She thought it might be Traill. She had twice that morning called his room without getting him, and the second time she had left her name; asked to have him call her back; said it was important. It was not, however, Traill's voice that spoke when she picked up the instrument.

XXI

"MISS ADAMS? Hold the wire, please. Mr. Timberlake would like to speak to you."

An instant later Eve heard Timberlake say briskly, "Leave your telephone number"—the Hollywood coup de grâce. He was getting rid of some unlucky fool. Directly after, he spoke, close to her waiting ear: "Eve?"

"Yes. Good morning!"

"How's the girl? Feeling better today?"

"Splendid, thanks."

"That's good. Pretty tired last night, weren't you?"

"Frightfully tired. I'm sorry."

She thought: "I shouldn't have said that. Why did I say it? Just what he wanted! And I'm not sorry for the things I said to him."

Timberlake was saying, with a deep undertone of tenderness, "Forget it! I didn't take you too seriously. I know you better than you do yourself."

The old kindly boast of the conquering male. "Only," she thought, "it's true—this time it's true. Important, if true. It is important, and he knows it!"

He said: "How about lunch today? Haven't forgotten, have you? You're going to do your London girl again. I've got great plans for that picture, Eve. I want to talk 'em over with you."

"How could I forget?" said Eve. She had not forgotten. It had been in the back of her chaotic mind all morning, hidden under wild regretting for Traill's disillusionment, futile resentment of Timberlake's controlling her destiny. She did not quite dare to say she wouldn't lunch with him; in the back of her mind something insisted, "You'll be sorry if you don't."

"Meet me at the Roosevelt at 12:30," said Timberlake.

He had hung up before she could do more than murmur an uncertain assent. It was after eleven by then, and between that time and noon, she called Traill's place twice again, without any luck.

She thought desperately: "I've got to let him know at once that I told Timberlake last night about his not flying. It might mean any amount of awkwardness for him. Of course, on the other hand, Timberlake might never speak of it to anyone, but I have a feeling ——"

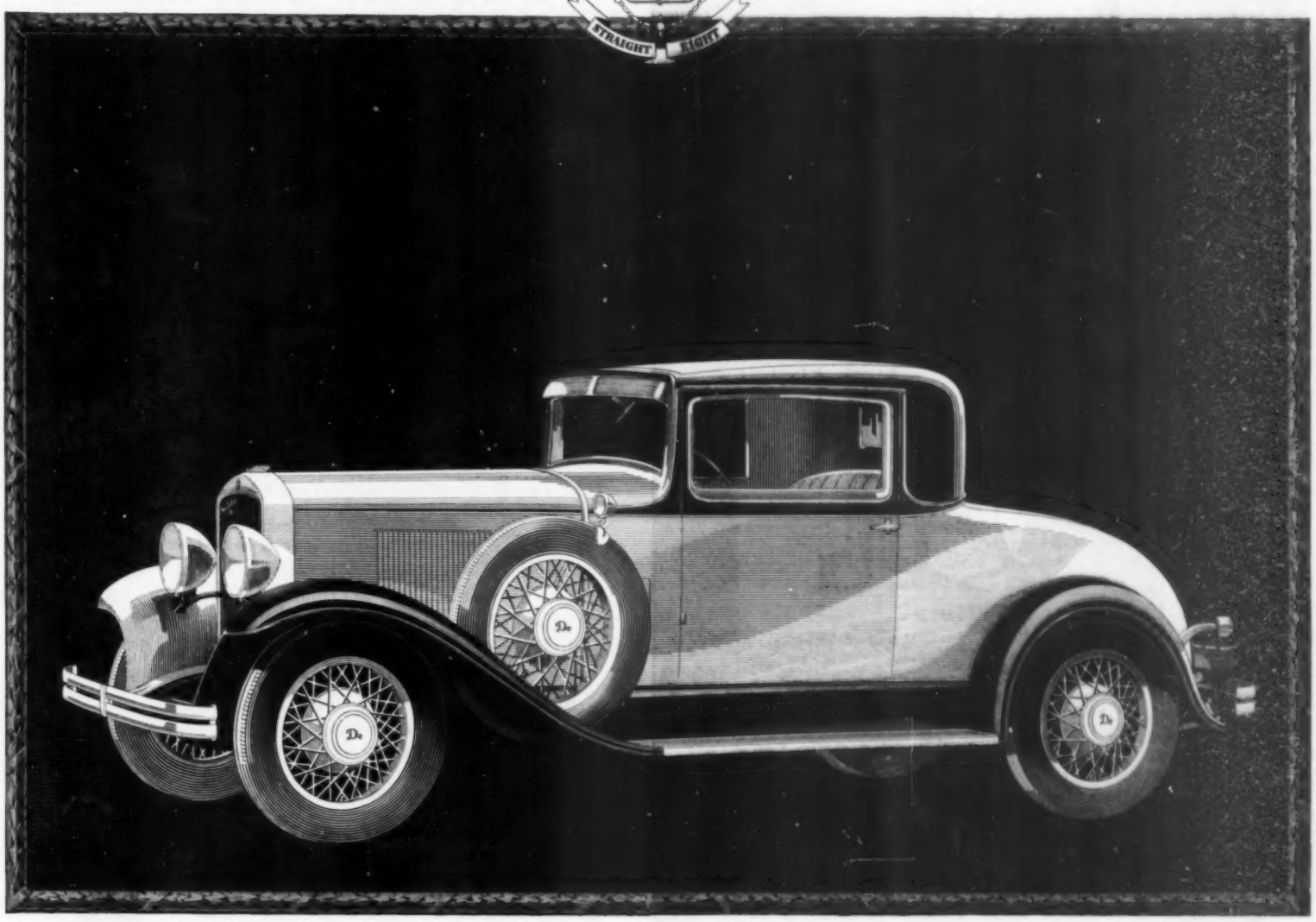
She knew enough—as most women do—to respect her intuitions. She knew she must get to Traill somehow. And that he would not call her back. Whether she left her name or not. Unless she made him see her, he would keep out of her way indefinitely. Of course, as might have been foreseen, things worked themselves out in a far simpler way than her uneasy conscience had endeavored to contrive for her. At twenty minutes after twelve that day, sitting in the lobby of the Roosevelt, waiting for Timberlake, she glanced toward the street door and saw Traill enter. Not strange, most of Hollywood went in and out of that door daily. She got up at once and walked toward him swiftly. In the first moment of his seeing her she recognized in him, unquestionably, an abrupt checking of his step, an impulse to turn and go out of the place again. But she had already spoken his name, had already put out her hand.

She said, "Jed, I'm terribly glad to see you. I've been trying all morning to get you."

He said, "Sorry!"—not another word—with an utterly impassive face. Entire courtesy, but not a spark of interest. She could have cried with hurt pride and shame,

(Continued on Page 116)

Noise Came On. Still Clinging in Traill's Arms, Eve Cried Her Soul Out



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FLOORS in tune with the spirit of today. As smart as Paris styles . . . as gay in color as Fifth Avenue's Easter Parade. Designs that combine delicacy and daring—that make the dull, colorless floors of yesterday seem as out-of-date as the hoop-skirt or the bustle.

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The Sporting Side of Aviation

By Brigadier General William Mitchell

Former Commander Air Forces, A. E. F.

THE word "sport" is used to cover a multitude of things—and sins, for that matter. A sportsman may be defined as "one who competes fairly and squarely in any contest according to the unwritten rules and spirit of fair play." A well-developed sporting spirit makes a better man in any walk of life, whether in business, in a profession or in sports themselves.

In all sports there is the element of hazard, but in none of them does it enter to the same extent as in the sporting side of aviation. I have indulged in most of the present-day sports, but the thrill and interest of work in the air place it among the first.

I have never asked anyone to go in the air with me. Of course, in the Army, when it was a matter of duty for a person to accompany me, orders were issued, but otherwise the request has always come from the other party. I remember one occurrence just after my return from the World War, which illustrates one phase of aviation's sporting side. A number of the older Army officers had taken flying training and been given their flying ratings, when as a matter of fact they were only able to hobble off the ground in a horizontal position with their training planes, and then about half-fly back and mush down on the field again. After having once accomplished this feat they were decorated with the aviator's wings—a precious thing to the flying man. After that, they always took one of the best pilots with them to handle the plane whenever they went in the air, carefully refraining from touching the controls. It was not that they did not want to fly, but they just could not master the art. They didn't know what it was all about when we discussed rapid maneuvers in the air and their effect on one's sense of balance, perception, judgment and vision and—what was even more marked—their effect on one's stomach. Two of them asked me to take them up and show them what we meant. I was particularly glad to do it, as a new American two-seater airplane had just been delivered to me which was designed to stand the strains of strenuous maneuvers.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Recent Convert to the Sport of Gliding. Colonel Lindbergh in the Cockpit of a Motorless Plane

Stunting

I STARTED up with the first officer, climbing to about 6000 feet, where I dived the airplane vertically with the full motor. Our terminal velocity was around 250 to 300 miles an hour. Whipping the airplane out of this, I shot it straight up on its tail for about 1000 feet, where I held it until it went into a stall. It fell off on a wing and went into a spin, from which I extricated it in a few moments, when I saw that my companion was somewhat flustered. As I took up level flight he signaled me that he had had enough, and I landed. His head was completely in a whirl and he could hear nothing, as he had not opened his mouth or gone through the process of swallowing to equalize the pressure in his ears during the steep dive. In addition, when I pulled the airplane out of the dive and into the zoom, he had seen the struts bend, the rigging wires become slack and heard a cracking sound all over the ship; so he did not think it was a very healthy place, particularly as we had no parachutes.

The other ranking officer who wanted a ride was a red-headed Irishman, a great sportsman and a fine fellow. I repeated the same maneuvers with him, then put the ship into tight spirals, power spins, barrel rolls and a falling leaf, during all of which he kept his head in excellent fashion. It is much harder for a passenger to do this than for a pilot, who knows what is coming and prepares for it. As a last maneuver I pulled the airplane into the top of a loop, let it stall there and then fall on its back for 200 or 300 feet, with our whole weight coming into the belts. Still he seemed to be having just as good a time as I was.

An Extra Thrill Thrown In

IN TRYING the same maneuver again, I shut off my motor a little too quickly and in flying upside down a slight back pressure of air on the propeller stalled the engine. I tried to start it again by a rapid dive, a twist and by maneuvering the spark, but it would not start. We were exactly over St. Elizabeth's Insane Asylum, and it looked as though we might become involuntary inmates of the institution at any moment. Fortunately I succeeded in maneuvering the ship to the edge of the flying field and landed without mishap.

The colonel, still unruffled, got out of the ship and told me what a remarkable time he had had, and how he had enjoyed seeing the motor cut off and the airplane landed with a dead stick. I never told him how nearly he came to being smashed up when the engine stopped.

Shortly after this it became necessary to re-cover one of the wings with fabric. In stripping off the old fabric, we found that the pins on the ends of the wires that brace the inside of the wing had not been fastened with clevis pins where they came through on the other side of the wooden braces, so they had pulled out about halfway. A little more stunting with this plane would have made it collapse entirely.

Another time, in the development of winter flying, I took Captain Christie, the British Air Attaché, with me to Camp Borden, Canada. Lieutenant Bissell, my aide, and Woodruff, a mechanic, accompanied us in another ship. The temperature was a little above zero as we flew across Lake St. Clair, escorted by about thirty airplanes of the First Pursuit Group. This

(Continued on Page 41)

PHOTO, BY ERING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Long Island Aviation Country Club at Dusk

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Wherever you drive, you will enjoy some phase of its superior performance

Illustrated above: The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

On a long, level stretch of concrete you will discover with keen satisfaction the impressive speed of the New Oakland Eight. Traveling in hilly or mountainous country, you will welcome its abundant power. In city traffic, you will take frequent advantage of its swift acceleration, its effective braking and its exceptional flexibility.

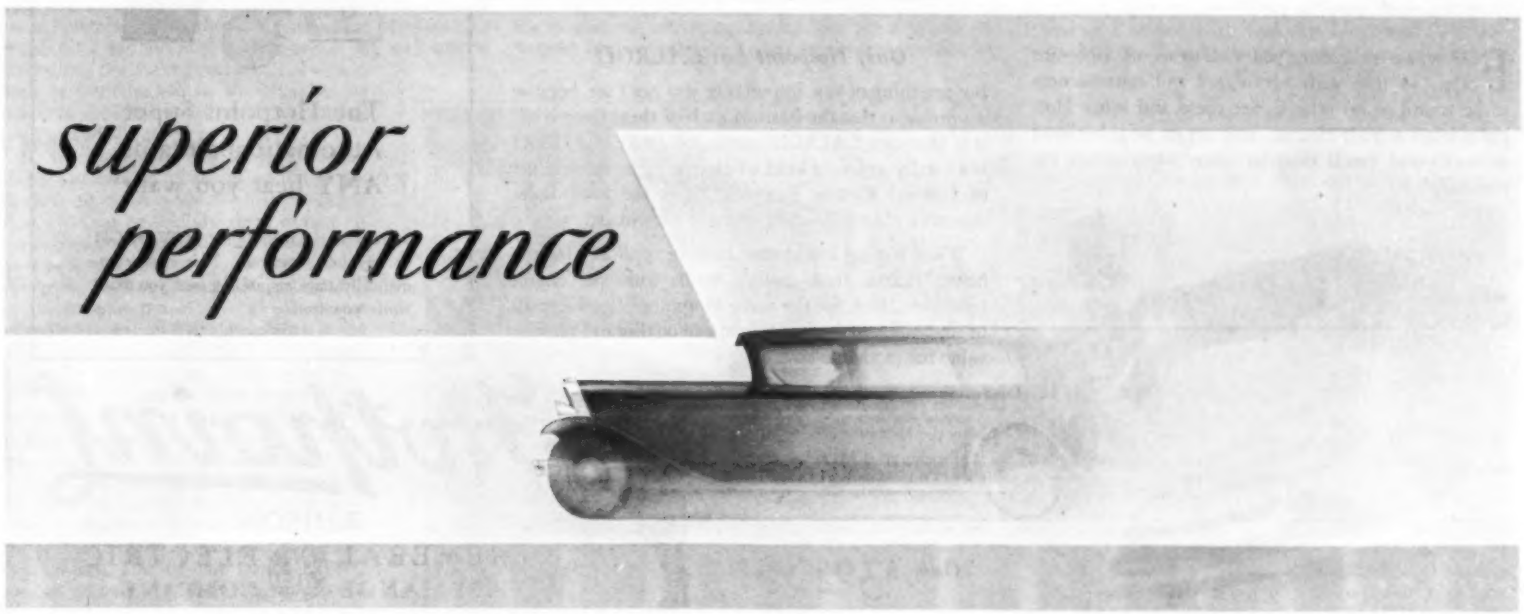
Especially under trying road conditions, you will be grateful for the smoothness of the New Oakland Eight and the delightful comfort of its spacious body by Fisher. In fact, wherever you drive, you will enjoy some phase of its superior performance. ❦ What accounts for this car's remarkable speed, acceleration and power? Its 85-horsepower engine reveals the answer. This engine develops power in the extraordinary ratio of one horsepower to each 37 pounds of car weight. That is why few cars can pass the New Oakland Eight, match its quick getaway or stay alongside it climbing a hill. ❦ For its high degree of smoothness, this car is indebted to several features made possible by its V-type engine design. Among them are a very short, stiff crankshaft which has no torsional vibration period within the speed range of the engine—and a complete down-draft system of carburetion and manifolding which assures uniform intensity of power impulses. ❦ Oakland's V-type engine, being unusually short for an eight of its high power, allows space for an extra large, comfortable body on a wheelbase of convenient length. ❦ While you enjoy these advantages you profit in addition by Oakland's economy. In gasoline mileage, this eight equals many sixes of comparable size and weight. And the extreme accessibility of its V-type engine helps to keep maintenance costs very low.

❦ To realize how much every phase of its superior performance contributes to the owner's satisfaction, you should drive this car. At its wheel, you will learn that in General Motors' lowest-priced eight you can now enjoy the many fine qualities of a V-type motor car at surprisingly moderate cost.

$1045

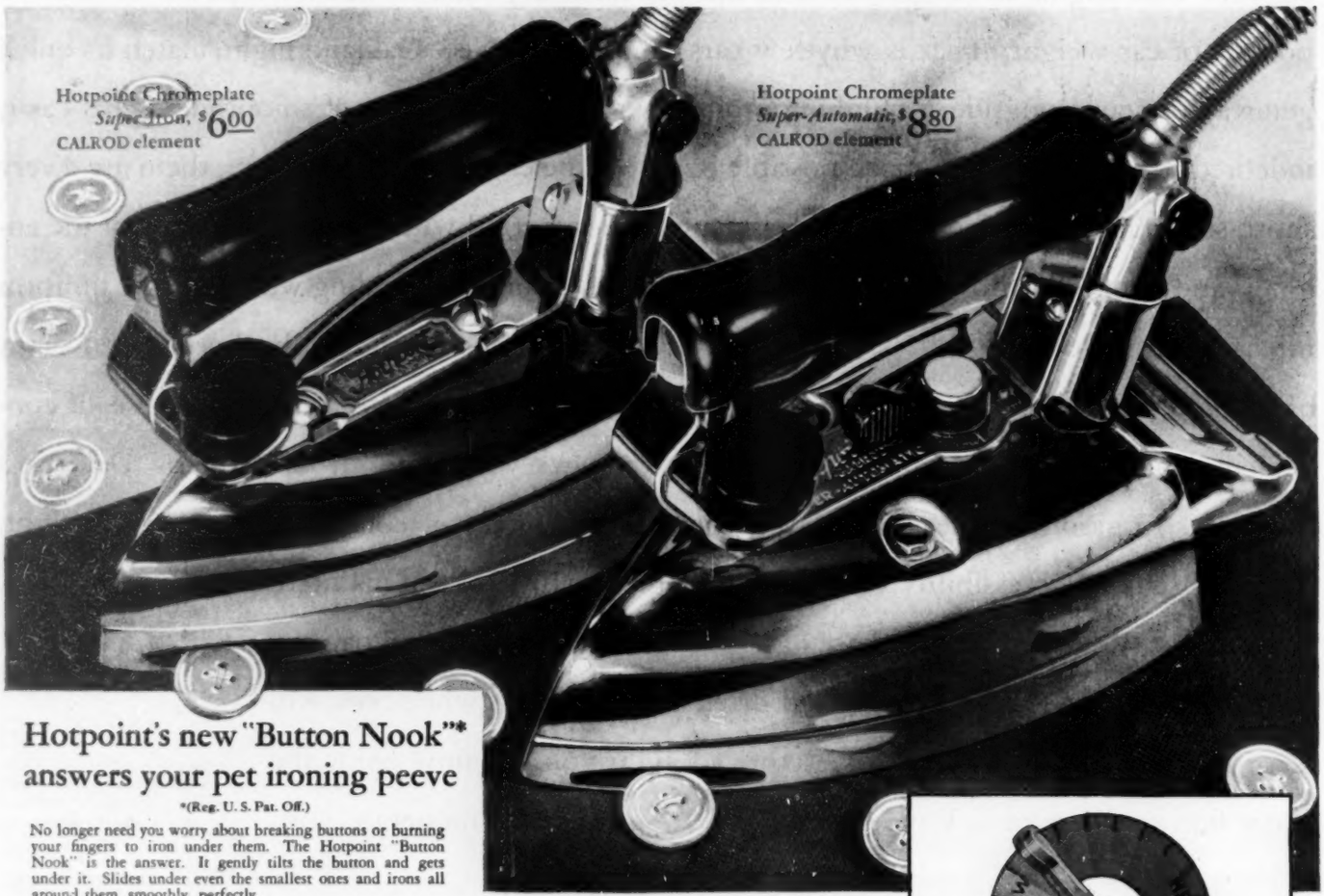
AND UP

Seven body types. All prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Company



Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

Buttons... Buttons... how to get under them



Hotpoint's new "Button Nook"* answers your pet ironing peeve

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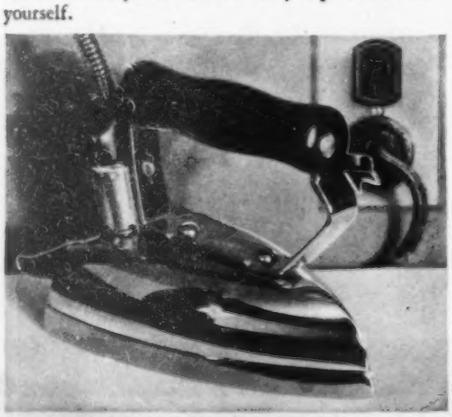
No longer need you worry about breaking buttons or burning your fingers to iron under them. The Hotpoint "Button Nook" is the answer. It gently tilts the button and gets under it. Slides under even the smallest ones and irons all around them, smoothly, perfectly.

FOR whatever amount you wish to spend, Hotpoint offers an iron with advantages and conveniences to be found in no others. See these and *other* Hotpoint irons at your electric company or neighborhood dealer's—and you'll discover many superiorities for yourself.



Only Hotpoint has CALROD

But one thing of vast importance you *can't* see, because it's *inside*, is that the heart of each of these three irons is of Hotpoint CALROD, cast in solid iron. CALROD is a totally *different* kind of electric element, product of General Electric Research. It is the most indestructible electric heating element ever made.

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Merely set the throttle for LOW, HIGH or *any* heat between. *This* iron automatically stays at just the heat you want while you iron.

Now the Hotpoint Model "R" is also equipped with Hotpoint CALROD—the world's most indestructible heating element. No increase in price.

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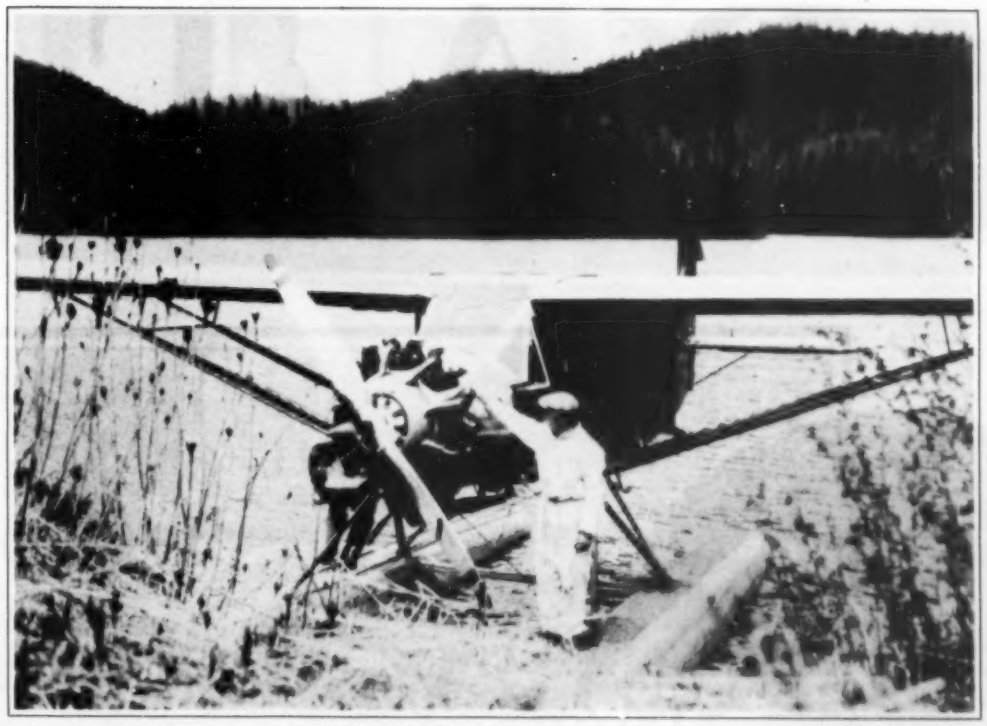
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ELECTRIC RANGES AND HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

(Continued from Page 37)

lake is about twelve miles wide, and it was full of floating ice. The ceiling was not more than 500 feet, and a forced landing under these conditions would have resulted almost surely in the loss of the plane and its occupants.

There was very little snow on the ground when we took off, and we had been informed that there was less than eighteen inches at Camp Borden, so I decided to use wheels instead of skis, as our skis were none too good. When we arrived at the International Boundary the First Pursuit Group turned back and we continued on our way.

Upon checking my compasses on the shore of Lake Huron, I found them to be sixty degrees off for some unaccountable reason. Having found this out, we kept on our true course. Soon we began to notice that the snow was getting deeper; fences along the fields disappeared. As we went farther a few roads could be made out, but the rest were covered with snow. Then we saw a snowplow on a railroad, tossing snow in all directions. After proceeding about 150 miles I decided to go down to a railroad station and read the name, to be sure we were on our course. I came down within thirty or forty feet of a station, read the name and, just as we shot by the back of it, there was an old man with long whiskers driving a team of horses hitched to a bobsleigh. They ran away and threw the old man into a drift of snow, and as we left we could just see his head and whiskers sticking out above it. Then we knew that we would certainly have trouble landing in such deep snow.



The Air Route to Game Country. A Sportsman Lands on a Wooded Lake in Northern Quebec

Hitting the Bull's-Eye

WHEN we reached Camp Borden we looked down and saw the members of the Canadian Air Force running around the airdrome on snowshoes. They had made a circle of charcoal on the snow to indicate where we should land. I signaled to Bissell that I would land and that he should stand by and see what happened, then use his own judgment. After telling Christie to remove his goggles and prepare for a turnover, I came down with the slowest speed possible and landed in the deep snow just at the edge of the circle. My airplane went ahead in the snow a little way, to the exact center of the circle, then slowly went up on its nose and stayed there. There was no particular jar or shock. I had not hurt the airplane in any way outside of straining the landing gear a little. I looked back at Christie, and he was clapping his hands to show his approval of the kind of landing we had made.

In the meantime Bissell, in the other plane, had been watching me carefully. He decided he could make no better landing than I did, so he told Woodruff to take off his goggles and fold his arms in front of his head as they landed, to protect himself from the shock. He shut off his main gas tank and let the pressure out of it to guard against an explosion, and shifted his engine on to the small emergency gravity tank in the upper wing. He looked to see if any grass was sticking up through the snow, because this, he thought, would be an indication of a rise of ground where the wind had blown the snow away, and at that place there would only be a few inches of snow. Having found the place he thought was suitable he came down, stalled his ship about six feet above the ground and let it fall into the snow. Down it went into the snow for several feet, because what he supposed was grass was the tops of trees sticking out of a ravine that was filled straight across with snow. No one was hurt, but it damaged his undercarriage and propeller, and the Canadians had to shovel out a trail to the place and then bring horses to plow out a space around the airplane before they could extricate it.

When we returned, a few days later, we fitted our airplanes with skis. We found that the snow was so mushy and wet we could not get off easily. The effect of wet snow is to suck the skis right down into it, and the air cannot get under them. So the evening before we were to leave I had two pieces of log dragged across the snow in the direction of the wind. During the night this trail froze hard and I was able to get off the following morning without any trouble.

From a flying field near Detroit, I once took Mrs. Mitchell with me for a flight across Lake St. Clair, the St. Clair River and over Lake Huron. We were having a beautiful trip, flying at low altitude, seeing the boats in the river and the people going about their daily work in the small towns. As we flew at twenty or thirty feet elevation over the fields, flocks of sheep would run together, the chickens would fly in all directions, the cattle would look at us in wonder or move away slowly, and horses would scamper all about. After flying over the lake a few miles I turned around and began climbing the ship to a high altitude toward some thick clouds, so as to show my wife what flying in clouds and fog was like. We went up through three successive layers of clouds and could no longer see the ground. I was flying by compass for direction and keeping track of where we were by dead reckoning. At about 11,000-feet altitude the engine suddenly gave a couple of splutters and stopped absolutely dead. We had run out of gas! I estimated that we were over the middle of Lake St. Clair, which is about twelve miles wide, and from that altitude we could glide eight or ten miles. However, it was possible we might have to land in the water, or we might find the clouds so close to the ground when we emerged from them that it would be better to land in water than run the risk of a crash on land.

Gliding for a long distance in an airplane with the motor shut off is very pleasant. There is no noise whatever, very little singing of the wind through the rigging, and the utmost calm prevails, except that in this case there was the disturbing thought that the other end of the glide might prove to be a bad smash. The ship we were in was so light I could almost land it on a postage stamp. We came through the three layers of clouds again, and as we emerged we were about 4500 feet up, over the south side of Lake St. Clair and within easy gliding distance of Selfridge Field, the Government airdrome, where we landed without mishap.

PHOTOS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS, INC., N. Y. C.

An Up-to-the-Minute Huntsman Brings Home His Venison

Forced Landing on the Ohio River

ANOTHER time, in the Hawaiian Islands, I had Mrs. Mitchell with me in the airplane, and accompanying us were two or three other planes. We had flown around the island of Oahu and were looking at the extinct volcanoes, sharp headlands, beautiful water and coral bottoms. We landed and ate luncheon, after which we had some good plover shooting and then started to return. As we took off, tremendous seas were running in and breaking on the beach and on one of the headlands, where the spray was being thrown up several hundred feet in the air from the terrific impact of the breakers. The air was very rough over this place, as we were flying within 200 feet of the ground. This was due not only to the force of the wind blowing against the cliff and being projected upward but also, as the great waves receded, a vacuum was being created on the face of the cliff which had to be filled by air.

The grandeur and majesty of Nature's forces that were unleashed there made us think how puny were the efforts of man in comparison. While enjoying this magnificent spectacle I looked back and saw Lieutenant Eubanks, with another officer in the back seat of his plane, gliding for the water. The propeller was turning over slower and slower, and I saw that the plane was in trouble. If they had had to land in the water with the tremendous seas that were running, we could never have extricated them alive, but as the plane came to within fifteen feet of the water the motor picked up again and we proceeded safely to our destination.

Sometimes we have to land in the water, and there is no difficulty about it if the water is fairly smooth and the pilot keeps his head. Once I had to land in the middle of the Ohio River when my motor stopped as I was climbing out of a deep valley near Moundsville, West Virginia. Below me and a little to one side was the river, and all around were precipitous banks. Not a second was to be lost or the ship would be in a stall, as I was climbing; so I put her head down until I obtained a little more speed, then turned her into the wind and landed with the minimum speed in the river. The airplane rested on an even keel for a few moments, then slowly went up on its nose to an angle of forty-five degrees and stayed there. Neither the mechanic in the back seat nor I in the front was wet. The excitement of the

(Continued on Page 157)

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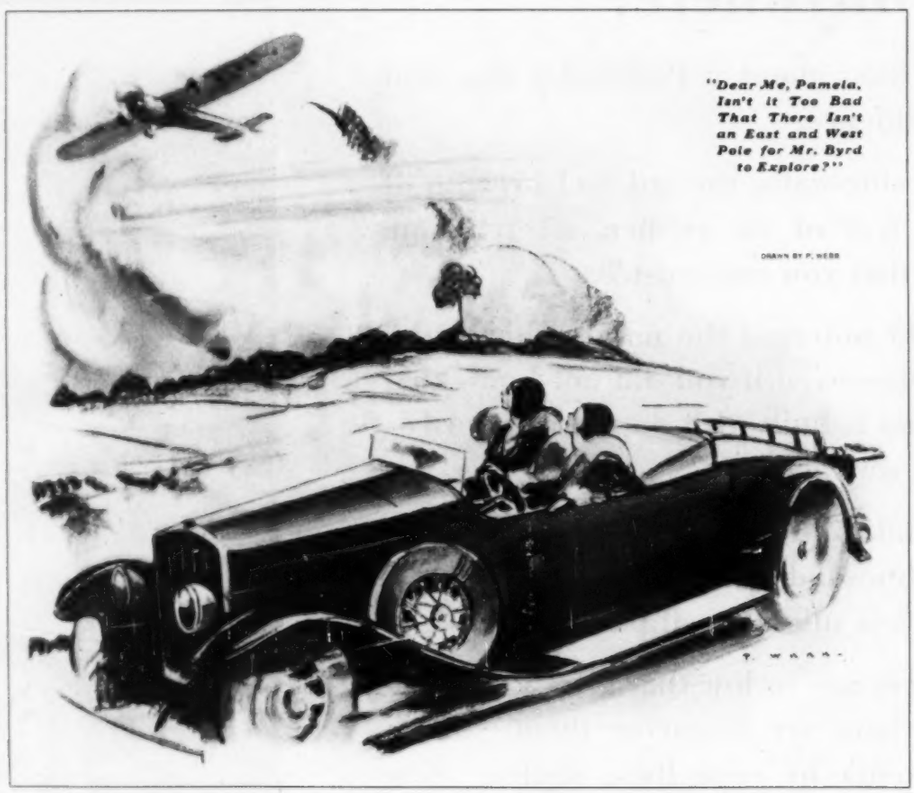
REPORTERS—By Don Marquis

IS YOUR Uncle Donald just an old crab, or do newspaper reporters really loaf on the job a good deal more these days than they used to when I was cracking my coat tails around the corners in pursuit of news?

I happened to be in the office of a rather important lawyer about two years ago when three reporters came in to get his side of a story that had just broken. They came in languidly, they asked no questions of any member of the law firm, they received from a secretary a little prepared typewritten statement about three hundred words in length, and they departed with it, perfectly satisfied. I read the story that day, and the next, in seven different New York papers, and I perceived that they had gone to two other sources of news, and that all of them must have followed exactly the same procedure in every case—a languid and incurious call at an executive office, a lazy acceptance of a prepared statement handed out by a secretary or publicity man, a partial rewriting of these *ex-parte* statements, and that was all.

There was no attempt to get "the story behind the story." No effort to get in touch with any independent source of news. No questioning of anyone concerned on any angle of the case not touched upon in the superficial prepared statements voluntarily put forth. In short, no real reportorial work was done at all. All these reporters did might just as well have been done by a twelve-year-old messenger boy. Or, better yet, over the telephone. The result, as far as the articles that appeared in the papers were concerned, was that the public got a hazy notion that something had happened, without knowing exactly what or why, and that various parties concerned had been allowed to make various vague, equivocal and formal statements about it. The real news—the story behind the formal statements—was scarcely hinted at; and it was a story that the public was directly interested in, financially and morally, and had every right to expect would be thoroughly covered in the public interest.



Nor was it lack of space that governed the procedure. The prepared statements, when assembled in the various papers, took just as much space as a real story would have taken, and they told nothing. They were carefully designed to tell nothing. They were in the nature of a smoke screen. It did not seem to occur to any reporter connected with the assignment that anything in the way of independent digging was possible.

A Livewire on the Death Column

THIS case is typical of a great deal of so-called reportorial work that I have observed in New York City during the past ten years. I don't know what is going on in other towns, but I judge from the papers that I see occasionally that the same lackadaisical method is very general.

It was not so in the consulship of Plancus, whoever Plancus may have been. I broke into the daily newspaper game in 1901, in Washington, D. C.; and I had the good fortune to work for two or three years under two city editors who never took any excuses, who had a lively curiosity as to what was going on around town, and who would just as lief as not drop a lazy reporter out of the seventh-story window on the spine of his back and get a new one in.

The first thing I was put at was Deaths and Funerals. A jolly assignment for a young cub who wanted to be humorous. But if I missed getting the second initial of the name of the ninth pallbearer of a Georgetown grocer's funeral, I got bawled out until the welkin rang.

I well remember my very first assignment. I made the social and professional *faux pas* of asking the man on the desk how to get to a certain suburb, for I didn't know the town very well. He looked at me with a cold scorn that I can still feel after the lapse of twenty-nine years, and he drawled contemptuously:

"How should I know? How should I know anything about this story? If I knew these things, I wouldn't need reporters. There are several cubs around this shop so helpless that they expect me to tuck them into their beds at night and sing lullabies to them until they get to sleep."

I stumbled through the next quarter of a century without asking any similar questions of a desk man.

I used to get as many as four assignments at eight o'clock in the morning, for an afternoon paper, and there was no giddy maybe-so about any of them, either. The city desk expected the real facts about each assignment, telephoned in or brought in; and if a reporter imagined he had really covered a story when he came skulking up to the desk with a piece of "flimsy"—a formal statement merely—pasted to a sheet of copy paper, he was the recipient of a memorable jolt.

And we liked it. We took a pride in knowing what was really going on. We managed to know more about every story than we put into print. We managed to know what was going to happen next week and next month, and wait until it was ripe to pick. Washington at that time—as it so frequently is—was in a turmoil—scandals of national importance were popping every few months in half a dozen of the executive departments. It was our business to have our own independent news sources, personally acquired and personally nourished, and know the exact conditions in every department of the Government—which office was due for a congressional investigation next, and what the investigators would find when they went to work at it, and what they might try to hush up. It was our business to be ready for a big story before it broke; and if it showed too much delay in breaking, to find out the way to help it break; to have all our facts authenticated, and even documented, if necessary, and to know exactly how far to go in writing the yarn.

I repeat, we took pride in our activity and our knowledge of inside facts. If somebody scooped us—or got a beat, as they say in New York—we were crushed, heart-broken, inconsolable. We didn't know that the general public isn't very keen on such things as beats; we felt disgraced before the judgment of our peers. We worked; we dug; we went after a good story as if our hopes of heaven were pinned to it, and we stuck; if we got licked on some feature of it today, we took care to lick the other fellow tomorrow. It was the same way in New York City twenty years ago, when I went to work as a reporter there. The assignment men were on their toes; they knew the town, and they had the story behind the story as soon as the stuff broke, or before.

I am not pinning any roses on myself. I worked in several towns before I came to New York, and I never worked on any paper anywhere that didn't have at least three or four better news-getters than I was. My own game was always the colorful story, the human-interest stuff, the unusual feature. But, mediocre as I was as a news-getter, I dug and dug conscientiously. I never came in with a piece of flimsy and pasted it up and had the notion that I had really covered a story.

A Press Statement

THE average second-rate and third-rate news-getter of those days was a better reporter than you'll find on the New York newspaper today; he went after things with speed and determination, and if he got dropped down a manhole somewhere in the pursuit of exact knowledge, he would still manage somehow to get his facts to the paper before edition time—even if he had to crawl subterraneously about the city and come up a drain pipe into the composing room.

I have noticed that even the harmless, necessary interviewer, out after nothing hotter than a colorful personality sketch that won't get into the paper for three days or maybe a week, doesn't seem to know his or her business these days. For some reason or other—I don't know exactly why, for I am neither a foundation with millions to disburse nor a prominent racketeer criminal—these lads and lasses have been coming to interview me every now and then for the past three or four years.

And I usually have to write their stories for them, and sign their names to them.

They always look around my office when they come in rather helplessly, as if wondering where I keep the flimsy, the prepared statement. They haven't the faintest idea what questions to ask, or how to go about asking them. For my own amusement, I always interview them first, extracting the entire story of their lives from them; then I give them a lesson in the technic of getting an interview; then I sit down to my typewriter and prepare for them the list of questions which they should have prepared for me; then I answer all the questions for them, and whip the thing into shape, and they go away ultimately with just what they really came for—a prepared statement.

Even as imperfect a reporter as I used to be always had ten or twelve questions in his mind to ask before he barged in to interview anyone, and he always stuck until he got some sort of an answer.

The life of New York, which is the town I know most about, hasn't been adequately written in the New York papers for fifteen years. The local stories that break in

(Continued on Page 113)

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	Imperial	x				x
Cord	All	x	x		x	x
Cunningham	All	x	x	x		x
DeSoto	All	x	x	x		x
Dodge	All	x	x	x		x
Durant	614	x	x	x	x	x
	617	x	x	x		x
Elcar	75	x	x	x		x
	95, 96, 120	x	x			x
Erskine	All	x	x	x	x	x
Essex	All	x	x	x		x
Ford	All	x			x	x
Franklin	All	x	x	x	x	x
Gardner	All	x	x	x		x
Graham	Standard Six	x	x	x	x	x
	Special Six	x	x			x
	Eights	x	x		x	x
Henney	All	x	x	x		x
Hudson	All	x	x	x		x
Hupmobile	S & C	x	x	x	x	x
	H & U	x	x	x		x
Jordan	All	x	x	x		x
Kissel	73 & 95	x	x	x		x
	126	x	x	x	x	x
Kleiber	All	x	x	x		x
LaSalle	All					x
Lincoln	All	x	x	x	x	x
Locomobile	86 & 88	x	x			x
Marmon	69	x				x
	70 & H	x	x			x
McFarlan	All	x	x	x		x
Moon	All	x	x	x		x
Nash	Std. 6	x	x	x	x	x
———	All	x	x		x	x
Peerless	B & C	x	x			x
	A	x				x
Pierce-Arrow	All	x	x	x	x	x
Plymouth	All	x	x	x		x
Reo Flying Cloud	20 & 25	x	x		x	x
	15	x	x			x
Roamer	All	x	x	x		x
Roosevelt	All	x	x	x		x
Studebaker	All	x	x	x	x	x
Stutz	All	x	x	x		x
Whippet	All	x	x	x	x	x
Willys-Knight	All	x	x	x	x	x

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HARD MONEY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

XIII

THE Van Horns of today, occupying as they do a position at the very apex of the social pyramid, are forgetful, perhaps, that they derive this eminence from a woman who was the second wife of the founder of their house. No drop of her blood flows in the veins of any Van Horn, for they—all of them—descend from Jan Junior, Jan Van Horn's elder son—about whom the less said the better. For Mary Phillipse and Jan Van Horn gave but one child to the world—one daughter, who gained no mean fame for herself by her accomplishments, her eccentricities and her escapades, but who died a virgin, despite malicious gossip to the contrary.

Jan married Mary Phillipse in 1816, and found himself allied to the aristocracy of the Hudson River and of New York, to say nothing of collateral relatives in Virginia and the Carolinas. It is odd, and yet not so odd, perhaps, that Mary Phillipse did not take the social status of her husband, but rather elevated him to her own. This was a matter of slight importance to Jan, except in a financial way. Not that Jan had the soul of a democrat and saw all men as equal, but rather because he possessed the soul of an autocrat and saw all men as pieces upon his great checkerboard, to be moved at his will.

"I Wonder Sometimes Why You Married With Me. I Cannot Understand That. But I Am Very Glad of It"

It was once said of Napoleon that he never had any manners until he arrived at such eminence that he needed none. Something of this was true of Jan. By the time he was married a year or two, his financial position was such, his position in the city so peculiar and important, that any *gaucherie* must be set down as an amiable eccentricity.

Peculiar is an adjective apt to describe Jan's place in the world of banking and commerce. He was not, as was Astor, a figure in the public eye. There was nothing flamboyant about the young Dutchman, and when great financial events made the air heavy with rumor and surmise his name was never mentioned. But he was there—very much there—in the center of affairs, silent and ever more grim, steady, reliable, efficient.

It is true he came into some undesirable publicity in the Phillipse and Betts matter, and he was pointed out as the man who stole a bank. A great deal of the obloquy which attaches to his name today derives from that phrase. But for the most part he remained invisible and unappreciated by the public.

So rapidly had events moved since the War of 1812 that his Albany bank was now but a branch, and the house of Phillipse & Van Horn the dominant institution. The country vibrated upon the brink of a new era—an era foreseen and prepared for by Jan. It was the age of rapid transportation. Steam was coming into its own, though the railroad was yet a thing of the future. Soon the Conestoga wagon would not be the most dependable carrier of overland freight, and the day when such a wagon, covering the distance between New York and Philadelphia in three days, could be called a flying machine was about to vanish and be forgotten. The Erie Canal had been commenced in 1817. The West was being drawn closer to the East, and, on the legal side of the ledger, the Dartmouth College case had been decided in the Supreme Court and a sure foundation laid for the modern corporation, and young Daniel Webster emerged as a national figure by reason of his argument in that case. John Marshall, by his decisions, was knitting the nation together legally, erecting bulwarks of strength and safety about the Federal Government, and elevating the Constitution to a position from which it never has descended.

Money was to be made by an individual with intelligence to comprehend these events and with vision to perceive whither they might conduct the affairs of the nation. Such vision was the dominant characteristic of Jan Van Horn. Also opportunities were furnished for the peculiar talents of such a man as Abel Betts.

The Phillipse house was now Jan's home, for it had been Mary's wish that they live there with her father, who grew vague and ever more vague, slower and more shambling in his movements, every day less inclined to move from his room or even from his chair. He seemed scarcely aware of the change in his daughter's life and accepted Jan on one day as a visitor and on the next as a member of the household whose status he did not quite understand. As for Jan Junior and little Claas, they remained with their grandmother in Albany.

"Of course you will bring them to me," Mary said to Jan.

And Jan might have done so, had it not been for Anneke.

"No, my son," she said to him. "Not yet. This new wife is young and you are not old. Let it be a new start together. Let her be young, with not too many responsibilities for a time. The boys, they will be well with me. Also I grow old and am lonely."

"But I must commence to train them for what is to come," said Jan. "Already the oldest is thirteen years old. He will be head of the family. He must begin."

"In two years, perhaps," said Anneke. "In this I know best."

So Jan surrendered the point, perhaps not too reluctantly. But his visits to Albany were frequent, and what time he could spare from his concerns he spent with his sons. Of them he was proud, for Jan was a handsome boy, giving promise of unusual good looks, and Claas was a sturdy little chap with quick eyes and mind.

To Jan they were more than merely his sons; they were his heirs, the trustees of the Van Horn blood, destined to perpetuate the family and to husband and increase the House which Jan was erecting. As a parent he doted on them; as a banker he regarded them as his chief asset. His hopes were in them. In his hours with them he would play with them as a fond father and he would discuss important matters with them as if they were men grown—matters they were incapable of understanding, and to which they listened with ill-concealed impatience in their eagerness to be about the important affairs of boyhood.

Jan would seat them on chairs before him and gravely, grimly, with infinite pains, expound to them the intricacies of banking and the trend of the times. He told them about money and the uses of money, of the miraculous growth of the country and the opportunities offered to the seeing eye—and always he harped upon the string of family and of their duty to uphold the House.

It was strange, almost humorous, to watch the three of them. Jan, sturdy, ruddy, solid, painstaking, sitting erect in his chair; little Jan, slender, handsome, quick in movement, fidgeting uneasily as he humored an incomprehensible parent; little Claas, more of Jan's build and temperament, sitting stolid and drowsy while his father talked. Anneke would look in at the door, cluck her tongue and waggle her wise old head.

"I explain to you," Jan would say. "The two great needs of this country which you must understand are more hard money and better ways of carrying people and

merchandise. Because there is not enough hard money there must be too many bank notes. There is a mint in Philadelphia which makes coins, but it makes them too slow. Now, in this year, there are minted altogether less than two dollars in hard money for each person. And of this a big part goes to England and to foreign countries, and does not stay. Do you understand?"

"Yes, father," said little Jan.

"Yeth, father," said little Claas.

"The country grows," Jan went on. "It stretches now to the Great River and beyond. When I am a boy there are no people at all in that land west of the mountains. Now they rush there by all roads like they are drops of water in a flood. They make there farms and towns; they raise grain and cattle and cotton. These things must be brought to the seaboard to sell. Already in this part there are millions of people, so we must find some way for them to send quick what they raise and what they manufacture. It is necessary. More than two millions of men and women where was only Indians and wilderness when I am a boy!"

"Indians!" exclaimed little Jan with quickened interest.

"Indians!" echoed his small brother.

"So now we build canals," said Jan. "There is building the Erie and the Champlain Canal. This is a great thing. It ties together the country; it makes the travel between the Hudson and the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, and when it makes itself finished, then will be the greatest inland trade the world has ever seen. All products will travel these canals to New York, do you see, till New York becomes one of the great cities of this world. These things you must understand."

"Yes, father," said little Jan.

"Yeth, father," echoed little Claas.

But they did not understand and came to dread the monotony of these hours of instruction. Jan had not the ability to quicken and make fascinating the tremendous facts which he observed and which excited him. He could put into his words nothing of the fire which glowed in his own soul. It was a hidden fire, a subterranean heat, incapable of reaching the surface. He could give his boys only stolid facts and dogmatic prophecy, unclothed by poetry, romance or humor. These things he himself could see and appreciate. The tragedy was that he could not communicate them.

It was always with pleasure that Jan returned to New York, for the city had become his home in a wider sense than that of mere residence. He loved the squalid little city; he was of it as he never can be said to have been of the northern country. New York and Jan were one. Both stood upon the thresholds of great destinies; both were of the future rather than of the past; in both of them beat the heart of the vast nation which was to come.

As he alighted from the Olive Branch he saw Mary waiting for him in a two-wheeled tilbury which she drove herself, to the consternation and whisperings of less daring ladies of the city. She always met him upon his arrivals and sped his departures. It touched his inarticulate heart that her eyes should be wet at his going and alight with pleasure at his return; it set him a-tremble when her warm, moist lips clung to his with an eagerness which could not be dissembled. It was a miracle. His wife loved him. This lovely, aristocratic girl in whose veins ran the blood of half the ruling families of the Hudson had found him not only a refuge and worthy of her trust and esteem but possessed of qualities capable of arousing her passionate affection!

He kissed her now as he took his seat by her side, and he was thinking that for once Anneke had been wrong. This marriage was no mistake.

"Are you tired, dear?" Mary asked.

"Not now," he said, and she was able to understand what he implied.

She smiled as if to herself, happily, and chattered to him of her goings and comings during his absence as they drove up Broadway Street, past the city hall, nodding and waving to this or that acquaintance as they proceeded. The streets were alive. Dandies in top hats, coats cut away and with dangling tails, small clothes or top boots, strolled beside ladies gay with India shawls and bright parasols. Mayor Edward Livingston was encountered driving his lady—in a huge sunbonnet, with gigantic bows which could not be hidden by her pretty little fringed and curved French carriage sunshade. Presently clattered past a barouche high upon its arched springs, with caped coachman and footman high upon their elevated seat, two feet above the heads of the pair of grand ladies who thus took the air. Next a closed hackney coach, with a valet precariously standing upon its trunk rack. Coatless liveried porters, dogs, a drowsy pig with three little piglets. So past Mr. Walter Rutherford's House at Vesey Street, where the Astor Hotel would one day stand; then past the ten-acre park to an avenue of gracious trees, a new development where but a short time ago had stretched the vacant fields of Rufus King and Abijah Hammond; the former house of Vice President Burr, latterly occupied by Mayor Livingston—for its former master, in some disrepute owing to the Hamilton affair and certain other matters, was seeking to repair his fortunes in London or Paris with dubious schemes for revolution in Mexico. A gay little city for all its mud and its refuse and its pigs, larger now than Philadelphia, with a population of almost a hundred and thirty thousand souls, of whom ten thousand were black freedmen and some five hundred only were slaves. It was growing, bulging at the edges, reaching greedily northward, and already the Mecca of a foreign population now swollen to an alarming total of five thousand.

"I met that Mr. Webster from Massachusetts who is grown so famous," said Mary.

"Yes?"

"All great beetling brows," she said, "and very grand. He speaks about the weather in oratorical periods, and he drinks more than a gentleman should."

"I have him in mind," said Jan. "I want to ask him a question. He is a great lawyer. I want his opinion on the legality of the Fulton-Livingston monopoly."

"He struts," said Mary, with a little pout. "See that pigeon? If I ever have a pigeon I shall name it Daniel Webster in his honor."

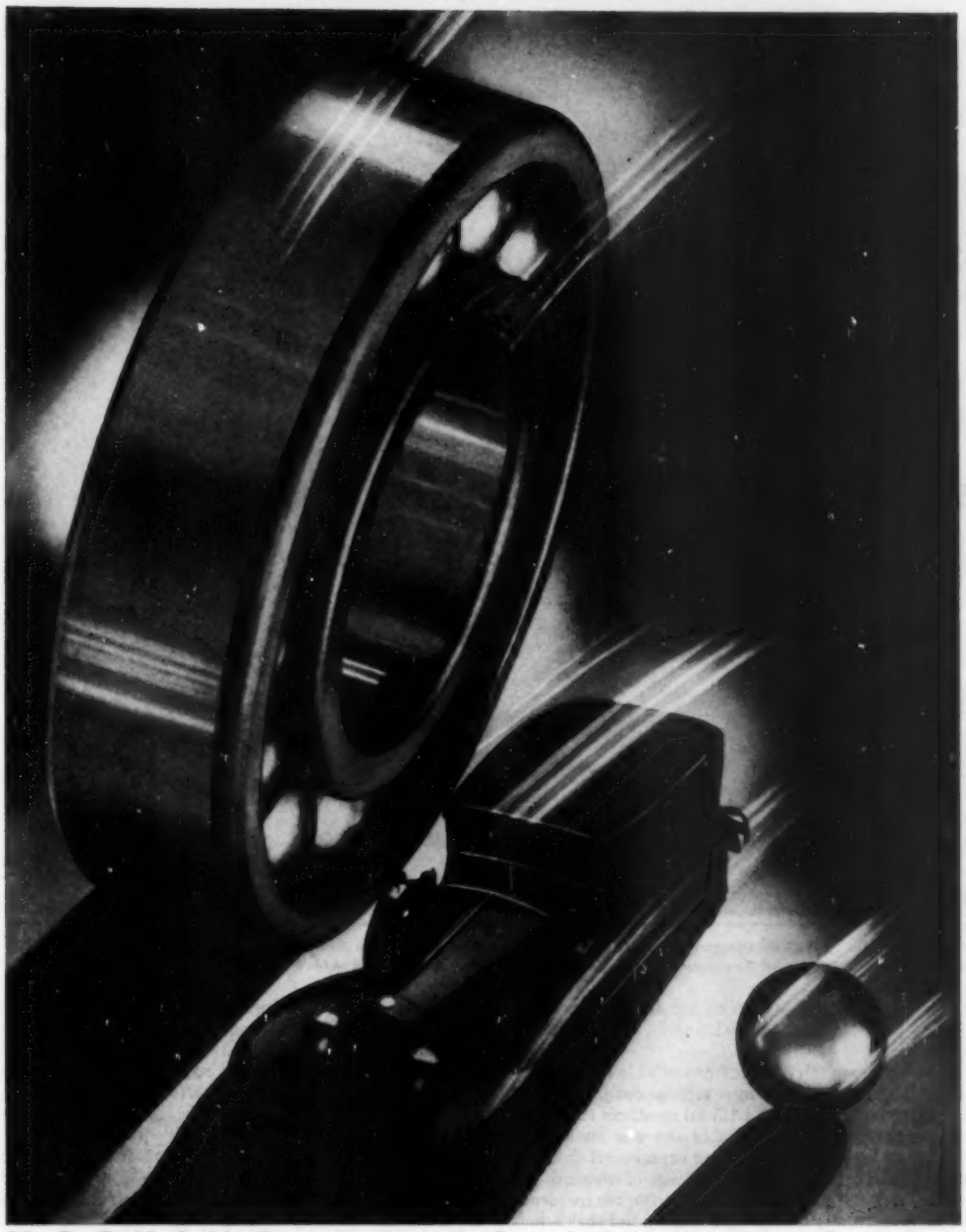
Jan chuckled. "But a great lawyer," he said. "A very great lawyer."

So it came about that Jan Van Horn encountered Mr. Webster in the way of business, and put his question and in due time received the Jovian opinion.

(Continued on Page 96)

But Hatred Remained, and Something of Contempt for This Man Who Had Suffered His Wife to be Stolen From Him

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

GEARS GRIND, SHAFTS SPIN, WHEELS WHIRR—wherever there is rotating motion friction thieves at power and leaves a scar of wear. New Departure ball bearings reduce this destructive friction to a negligible factor. Spheres of sturdiest steel transmit motion so faultlessly—with such frictionless, wearless ease—that millions of American motor cars and trucks—thousands of machine tools and electric motors—are proving by remarkable records of efficiency that when it comes to fighting friction—nothing rolls like a ball.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

THE VICTORY SHIP

By Murney Mintzer

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Storm Closed In Upon Them Toward the End of the Midwatch. By That Time Almost Half of the New Men Were Too Sick to Care Whether She Floated or Not, for in the Rising Sea She Rolled With the Twisting Frenzy That Only a Destroyer Can Achieve

OUTSIDE the service most Navy ships are known only as vague elements in the mysteriously glamorous fleet. Coming into existence as numbers in the statistics of building programs, they live out their fifteen or twenty years on the active list without once emerging as individual entities. The rare exceptions, caught under the glare of popular attention by some unexpected turn of events, acquire reputations of heroic proportions overnight. And, if the reputation does not happen to be a posthumous one, as it is apt to be in wartime, they persist in the popular memory as symbols of all for which their more obscure sisters stand.

But the Sark was unique among ships, for she entered the world with a reputation ready-made. Conceived at the height of war enthusiasm by newswise minds in Washington, she was famous before her keel was laid. She grew out of a name—The Victory Ship. That phrase, rather than specifications or blue prints, was her real starting point. Grateful newspapermen pounced upon the convenient title and swept her into fame upon a veritable tidal wave of headlines. Every known shipbuilding record fell as she was rushed to completion in a burst of speed and oratory that was the talk of the Allied world. The question of manning her was literally an afterthought. Perhaps because so much was made of the material details of her construction, the people who were selected to take her out were just the run of the mill—mainly duration-of-the-war men from the training stations, with a slight leaven of trained ratings sent back as a nucleus crew from Queenstown.

She seemed conscious of her distinction as she rolled along in the easy mid-Atlantic swell five days out on her maiden cruise. Under way or hove to, she was a sight to catch the eye, a trim vision of naval elegance, with her sweeping lines and brilliantly colored dazzle painting. From truck to keel and from her sharp stem to the loaded depth-charge rack that overhung her stern, she was immaculate, gleaming with new paint and a lavish display of brightwork.

A destroyer man might have frowned at her flamboyant air, perhaps; dismissed her by a profane comparison with the alluring but completely artificial creatures that cruise along Broadway. But undeniably she was made to be looked at and admired. To the few experienced destroyer people in her complement, the illusion of elegance was wearing thin. She had been hove to a little too frequently in those first five days, even for a ship on her shake-down cruise. So frequently, in fact, that her harassed petty officers spat over the side in flaring anger when they recalled the extravagant phrases of the politicians who spoke at her commissioning.

Commander Duncan climbed out of her engine-room hatch with the conscious briskness of a man who drives weary muscles against the drag of exhaustion. The tempo of work on deck quickened, for the level-eyed little captain was still an uncertain quantity to the new men, a vaguely disquieting reminder of the mysterious power of the quarter-deck. His eyes mechanically turned to the coppery eastern horizon, narrowed as they noted a barely perceptible haze.

Grogan, the weather-beaten chief boatswain's mate, appeared from behind a torpedo tube, warily edged nearer to the hatch, jealous of the captain's absorption in the black gang's troubles.

"I said to leave the brightwork alone." Duncan's glance rested briefly on three deck hands who were polishing brass on the galley deck house. "Now drop that and get everything battened down on topside."

Although he was forced to raise his voice to make Grogan hear above the clamor about them, the tone was flat and expressionless. But the old boatswain's mate ducked as if from a blow, turned so hastily he collided with a stanchion.

"On the deck house there! Jump aft and tell Isaacs to break out the life-line nettings. You, Kasidski! Give a hand wit' the boat gripes!" Whatever regret Grogan may have felt at leaving his beloved brightwork unfinished, he allowed none to appear in his tone, for, like the other men who had served with Duncan before, he knew the significance of the quiet voice.

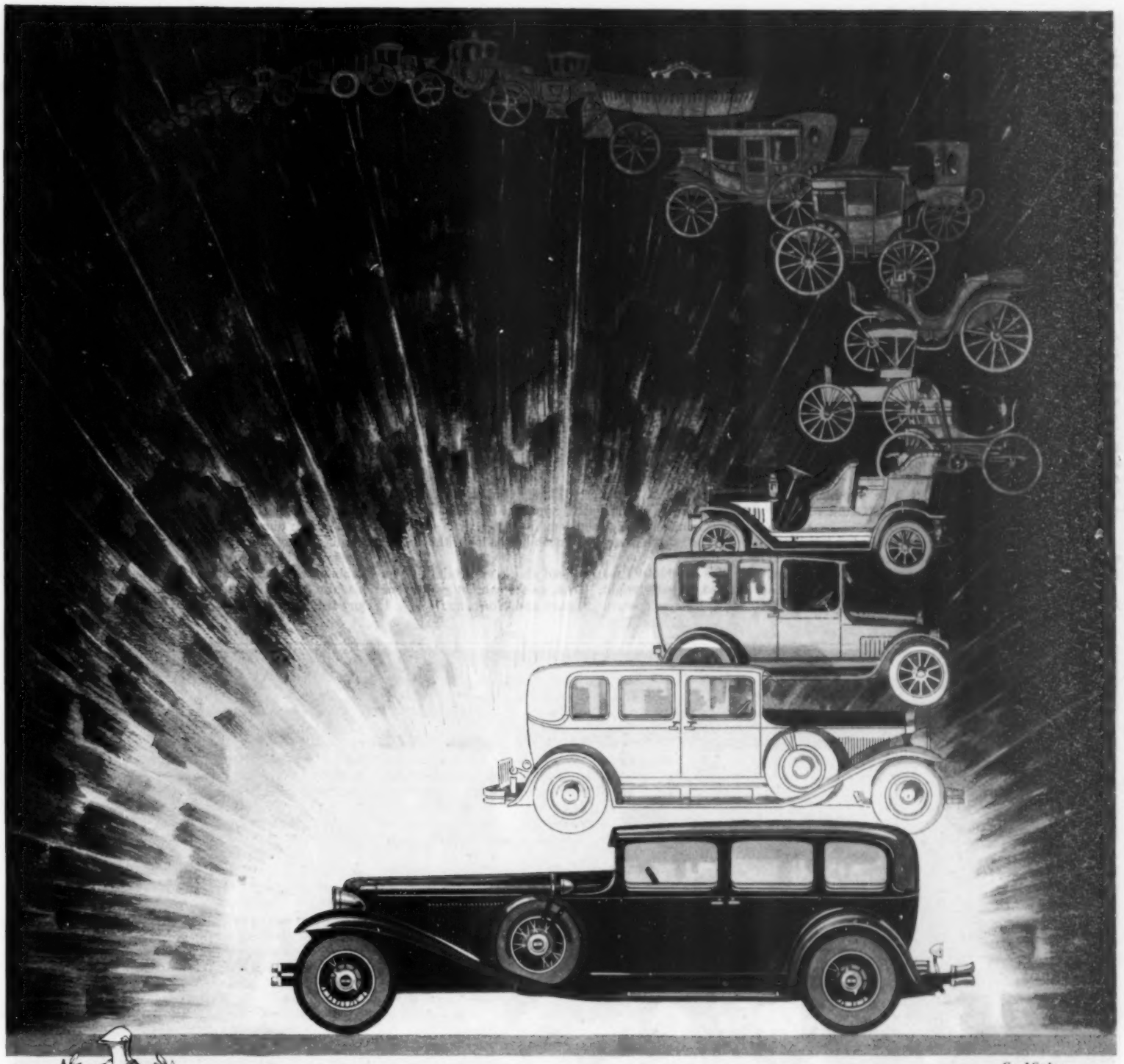
A brief smile flicked over the captain's face as he stood there, waiting for the engineer to follow him. Short and slight, he stood there, swaying to the destroyer's roll, a drab, dungaree-clad figure against the shining brightwork and spotless paint of the upper deck.

Corrigan, the chief engineer, climbed out of the hatch, blinked into the glare of the afternoon sun as he swabbed his face with a ball of waste. Fumbling in his pocket, he brought out a lump of tobacco. He eyed it angrily before biting off a small fragment and returning it with the solemn care of one who fondles a precious commodity. Its dwindling size reminded him that for the first time in years he had sailed without laying in his sea stores. It added an irritatingly personal character to his grudge against those who had rushed the ship out almost before her crew reported aboard.

"They're running all right now." Duncan's eyes were restless with a watchful expectancy; the lines in his face deepened grimly as the polished brass winked back at him.

The big engineer nodded indorsement of the implication of doubt in the pause. In the hot, vibrant air that rose about them they listened to the roar below, heads slightly bent as if they detected a false note in the scream of reduction gears or the roar of exhaust steam. There was a queer bewilderment in Corrigan's scowl. His bushy black eyebrows drew together as if his power plant had betrayed him, had shaken his conviction that experience and hard work were sufficient to keep any ship's engines turning over.

(Continued on Page 52)



Cord Sedan

WHAT OWNERS SAY

The manufacturers of a new automobile are prejudiced in favor of it. Competitors are apt to be prejudiced against it. There is one reliable source of unprejudiced information, and that is the owner who has had experience with the car. We introduced the Cord front-drive automobile very conservatively because we did not expect the public to believe the truth about its many exclusive advantages until several thousands of owners had driven Cord cars many thousands of miles. It is now our privilege to offer you the testimony of owners, which, we are sure, will be far more convincing than anything we might say. E. L. CORD

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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY . AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 50)

He had seen his share of engineering troubles. Thirty years below, fifteen of them in destroyers, had taught him to expect and even welcome them in his silent, plodding way, accept them as a challenge. But always before he had been able to lay his hand upon the difficulty, to predict more or less confidently—if somewhat profanely—just how long it would take to make them good. But the Sark's multiplicity of symptoms baffled him, prompted a sharp suspicion that here was a trouble more fundamental than anything he had ever before encountered. Unconsciously he moved closer to Duncan, searching the other's expressionless face out of the corner of his eye.

"Yeah—now," he drawled after a long interval of silence. "After three days and nights." The weight of those nights rested heavily upon him. Habitually he was gloomy and he was looking ahead now to an even darker prospect. "An' us only makin' fifteen knots. Real work's waiting for us at Queenstown."

"The pumps were always the worst features of Consolidated ships." Duncan's tone was purposely confident, but the glare in his eyes sent a passing seaman scurrying to the cover of the galley deck house. He was thinking of Corrigan's prediction. "If we report at Queenstown!" he had almost retorted. For his orders still lay sealed in the safe. And the mystery about their destination was ominous. "There's work enough at Queenstown," he thought, "if they let us go there. But this ship wasn't turned out with much thought of work." His gray eyes narrowed again as they lit upon a polished brass plate fixed to the bulkhead. THE VICTORY SHIP, it announced in two-inch letters, FORTY DAYS FROM LAYING OF KEEL TO LAUNCHING.

"Victory Ship!" he snorted aloud.

"What's that, captain?" Corrigan looked up inquiringly, then went on: "You saw the shape her boilers is in, sir? It ain't only the pumps. They's nothing finished below."

"You'll have her finished when we get across." Duncan had learned long before that the old fellow, by some twist of his methodical mind, enjoyed a grievance against all shore establishments, found in their mistakes an opportunity to demonstrate the superiority of seagoing engineers over the specialists who build ships. He turned to go forward, and his manner changed abruptly. "For we're taking her through."

It was not so much an order as a challenge—or a threat, even. In it lurked the promise of unrelenting driving, of deafness to any plea of weariness or exhaustion from subordinates who lacked the chief engineer's single-minded devotion.

The Sark took that instant to act. A dull report below was followed instantly by the bellow of escaping steam. Both men leaped back instinctively from the blast of merciless heat that swept up through the hatch. Providentially, the wind carried the steam away from them. But a seaman just aft of the hatch screamed in agony as the deadly cloud rolled over him.

Men dropped their tools and ran as the drive of the turbines fell away, and half-naked figures appeared at the top of the engine-room ladder.

"The deck stops!" Duncan dove for the forward ladder. A shade more quickly than Corrigan, he had realized that the wind above and the blowers below were driving the steam clear of the forward end of the engine room.

More men tumbled out of the hatch, dazed and writhing with the pain of great burns on their bare arms and shoulders. Corrigan tugged at the deck stops—emergency valves that closed the steam lines from the boilers. At the hatch, Duncan hauled men out by their uplifted arms, thrust them aside for more. Finally Crouch, the chief machinist's mate of the watch, appeared bearing an unconscious man across his shoulders.

"Who's down there?" Duncan helped lower the man to the deck.

The machinist's mate's head shook uncertainly as he hauled himself upright. Then, as the captain gripped his wrist, his eyes opened. "Leavy and Morse, sir."

No more men appeared in the steam that filled the hatch. As Corrigan got the main steam line closed, the deafening bellow lessened. Crouch shook off the men who tried to drag him away from the hatch and pointed downward.

"It's the auxiliary line, too, sir," his blistered lips mumbled the words; "for'r'd of the stops. Generator blew up—cut hell outa things. Couldn't get to the valve, sir."

There was a blower outlet over the auxiliary stop valve, Duncan remembered. Now that the main leak was closed, the rush of cool air would drive away most of the steam.

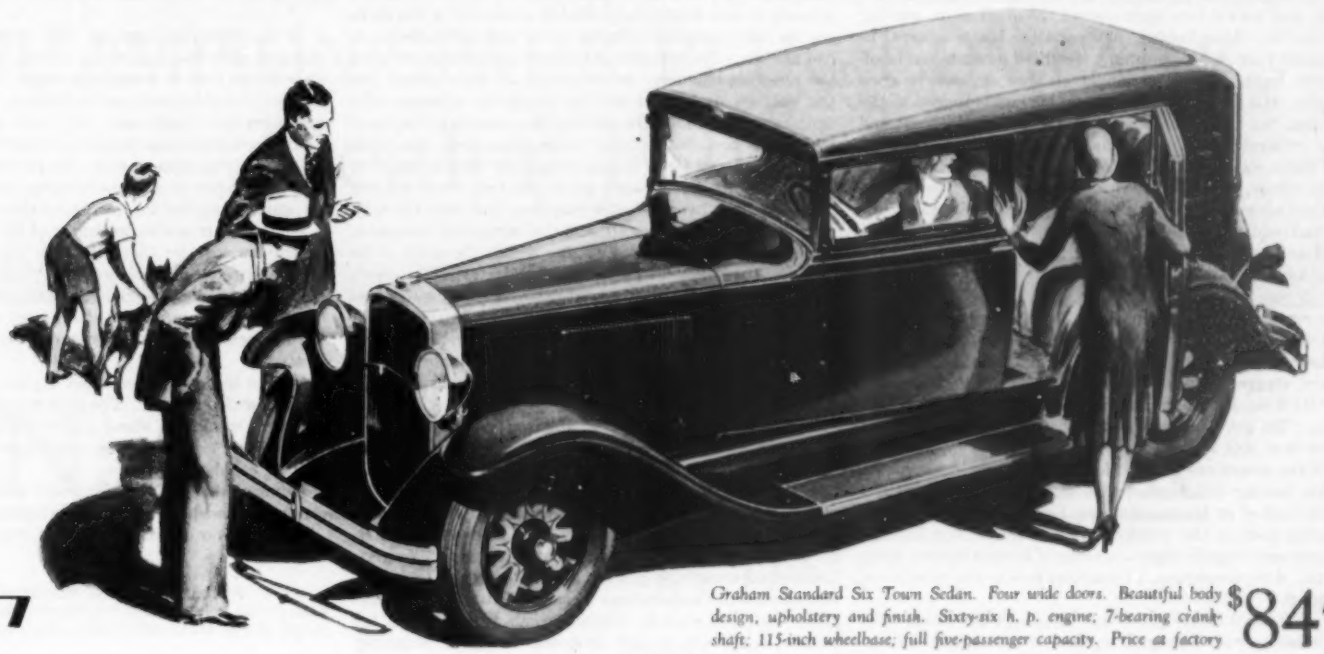
Pausing only to drag his dungaree blouse up over his head to protect his face, he felt for the top step and scrambled downward. As the withering heat closed about him he drew a cautious breath, half expecting the searing pain in his lungs. Instead the heat stabbed at his exposed hands, bit through his clothes. Concentrating upon the effort to hold his grip on the handrails, he slid downward. Then for a brief instant a strand of live steam flicked across his shoulders. Pain struck with stunning force, blistering through the double thickness of cloth. Unable to hold on, he dropped, found that his feet had only been a few feet above the floor plates.

His foot struck something soft as he stepped forward into the fog and, stooping, he felt the body of a man. Weakness beat at him and sickening pain seared his back where the steam had struck home. But steam was still roaring from the auxiliary line. Summoning his waning strength, he half flung, half dragged himself toward the forward bulkhead. As the ship's speed fell off she rolled violently. He sprawled across a turbine casing; his head crashed into the steam connection. His ears were ringing when he reached the bulkhead, found the valve and twirled it. The roar dimmed, but he thought it was consciousness slipping away from him. A voice shouted somewhere. Then, over in the corner, he saw a man striving to rise, dabbing with one hand at blood that poured down over his face. As Duncan started for him he stumbled, pitched forward.

(Continued on Page 54)

The Lifeboat Was Again Forcing its Way Toward the Mary Gill. It Stopped Twice to Pick Up Men, Then Went On With its Planking Smoldering

EVERY GRAHAM SIX AND EVERY GRAHAM EIGHT IS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED WITH SHATTER-PROOF PLATE GLASS



Graham Standard Six Town Sedan. Four wide doors. Beautiful body design, upholstery and finish. Sixty-six h. p. engine; 7-bearing crankshaft; 115-inch wheelbase; full five-passenger capacity. Price at factory $845

These amazing *Graham* values prove that *quality is the best* policy

AT a time when buyers are subjecting every car to the severest acid-test of value, it is not only reasonable but entirely safe to bank on the Grahams' manufacturing rule that quality is the best policy.

For the application of that rule to the new Graham Sixes and Eights has produced obvious values which are so much greater, by any contrast or comparison, that they automatically preclude debate.

The new Town Sedan, by reason of its size, its brilliance in performance and its list price of $845, is outstanding.

Its remarkably efficient six-cylinder engine, with cylinders 3⅛ x 4½ inches and 207 cubic inches displacement, produces 66 horsepower. Its heavy seven-bearing crankshaft has a total main-bearing area of 81.4 square inches—main bearings which should never require replacement.

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Graham-built throughout, not only chassis, but body as well, with the Graham ideals of quality expressed in broadcloth upholstery, and in every other item and detail.

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We have told you enough, we believe, to show that Graham cars do excel in value-giving, and that they do leave no room for discussion on that vital point. We suggest that the next thing to do is to see them and test them yourself.

Graham Standard Six, Four-door Town Sedan, $845; Universal Sedan, $895
Standard and Special Sixes, $845 up. Standard and Special Eights, $1445 up. Prices at factory
Special Sixes and Special Eights equipped with Graham time-proved four-speed transmission

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(Continued from Page 52)

Sometime later he was up, saw Corrigan coming toward him, and waved him back toward the other man, who lay at the foot of the ladder. After another blank interval he realized that he was climbing, weighted down by an intolerable burden. The rectangle of blue sky above grew larger. His feet moved on treads, his hands tugged at the railing, but he was only conscious of crushing weight and the intolerable pain across his shoulders.

"Here, captain; let go. We got him." Wells, the gunnery officer, was reaching down to him.

Cold air swept over him as he strove to understand how he had reached the deck. Then, as his head cleared, he saw still bodies and men who strode up and down trying to appear unconscious of their pain as they waited for aid.

"It was the generator, sir." Corrigan's whole face was one raw blister. "Cut the steam lines, drove a hole in the hot well. An' it only runnin' eleven hundred."

Leavy, the man Duncan had brought up, stirred suddenly, staggered to his feet and stared wildly about him.

"He'll do, sir," Corrigan grunted after a hasty examination. "He got a bad cut, but he had only started to cook when you shut her off."

Of the others, one groaned feebly, breathing in spasmodic gulps; two lay still, beyond all help. While the pharmacist's mate worked on the worst burns, Duncan looked from the injured men to the wrecked engine room. The damage seemed surprisingly slight—a scrap of broken casting lying on top of the condenser, a triangular hole in the cylinder of a pump.

"Well, we'd better get at it." Although the words were intended only for Corrigan, the men of the engineer's force were crowded close, and they caught the stubborn glint in Duncan's eyes. Behind Corrigan, Crouch started down the ladder. The others surged after him with a common impulse of anger against the plant that had failed them.

"I got a look when I was down, sir." Corrigan paused at the ladder. "We'll get steam back to the after engine room sometime tomorrow."

The ship heaved uneasily in the long swell that was building up under her. Duncan stared into the east. If he noticed the contrast between the spirit of the engineers and the fear in the faces of the deck hands, he gave no sign.

"Right!" he acknowledged, and his voice carried above the clank of loose gear overhead. "We'll go on as soon as you get steam."

After supper the men off watch clustered about the deck discussing the persistent rumor that now at last the Old Man was going to turn back, give up and seek the help of a navy yard to patch together the faltering wreck under them. With many of them the wish was father to the thought.

"He ain't sayin' nothin'," the coxswain of the motor dory asserted. "But she may not make it back, even if it is only five hundred miles. I heard some of the black gang say the plates is ready to drop off her bottom. Wooden rivets," he added with a wise nod.

"And Sparks says it's one hell of a blow that's comin' our way." It was one of the quartermasters who reported this added danger, for the contagion of distrust was spreading to the higher ratings. "As far as I'm concerned, I'd trade my billet for mess cookin' on a battleship right now."

"Pipe down!" a voice called from the shadow of the forward stack. "Here he comes now."

The captain's head and shoulders appeared in the wardroom hatchway. They watched him silently as he stepped out on deck.

Peering out of a mask of yellowed bandages, he stared at the horizon, watching the thickening mist that radiated out in long streamers from a common center. High, smooth seas, endless, unhurried, advanced upon the ship. She sank toward them, then reared high as they passed under her, rolled far over, came back and rolled again with a wide abandon that was peculiarly empty. In the complete absence of wind, the lack of forward motion intensified the heavy silence, the ominous half-fearful hush of a ship disabled at sea. Gear clanked monotonously overhead. Somewhere aft a door banged. As the starboard side lifted, the lifeboat bumped against its strongback. He turned at the clatter of footsteps on the forecastle.

"Break off, some of you guys, an' lend a hand forward." Grogan appeared in the forecastle doorway, paused when he saw the captain.

"Got enough canvas for that sea anchor, Grogan?"

"Yes, sir. Breaking out the after awning now." Instead of following the men to the forecastle, the petty officer hesitated, eying the captain doubtfully.

"Well, what is it?"

"They won't be ordering us back to the States, sir?" Grogan's anxiety was real enough, but Duncan could feel the other men straining forward in the dark. His laugh was confident as he answered, "Not if we can help it, they won't. No, here is where we snap this ship out of it."

The storm closed in upon them toward the end of the midwatch. By that time almost half of the new men were too sick to care whether she floated or not, for in the rising sea she rolled with the twisting frenzy that only a destroyer can achieve. The sea anchor held her just enough to allow the sweating engineers below to stay at their posts. But the men on deck, without the steadying influence of a definite task, huddled in disconsolate groups in the lee of the stacks and deck houses when they were not being rushed back and forth on the streaming deck to build up defenses against the driving green seas that swept aboard.

For the first twenty-four hours they had only the dripping water to contend with, and the superficial damage of the occasional seas that swept her deck. By noon of the first day the galley fires gave up the struggle. The crew's quarters and the wardroom country swam with water that trickled down through racked seams. But in spite of the handicap of the storm, Corrigan managed to get one engine under way in thirty hours of continuous labor, and as Duncan headed her into it they got the full measure of the storm.

The forty-eight hours that followed became a blind, timeless nightmare to officers and men alike. One sea that came over the bow in an unbroken line drove into the chart house with a stunning jar that seemed to lift the whole bridge structure backward. And the trickle of water into the wardroom became a stream. But Duncan waved reports of minor leaks aside and sent the carpenter's mate forward to sound the peak tanks. Slowly, as the hours wore away, the weak places in shell plating began to appear, until the captain himself began to wonder if her bottom would not, in fact, drop out under the pounding. He had slowed until she barely maintained steerage way, and the sea answered by sweeping the stern, filling the after crew's quarters and carrying away half the depth charges.

Twice again the stop signal came from the engine room, and the hapless Sark rolled in the trough of the sea. Once they found the trouble in the fireroom oil suction, and got under way with only a slight delay. The other time the sea anchor was once more called upon to hold her head into the wind. More than once Duncan abandoned the bridge to join Grogan in driving seasick men out of the deck house to clamber along the sloping deck. In spite of his burns, he was everywhere, from the clamorous engine room to the narrow but equally noisy anchor-engine compartment, where water poured down around the base of the capstan.

It was Grogan who called attention to the change in the crew. Late in the afternoon of the third day after the explosion below, he touched Duncan's elbow and pointed at the wheel. A wan-faced seaman was tugging at the helmsman, supporting himself with one hand on the binnacle while he insisted that he was no longer sick, was entirely able to take his watch.

Duncan had seen the indefinable thing called "ship's spirit." A ship either had it or lacked it, and that without apparent relationship to the conscious efforts of her officers. But he had never seen it appear as unexpectedly or out of such unimpressive material. In spite of his burns, there was a quick buoyancy to his step as he went to the wheel.

"Let Isaacs have it," he said to the helmsman. "He can hold her up."

"Captain"—a striker from the radio room appeared on the bridge—"Mr. Wynne said you'd want to see this." He offered a radio form:

OPEN SEALED ORDERS AND EXPEDITE COMPLIANCE STOP ESSENTIAL YOU ARRIVE FRENCH BASE BY FIFTEENTH

His face grew taut under its stubble of beard as he scrambled down the ladder. "French base?" All the weariness of the days behind him seemed to fall upon him as he stumbled through the door of his room, twirled the knob of his safe. "French? Then it was politics after all?" He found the envelope and ripped it open. Detached phrases of the typewritten page leaped out at him:

Avoid possibility of contact with enemy. . . . Sark will tour Allied ports . . . foster friendly relations with representatives of the press . . . encourage publicity . . . adequate protection will be provided.

"What?" Wynne appeared in the doorway, his anxious face framed in the collar of a sodden kapok life jacket.

Silently Duncan handed him the letter. While the younger officer read, he stared at a picture over his bunk—the ship he had last commanded coming into Queenstown. "Protection! For a destroyer!"

"Publicity!" Wynne sagged against the door frame. "Have we got to spend the war —— What are you going to do, sir?"

"Do?" Duncan tugged his sou'wester back on his head. "We'll carry on until we get this political side show tied up. Then ——" He looked up at another picture over his desk—a grizzled face that smiled from under a battered captain's cap. "There's one flag officer over there who will get us out of this, if anybody can."

If the creeping paralysis that gripped the Sark had stopped with the end of the storm, her company might have found time to resent the orders. But in fair weather and foul, trouble continued to develop. The racking power of the sea had struck deep. So, in the dragging hours, men and officers were conscious of nothing but the drive of their will to keep the ship moving. By the time they sighted the coast of France they knew nothing, cared for nothing but an opportunity for uninterrupted sleep.

Under the crowning indignity of an escort of two other destroyers to take them through the danger zone, only Grogan uttered a feeble protest: "Treatin' us like a lousy beef boat." He growled as he drove canvas calking under the chart-house bulkhead, and glared over his shoulder at the businesslike ship that steamed on the Sark's weather bow.

On the bridge, Duncan and Wynne were digesting the latest news from below. The port engine, Corrigan had just reported, would not stand maneuvering and he'd have to take another look at the steering engine before he could say what it could do.

Duncan reached for a blank and wrote out a request for a tug to take them in tow at the entrance to the narrows.

He made no comment when he read the reply half an hour later:

COMPLY WITH INSTRUCTIONS PREVIOUSLY ISSUED STOP SARK WILL ENTER PORT AT 10:00 TOMORROW AND PROCEED TO DESIGNATED BERTH AFTER WELCOMING CEREMONIES ARE COMPLETED

For an hour that morning the machinery of debarkation was to be halted for the arrival of the Victory Ship. Led by a yacht carrying the official representatives of five governments, she was to steam through close-packed shipping to a berth at the pier, where the ceremony would culminate in speeches of congratulation to the men who had conceived her. They had been rushed across the Atlantic for the event, had been waiting with what patience they could muster for the delayed destroyer. A curt message from an American admiral had only cast a momentary shadow upon the proceedings. With characteristic bluntness, he had declined an invitation to participate, with a tart hint that there were better uses for ships and men than the function for which the Sark was destined.

It took Duncan two hours to nurse his ship through the long, narrow channel that led to the base. But just before ten he saw the bay opening out ahead. Over the low hills the forest of masts appeared, with smoke curling up from many funnels. Ships appeared everywhere as the sweep of the inner bay opened ahead; farther in, the high sides of liners waiting for their turn to go in and discharge their troops, or ringed about by coal barges preparing for the return voyage; nearer at hand, cargo ships were packed together like fishing boats. Right ahead a dozen ships were anchored apart, flying red flags that identified them as carriers of ammunition. Straight down the channel a yacht approached, bearing the flag of a junior rear admiral.

Duncan watched it glumly, reached for his glasses as a signal ran up to the yard of the other ship.

"Follow the motions of this ship," Wynne translated from the signal book.

"They're not coming aboard, anyhow!" Duncan exclaimed with relief as the yacht swung around to take station ahead of them. "Attention, starboard!" he called to the men on the forecastle, and for a moment regretted that in spite of the storm the Sark still contrasted so obviously with the battered-looking destroyers that had left her outside the nets.

As they passed the last low point a crowd of fishermen waved and cheered loudly. Beyond them the hills were black with people. Grimly Duncan wondered what the soldiers up there would be thinking of the Navy's way of winning the war.

"The eyes of France." The French pilot waved pompously at the crowds. "They watched the beautiful—what you say—victorious ship."

The two officers coughed hastily, turned aside to hide their red faces. Behind them the helmsman snorted aloud.

"Right rudder, please." The pilot motioned to the man at the wheel. The bow came around slowly, headed for the isolated clump of ammunition ships a mile away.

"Powder flags flying on all of them," the quartermaster called from the wing of the bridge.

"Do they land much ammunition here?" Wynne asked the pilot.

"Too much," the Frenchman replied, with a worried look toward the ships. "Some day—pom!" He threw up his hands in a wide gesture. "Now meet her," he added to the helmsman. Ahead, the yacht was turning for the channel that led through the moorings to the distant pier.

(Continued on Page 197)

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

National Change Week

May 5th to 11th

Its Importance to You and to all Motorists

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

(This is a special sales bulletin, concerning Champion National Change Week, from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. It is broadcast in The Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

The approach of the sixth annual Champion National Change Week, May 5 to 11, signalizes an opportunity for you to render your customers a special service. A service which many customers are looking for. A service which is appreciated and therefore makes good friends and steady customers out of casual ones.

Nearly every motorist today is directly or indirectly conscious of the many advantages gained by changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles.

It is simply indifference on the part of the motorist, and oftentimes a similar attitude on the part of many dealers, that keeps more motorists from enjoying the continued new-car performance which comes with the practice of installing new spark plugs each year, or every 10,000 miles.

Recommending a new set of spark plugs every 10,000 miles is a perfectly reasonable process. You are familiar with the better performance and greater economy which result, and even the most skeptical motorists are won over by one telling of the simple facts.

Tell them how modern engines and fuels attack the spark plugs so severely that even Champions have lost much of their efficiency during 10,000 miles, despite the fact that they will continue to function almost indefinitely.

Tell them how carbon-encrusted insulators, burned and pitted electrodes, combine to weaken the spark, resulting in slow and uncertain combustion, thus wasting unburned gas through the exhaust. Obviously, power, speed and acceleration, and all-around engine performance, are greatly impaired when spark plug performance is impaired.

You can give your customer conclusive, visible evidence of these facts by removing the spark plugs from his own engine. Then install new Champions—the type recommended by the up-to-date chart furnished you by the factory—and let your customer see and feel the difference which a new set makes.

The long and uninterrupted advertising of these facts by Champion, who initiated this movement, now supported by all motor car manufacturers, has left its imprint on the minds of the majority of the world's motorists. At the time of Champion National Change Week, a greater campaign than ever before will prepare the way for your services.

Check your customer's speedometer just as you do his oil gauge. If it shows 10,000 miles, or more, make it plain to him that new Champions restore engine performance, and quickly save their cost in less gas and oil alone.

We know, and you know, that Champions *do* give better performance in every engine. Therefore, no matter what spark plugs your customer may be using, in recommending Champions you will actually render him a service for which he will be grateful.

The success of Champion National Change Week will be measured by the service you render your customers—a service which should build a lasting consumer satisfaction in every case.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

TRADE MARK

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Ten Lessons in Smart Social Conversation—By Brenda Ueland

AS SOON as you speak of conversation someone says, "A lost art." But is it? Perhaps it is that you think it should be what it was in the salon of the Marquise de Rambouillet, where conversed Malherbe, La Rochefoucauld, Bossuet and Corneille; or perhaps, as it was in London, in the beautiful house of Mrs. Montagu, on Portman Square, where Mrs. Montagu, a thin-faced lady with high eyebrows, talked with Doctor Johnson, Garrick, Horace Walpole, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fanny Burney, Edmund Burke, Lord Chesterfield and others.

Then you think of modern conversation as being like the following, which I just overheard on the telephone:

"How is she?"

"How is she?"

"Yeah, how is she?"

"She's terrible."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, terrible."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. The doctor told her to drink milk, and all she does is to eat grapes and candy all day long."

"Grapes and candy?"

"Yeah, all day long."

"Are you going to have company for Easter?"

"No."

"No? Nobody coming up?"

"No, no company."

"Why don't you have somebody? No company at all?"

"Yeah."

"Yeah? Why don't you have somebody?"

"Hell with 'em!"

But this is hardly fair to modern conversation. In the first place even bygone conversation can be criticized. The Marquise de Rambouillet and, in England, the bluestockings, as Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Vesey were called, led a reaction against the swearing, alcoholism and illiteracy of high society. "Bluestocking" meant the wearing of blue worsted stockings instead of black silk ones; hence, it meant not in full dress, just as, I suppose, you might call a group of serious thinkers in these days, the common-sense shoes.

At Mrs. Montagu's, a great semicircle faced the fire and remained unbroken during the entire evening. Mrs. Montagu sat near the beginning of the curve, so as to be visible to all her guests. On one side of her was the person of highest rank, and on the other, the person most eminent for talents. Her own conversational powers were extraordinary—but now the question is: What was her talk like? In the words of the professor's daughter whose single comment was, when gazing on all the historical, architectural, artistic and scenic wonders of Europe: "Not so hot."

A Few Hundred Words From Mrs. Montagu

IT WAS chiefly remarkable because she could spin out an idea faster and in more words than anyone in England. For example, the Duchess of Portland was fond of poultry, so Mrs. Montagu would say: "Of all the fowls, I love the goose best. Surely a goose is a goodly bird; if its hiss be insignificant, remember that from its side the engine is taken"—she meant a pen—"with which the laws are registered and history recorded; though not a famous bird for courage, from this ample wing are the heroes' exploits engraven on the pillar of everlasting fame; though not an animal of sagacity," and so on. There are nearly two hundred more words of this scintillation.

Mrs. Vesey, on the other hand, was Irish, charming, distrait, and a little vague and flighty. For example, she would declaim against second marriage, though Mr. Vesey was her second husband; and when reminded of this, she would cry out: "Bless me, my dear, I had quite forgotten it!"

But she knew how to put people at their ease. She hated "the circle." She pushed all the small sofas and chairs pell-mell about the room, so that only two or three could talk together; for seating methods have always been important with great ladies who wish to conduct a conversational orchestra. I have heard that Elsie de Wolfe, for example, once rebuked a man for hitching his chair forward, saying that every chair in her house had been perfectly placed and was not to be moved an inch. I often think of this when company comes to my house and I carry in the bed from the sun parlor.

I Think Men Should Give Up Slang, and Women, Oratory and Vivacity, Wherein They are So Anxious to Show Appreciation for Their Guest's Remarks That He Forgets What He is Going to Say Next

And how did Doctor Johnson talk—the archconversationalist of all time? His manner was disconcerting, because he continually made asthmatic gaspings, puffings, mutterings, grimaces. At dinner he would even absentmindedly stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. But in his conversation every sentence was perfect, and if you had not seen him you would have thought him reading. He spoke, however, much more ponderously than we would tolerate now, and so, in imitation of him, did everybody else, interlarding sentences with "Why, sir"; "Upon my word, sir"; "But pray, sir."

But now for the present. I saw an advertisement in a magazine—"Mlle. ——. Smart Social Conversation Taught. New York City." So I went to consult her.

She had an elegant coiffure, pearls to finger up and down, and the most intimidating, hot-potato, la-dee-da accent, combining all the snootiness of New York, Newport and Boston with a smack of Virginia of the old days "befo' de wah." And she spoke with that wonderful fluency that makes you put your hands on your knees like a laborer in a parlor, and makes you wonder if she will find out there is no lining in your hat. How do they do that? It isn't just the broad *a*'s, because a Bostonian Negress, say, has just as melodious tones and never makes you feel that way. Perhaps it's in the eyelids.

She charged, I found out, three hundred dollars for ten lessons, and I couldn't afford that, and that's why it took me so long to get out of there—trying to fool her. She may have guessed it, because she said she would make me a reduction to fifty dollars if I would bring four friends at the usual rates.

She would not divulge many of the secrets of her method. However, I got a glimpse of a printed list of phrases that her pupils memorized, with such things as "too deliciously intriguing" on it. It seems it depended on what group you wished to make; if book reviewers and literary critics, there was a list containing: "Authentic," "genre," "belles-lettres," "men of letters," "I hazard a guess," and "Alas, to no avail." If artists: "Make the color of that tone pear-shaped," and other phrases. If British army officers and polo players: "Old man," "old top," "old bean," "top hole," "sporting," "it isn't cricket," "gad." Even American slang was taught, but alway modified in such a way as to give the impression that one lived abroad, but found American slang "fearfully amusing"—that is, instead of saying, "Going some," you would say, "Going it some."

When to Stop Talking

THEN, if you wanted to get into that smart intellectual group that shuttles between New York and Paris, you learned to say such things as "I love Paris because it makes me feel so aggressively passive," or "Rachmaninoff takes it all out of me." And then the paradoxes which Oscar Wilde started and Gilbert Chesterton keeps up. These are easy. If someone says, for example, "Life is long," quick as a flash say, "Length is life."

But Mlle. ——'s chief guaranty was that her pupils learned to keep talking at a high clip for a whole evening without a single embarrassing pause. And now we come to the question: Why do American women dread pauses, when men long for them? It is hard to explain. Some say it is because men are tired in the evening, while women are not; some, that women are brighter than men, more volatile, spritely and imaginative; some say that men act, and so do not talk, while women do nothing but talk. Some even try to explain it by saying that men's vocal cords, being thicker than women's, get tired quicker.

Perhaps it is that men's idea of good conversation since the days of Plato has been to finish off every subject discussed, round it off, nail it down and put it under glass. Women like to skip along from idea to idea, dropping a subject before it is finished. When you see the conclusion, why bother to state it? Drop it and hurry on to the next.

Once in a dog's life you will meet a man who is mean enough to pin you down. One night I was talking; I felt responsible to do so, since my hostess was not very well herself—she had laryngitis. There was a man there who I thought was a small-town relative, so, to show that I included him, I would say occasionally: "I am sure you agree," and such things. Finally he unlimbered.

"Just what was the major premise of that syllogism?" he would say. And he would say, "But you just said the opposite five minutes ago." Well, only if the Recording Angel had been standing behind me could I have proved otherwise. It turned out that this man was a lawyer.

Now, except when they are impossible obstructionists—which is usually the case—lawyers talk better than other men. Ministers probably use the most austere and poetical English because of so much quoting of the Bible, but they are often limited as to popular topics.

But lawyers are not; besides, they have learned some synonyms: "Breakage, damage, theft, larceny, robbery, pilferage." And having learned English at last, by long practice they eventually slough off slang and swearing, and they can actually talk in complete sentences; and they even know how to use transitional words like "in as much as" and "notwithstanding," and sometimes know the subtle difference between "moreover," "however" and "furthermore."

Another thing, lawyers understate things and thereby gain much emphasis. For example, I will say, my voice rising and all my features working: "She is just the most too marvelously stunning thing you ever saw!" A lawyer

(Continued on Page 58)

"Teacher of half the Doctors of Europe"

. . . he recommends yeast for 3 great modern ills

GERMANY'S most beloved medical figure—Geheimrat Dr. Friedrich Kraus, Professor Emeritus of the University of Berlin!

Half the great doctors of Europe, it is said, have studied under Dr. Kraus. For 20 years he headed Germany's most important clinic.

For three great health troubles—constipation and disorders of digestion and the skin—Dr. Kraus urges the remarkable *food*, fresh yeast.

"Until recently," he says, "few people realized that constipation is injurious to the whole system. Drastic cathartics and habit-forming pills often were depended on. Little was done to correct the cause of the condition.

"Yeast stimulates the intestines to normal, healthy action. Regular evacuations occur. Normal digestion is restored. Stubborn skin disorders are combated."

Follow this great physician's advice! Every day eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake is rich in *two* precious vitamins—B and D. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

"'Yeast will help you,' my doctor explained—"

(*Left*) "For some time I had suffered from intestinal trouble," *writes* MISS NORMA HENDERSON *from Toronto* (at right, in photograph). "I was very weak, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything. When our doctor was consulted he said he thought yeast would do me a lot of good. And it *did*! My friends remark on how well I seem."

(*Right*) "A painful breaking out all over my back and shoulders!" *writes* CLIFTON PRINCE *of Worcester, Mass.* "I was the most miserable person alive . . . Seeing a cake of yeast under a microscope convinced me. It was full of living yeast plants! I started to eat it and the result was miraculous. Since then all my family have eaten it. A doctor advised it for my grandchild. My son eats it as a laxative and tonic."

READ WHAT THESE GREAT DOCTORS SAY • •

DR. LORENZO CHERUBINI, Professor of Medical Pathology at the University of Rome, declares: "Yeast is invaluable in treating disturbances of the intestines, of digestion and of the skin."

DR. PAUL GERBER, noted internal specialist, says, "The creation of the 'sunshine' vitamin D by irradiating yeast should be a boon to millions who are indoors most of the day. Vitamin D builds hard bones and teeth and helps keep them strong. Because of its richness in vitamin D and vitamin B, yeast is a source of renewing energy and endurance."

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(Continued from Page 56)

will say, thoughtfully, in a listless voice, "Rather nice-looking," and everybody will realize that she actually is a beauty.

English professors and ham actors talk well—the latter because of having acted Shakspere—but with doctors, scientists, engineers, contractors, business men, mechanics, and so on, conversation becomes worse and worse. That practice has a lot to do with it is shown by the fact that a salesman whose conversation is a dozen monosyllables from the left teeth—including "I'll say," "this guy, see?" and "this other guy, see?"—when asked about his line of aluminum, will pour out a page of lucid, flexible English, full of sesquipedalians ending in "osity" and "ation."

But to return to women. There is an essential difference in how men and women like to talk. That is why women prefer to talk to women. And though they will deny it, men prefer to listen to women talking to women rather than to talk to one another.

Women talk so much, for one reason because they have been taught it is the social duty of the female. It begins at dancing school, where they must put up a good show of vivacity to the stolid boy who dances with them; and, in an unjust way, it seems to be entirely the girl's responsibility.

I can remember so well the lump of apprehension in my throat on my way to dancing school, as I rehearsed the bright things to say to the boys in order to get a dance once in a while.

Grabbing the Floor and Holding It

THE result is that women feel it is their social duty to rave, exclaim, and rattle on; and apparently the higher you go in society, the greater the necessity. And what is the result? Much feminine social talk is just tumult and hostess oratory. And far from putting you at your ease. But anyway women have better vocabularies than men, many of whom seem to be indifferent on the word-choosing side. Of course, tongue-tied men may get more done than we talkers. Doctor Johnson was a frightful procrastinator. And, for example, how a lot of us women can talk about art! Up and down and across the whole subject we can go—just how to paint for posterity. Well, so we have talked for years, and one day the husband of one of us came in—a man who has talked so little that he pronounces "misled" to rime with "whistled," and who has only two critical adjectives, "dumb" and "keen." That afternoon he went downtown, bought paints and canvases, and in two weeks had painted very creditable portraits of all of us and every fish bowl and hollyhock in the neighborhood.

Many men mumble so that they are doomed never to be heard, particularly if their wives have the usual high clarion. If men want to get in women's conversation they must speak up. A sort of firm, iron-willed assertion is necessary. Why, a capable woman talker you know, if someone tries to cut in, will raise her voice and accelerate until the interloper is drowned out and left far behind.

I remember the day I hit upon this. Instead of being anxiously tentative and rarely getting farther than "May I suggest?" I learned to speak up.

"No!" I would snap, and would thump on the table with my middle finger. "I do not agree! Einstein filched his formula, whole cloth, from Cavendish, born in 1731, who worked it out, and, mind you, he incorporated Cavendish's original error, to wit—" and recited the formula.

That day taught me to grab the floor. Sometimes I grab the floor long before I have thought what I am going to say, by just making those loud conversational noises that Englishmen make between words: "Erra, erra, erra, erra—I was going to say," and then finally a thought comes and I let fly with it.

Even what I call a cross-tag talker—one of those rattletraps whose last word in a sentence is the subject of the next sentence—hasn't a chance against me.

And speaking of assertion, loudness is not necessarily the secret of it; it is firmness. I once heard a man keep a whole roomful of treble ladies hushed and silent, though he spoke in a low voice; but it was firm, positive, dogged. Of course the fact that he was the Paris correspondent of a newspaper and was telling about the most fascinating American women in Europe, and why, and giving facts, names, dates, places and his own experiences as an eye-witness, may have had something to do with it.

The present cult of humor spoils much conversation, because it means that everybody, though they have nothing funny to say, must say it just as though it were a scream. There are those adjectival girls who when they want to say, "I had only a few seconds to buy a newspaper," say, instead, "Calmly hurling my bag at the porter, who was standing there too screamingly funny for words, I dashed madly over to the news stand." Or when they want to say, "May I speak to you?" they say, "I would have words with thee."

There are young men who wish to say: "I see my mother in the third row," who say, instead, "Oh, there's the mater, sitting madly in the orchestra." There are people who name their cars "Mehitabel" and "Gertrude," who name their gloves and shoes "Edward" and "Mabel," and so on, to get humorous effects; people who, instead of saying, "How is your little girl?"—and so being respected as intelligent—say, "How is the chee-ild?"; people who say when you ask them if they like a thing, when they might arouse everybody's interest by saying gravely, "I like it," say, instead, and make you wince and spoil everything: "And how!"

And, oh, above all things, there are people who say they are glad they have a sense of humor. Oh, never, never say that! It is the most painful give-away of all!

In fact, the best tip I can give for being interesting in conversation is to be grave. Don't be facetious, but say what you mean—exactly what you mean. Why, if you could say "It is a beautiful day," and say it quietly, and with no emphasis, but mean it, feel it as, perhaps, Keats or Shelley would have felt it, a whole tableful of dramatic critics, comedians, wise-crackers, good mixers and highbrows would wheel and hang on your words.

And slang—if you could only avoid slang! The correspondence courses in personality ought to have this in the first paragraph. That is why young lawyers would get attention among international diplomats. But our young business men—their talk is all "this bimbo" and "that baby," for a dyspeptic bookkeeper, for a nobleman with a polished skull and a monocle, for a man with boils on his neck; it makes no difference.

Good talk, really, is when the talker conveys to the hearer a bright, definite mental picture of exactly what he sees or thinks. Slang, except when used by a genius, gives you no more picture than a telegraph ticker when you don't know the code. Imagine saying "I get an awful kick out of Beethoven," as we all do in our sloppy, pudding-headed way. Well, it may be you get a swelling of the heart, or a prickling down the spine, or a gagging in the throat, or a chill, or a fever, but certainly you don't get any sensation like a kick. If you could only say what you mean!

And slang can make a commonplace bore out of a very bright person, because it is just a crude approximation of his own ideas. You can talk pages of it, and not one phrase will be your own, any more than if you recited Felicia Hemans' poem The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

So I think men should give up slang, and women the hostess oratory and vivacity wherein they are so anxious to show appreciation for their guest's remarks that they fairly drown him and he forgets what he is going to say next; and then, while he speaks, are so busy planning their next gush that they don't hear what he says.

I used to go to parties with the old idea—perform. If you do not you are a failure. Now this was so exhausting I thought I would have to become a hermit. As the evening wore on I could feel my face begin to fall away with fatigue and my nose come forward in a bleak point. Then I made this discovery: Say that a man is showing you just how, by a very curious, slight alteration of the position of his wrists, he has reduced his golf score, on an average running over a period of two years, from 103 to 99. He goes into the history of the thing.

A Sure Cure for Boredom

WELL, you think you will faint from sleepiness. You try to get a look—squinting slant-eyed over the bridge of your nose—at your wrist watch. It is 10:30. They may stay until 11:30. Can you stand it? What if they stay until twelve? Oh, they couldn't—they couldn't do that! It would be just too mean! Your smile is a wound, cracked at the corners.

Then suddenly the man who has the problem with his wrists says in a low, tense voice: "I adore you! I have loved you for years. I can't stand it—I can't—I can't! I must have you—I must! Do you understand? I must! My wife, my children, they are nothing to me. I think I must be mad! Dear old Edna, sitting over there—it will kill her. But I hear nothing, see nothing, but you, you!"

Well, in a queer way you are no longer tired at all, but feel suddenly quite rested and are pleased that it is still early in the evening.

There was a tip in this for me—that is, that the cure for fatigue is interest; therefore, the thing to do is to try to become interested in your vis-à-vis. If you cannot be interested in his words, try to be so in his face—how would you draw it?—or his voice—how would you imitate it? If he is telling you about the workings of a Diesel engine, instead of glittering at him and interjecting, "How fascinating! The pistons! The cam shaft! I see! I see! Oh, you do explain things so wonderfully!" realize that every even subnormal person ought to know how a Diesel motor runs, and here is a good chance to learn it. Also try not to be uneasy and restless because for the moment he seems not to observe that you are cute.

The underlying trouble with conversation is lack of curiosity. Women are not curious about golf, engines, judiciary committees, and so on. Men are not curious about women or one another. Fortunately some women are curious about men, and that is why women are better talkers and companions than men, and why social life goes on and is occasionally delightful.

Why, I know a brilliant linguist, a philologist, whose life-work has been the study of speech, verbal expression, who visited a dude ranch, and when he came back his wife and female relatives struggled to get an account of it.

"Did you have a simply thrilling, glorious time?"

"Yes."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, usual thing."

"Ride?"

"Yes."

"Attractive people?"

"Some."

"Any trout fishing?" at last somebody thought to ask.

"Said they were trout; looked more like sardines to me."

Fewer Listeners, Better Talkers

WELL, when he had been home three days we happened to overhear him say, "There was a New York real-estate operator there, and his wife, whom everybody hated."

At last we thought we were going to get something. "Why did they hate them?" we asked almost in a chorus.

"Don't know," he said. "Didn't ask."

A gruff man with a kind heart, but no more small talk than a longshoreman, dreaded parties.

"Well," I said, "Bill McGee, I was watching you last night at the salon of Selma, Countess Jensen's, and this is what I saw: In the first place, you are a good-looking, soldierly man with high color and a deep voice and an unflinching blue eye. But when you were standing off in that corner by the fireplace with that lady with the expressionless face, you were having a terrible time of it. You were trying to make small talk, and so was she. Now that is a joke, because you can't make small talk; you never could, you never should. Now," I said, "you should have made yourself curious about her. When you say 'Do you live out here in the country?' do not say it to fill the void of quiet, but as you say it, look at her intently and wonder with intense interest, 'Does she actually live here, and if so, why should such a moribund specimen live here; and how queer that a woman with such a nose should have married a college professor; and I wonder what her blood pressure is,' and so on, and so on. Immediately she will sense your receptiveness and be drawn out, and her thoughts will begin to grow warm and become enriched. Because there is no magic like interested attention, though simulated attention does no good at all."

That is why conversation improves as the number of talkers diminishes. Ten people in a circle, and all good subjects must be pruned out. You can't tell of your operation, because there is a Christian Scientist; of neurotics, because there are two of them, and so on.

I have observed how an evening will start with a dozen people all struggling for the floor to tell the story of Pat and Mike. Five go home, and immediately, due to increased interest, you revive, because now the talk is about "Are men more feminine than women?" which, naturally, sets all chests heaving with emotion and prejudice and pleasant conversational excitement.

At midnight you again feel fatigue, when four more go home. There are three left, and you feel an immediate rejuvenation, because now you talk about, first, digestive disturbances; second, weight reduction; third, possible cures for baldness. At two A.M. one goes; two are left. And you talk until dawn, with completely renewed vigor, about: First, your love affair with an actress; second, will you ever get married again? Third, love; what is it?

The greatest conversation has come from performers like Doctor Johnson; he demanded silence from ordinary people, and "Sir," he would roar out at some poor, innocent interloper, "I perceive you are a vile Whig!" G. Bernard Shaw is one of the wittiest, most brilliant and voluble men since Voltaire, but they say it is hard to get a word in edgewise.

But most ordinary performers are a cruel nuisance. As soon as you speak, it is as if they slammed a mental door to shut out your words; their eyes become glassy like a sheep's, and in a strange way your words, not received into their minds, seem to remain hanging in the air; you hear them suspended there for several minutes afterward; they seem to float about the room humiliating you with their affectation, flatness, nasality.

(Continued on Page 202)

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CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Shepard G. Barclay

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

BRIDGE has become a tremendous element in the lives of millions of Americans. No other game ever interested anything like as many people. One statistician estimates that our population spends more time on bridge than on any other activity except working, eating, sleeping, traveling, reading and the different methods of expressing affection. Uncle Sam backs him up with tax figures on more than fifty-four million decks of cards in a year; most of them, of course, for bridge.

Chances are that bridge is here to stay, for it is in a constant state of evolution and, while that continues, can never grow stale. Out of the old game of whist came auction bridge, and now the new vogue is contract bridge. It is practically the same thing as auction except that "you have to bid 'em to score 'em." In auction, if you bid one spade and take four tricks, you get game, but not in contract; there you must bid the four tricks or you can't score game for taking them. And you can't score a small or grand slam unless you have bid the necessary six or seven. This need of bidding as high as you can afford—instead of buying as cheaply as you can—has made all the difference in the world in the tactics of skillful players. It also has added a new element of danger and excitement to the best part of the game—the bidding—for when the side with the stronger cards bids to its extreme limit the opponents are put in the bidding contest; they watch like hawks for a chance to double profitably.

Most Players Feel the Need of a Pilot to Guide Them

The scoring schedule for the new game is in much higher units. The complete figures given on all of the contract score pads, and in the laws published as an appendix to practically every book on the subject, show that a game is 100 points, toward which no-trump tricks bid for and made count 35 points each, major-suit ones 30 points and minor ones 20 points. A rubber scored on the first two games is worth 700 points; one requiring three games, 500. The rest of the scoring is in proportion, including the big bonuses for slams and the rewards for defeating the declarer.

Many contract enthusiasts profess to see the handwriting on the wall for auction. That remains to be seen. Auction still has many more players than contract, but thousands are shifting every week and most of the others are peering over the fence to see what the contractors are doing. They generally find a helter-skelter scramble accompanied by a babel of incoherent bids—or at least so it seems. Indeed, it appears that way to many who have seared their wings in the first baptism of fire. Most players feel the need of a pilot to guide them, but the authorities who helped them in auction are giving conflicting advice.

Practically everyone is doing his best to make his own system gain the ascendancy over all others, naturally considering his own the best. The plain fact is that all the leading systems are effective, one better on certain types of hands and another on other types, one better for certain kinds of players and another for other kinds. Since each has its followers, an unbiased summary of them all can be a timely aid to players who wish to understand anything they may encounter at the table.

The Bidding Objective

WHEN two partners pick up their hands in a game of contract bridge, each knows what thirteen cards are in his hand, but has no idea what his partner holds. That is the point from which all systems start on an even basis, and they then press forward toward the objective that all systems have in common—the one best final bid for the combined hands of the partners. Half of the time, as in auction, the other side will make the final bid, in which case any bidding by the defensive side is in effect defensive bidding. This involves the same tactics as in the older game—efforts to make the other side overbid, sacrifice bids, lead-directing bids, doubling, and so on—except that they are more important because almost every hand winds up bid pretty close to its limit. The main difference between auction and contract is in the offensive bidding—the drive of the stronger side to fix the best final bid for its twenty-six cards.

That best final bid is determined by the deal before the bidding starts. It is based on the way the cards will take tricks after the bidding is closed, so the bidding strives to discover something which is already a definite fact.

In all systems the player who opens the bidding is really starting a consultation with his partner about the two hands. If they understand each other, they can exchange an amazing amount of information with an extremely small vocabulary. They use the same few words that were employed in auction—from one to seven clubs, diamonds, hearts, spades and no trumps, plus double, redouble and pass—but those words have acquired new and more exact meanings in the new game. It is, of course, important that partners use the various bids in the same way—talk the same language—or otherwise they will misunderstand each other and bring disaster to the partnership. The man who knows all the leading systems is ready for any partner he may draw, like the visitor to Europe who has a workable knowledge of French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian and Greek. He is ready to talk the other fellow's language, no matter what it be.

Opening Suit Bids

IN THE beginning a player has no idea who among the four will eventually become the declarer—himself, his partner or the opponents. So, when a dealer opens the bidding he covers all these possibilities; his suit bid of one, on a hand just too strong to pass, makes these definite statements to his partner:

1. I can take at least four tricks if the hand is played at the suit I have named. Hence, if you can take your share of the remainingnine—three—we can get the seven I have bid for. If you can take more, raise my bid to the extent of every extra trick you can capture.

2. I have at least four cards of the suit named. Therefore, if you hold three of the outstanding nine, we have a majority of the trumps; the ace or king plus one little card will be just about as good. But if you hold only two little cards of my suit, the other side may have seven to our six, so you should rescue us if you have strength enough for some other bid.

3. My hand contains high cards which should take at least two tricks on the defensive against the other side. I rate an ace as one such defensive trick, an ace and king of the same suit as two, a king and queen of the same suit as one because the play of either forces the ace and makes the other good, and a protected king as having half a chance for such a trick, since it is good if the ace is at its right and not if the ace is at its left. So count on me for that much defensive ability if you later consider doubling the other side. These high cards also make it pretty sure that, if you bid something of your own, you can use them to "get in" my hand and take tricks with it.

4. If the otner side becomes the declarer and you the original leader, you may safely lead the suit I have bid, without fear of damaging our side. I guarantee protection for that lead, either by having at least the queen and jack of the suit if it is only a four-carder, or else by having so many cards of it that the other side can't profit from your leading it.

Every prominent system covers all four of those points by guaranteeing at least the strength named whenever an original suit bid is made. Some guarantee still more. They are absolutely together on the first two points. They are practically so on the fourth, though many insist that at least the king and queen must be in the suit bid if it is of only four cards, at least the queen or the jack and ten if of five cards, and a few even require at least the jack in the suit if it is of six cards. With a suit of seven cards or more, length alone is considered by all to be sufficient protection for the lead.

The most important difference between systems, in original bids of a minimum hand, comes on the third requirement, which is the most important feature of most hands—the total amount of high-card strength which is guaranteed by the bid.

These cards, often referred to as "quick tricks" because of their ability to take tricks quickly on the defensive before the offensive side "gets in," are the only ones which ordinarily can be relied upon under all circumstances, regardless of who plays the hand.

Some systems of bidding require half a quick trick more than the amount stated for a dealer's original bid, or two and a half. It is imperative to know your partner's guaranty and also whether or not he counts protected queens and jacks as fractions of quick tricks, as is the case with some systems.

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

A dealer would tell his partner a dangerous falsehood under any system if he said "one spade" on any of these hands:

1.	♠ A 4 3 2	♥ A 3 2	♦ 4 3 2	♣ 4 3 2
2.	♠ A K Q	♥ A 3 2	♦ 4 3 2	♣ 5 4 3 2
3.	♠ K Q J 5 4 3 2	♥ 3 2	♦ 3 2	♣ 3 2
4.	♠ 5 4 3 2	♥ A K 2	♦ A Q 2	♣ 4 3 2

Though they are strong in other respects, Hand 1 lacks the first requirement for the bid, 2 lacks the second, 3 lacks the third, and 4 lacks the fourth.

The minimum quick trick and probable trick strength guaranteed by Dealer's original suit bid is sufficient also for one by Second Hand after Dealer has passed. But when the first two have passed, Third Hand requires at least about a half quick trick more—the equivalent of an extra king—under most systems, to offset the weakness shown by partner's pass. And Fourth Hand, who has to decide the question of whether the hand had better be passed out, generally requires about a full high-card trick more than Dealer to open the bidding.

Opening With No Trumps

ORIGINAL no-trump bids likewise make four statements to partner: First, a dealer bidding one no trump says he probably can take four tricks at that declaration. Second, his high cards should take two tricks on the defensive. Those two considerations, therefore, are guaranteed under any system whenever a dealer opens with anything but a pass.

Estimating probable tricks—offensive tricks—in a no-trump hand is done in various ways. Many players employ what is ordinarily called a "count"; if an ace is counted as 4, a king 3, a queen 2, a jack 1, and two tens as 1, then a total count of 13 is usually considered adequate to assure four probable tricks—the equivalent of holding about a king more than an average hand. With that count, a 12 total generally suffices for a Second Hand no-trump bid after Dealer's pass, 14 for Third Hand and 15 for Fourth Hand. Some more daring players guarantee totals of one or two less than those.

Other varieties of this method give slightly different valuations to the several cards. Many players simply double the quick-trick strength of their hands to estimate the number of probable tricks at no trump, on the theory that most no-trump hands will take in no-trump tricks about twice the number of quick tricks.

The third point covered by an initial no-trump bid is the number of suits stopped. In all systems a stopper is a card which is certain to take a trick if led up to a sufficient number of times. An ace is, of course, a stopper, and so are a king and one other card, a queen and two others, a jack and three others. In practically all systems an initial no-trump bid guarantees stoppers in at least three suits, so that only one remains for the partner to stop or for the opponents to run it.

Fourth, the initial no-trump bidder guarantees that his unstopped suit, if any, has at least a certain number of cards in it. No system permits a no-trump bid with some one suit entirely lacking. Only the most daring allow it with a worthless singleton, and some even bar it with a worthless doubleton. The latter method, which guarantees the partner at least three little cards of an unstopped suit, is naturally the ultra-conservative one, for (1) it assures the partner of at least normal support for any take-out suit he may happen to bid, (2) it affords entries to run the partner's long suit if no trump becomes the final declaration, and (3) those little cards decrease the length of the suit if the opponents should happen to run it.

A conservative dealer would not bid no trump on any of these hands:

1.	♠ A 3 2	♥ K 3 2	♦ Q 3 2	♣ J 4 3 2
2.	♠ 4 3 2	♥ A 3 2	♦ A K Q	♣ 5 4 3 2
3.	♠ A 4 3 2	♥ K Q 3 2	♦ K J 4 3 2	♣ – – – –
4.	♠ Q J 10	♥ J 10 9 8	♦ Q J 10	♣ Q J 10

Though each satisfies some of the requirements, Hand 1 lacks probable and quick trick strength, 2 has only two suits stopped, 3 has a void suit, and therefore can't be bid except as a suit bid, and 4 lacks defensive strength against a suit bid.

Whenever a hand satisfies all four requirements for a suit bid and all four conditions of a no trump, a player has to choose between them, generally favoring a major bid above a no trump and giving a minor last consideration, unless it is a freakishly strong minor, excepting in the case of one method—the so-called approach system—which favors a sound suit bid of any kind rather than no trump practically whenever one is at all admissible. But unless all four requisites under one heading or the other are fulfilled, every system prescribes a pass on all hands excepting one type of freak which might be called "an all-purpose hand." This is generally described as "a hand containing four quick tricks in two suits, both of which are too short to bid." Such a hand is this:

♠ A K 2 ♥ A K 2 ♦ 4 3 2 ♣ 5 4 3 2

It contains four probable tricks at any declaration, and would justify an original bid under practically any system—no trump with most of them—and some would even bid it as one no trump if one or both of the strong short suits were minors. One sort of freak hand on which no sound player would bid originally, however, is the tremendous long suit without the necessary quick-trick strength, such as this:

♠ 3 2 ♥ 4 3 2 ♦ J 10 9 8 6 5 4 2 ♣ – –

Original bids of such hands sometimes cause partners to present hundreds of points to the opponents by doubles based partly on the quick-trick strength which is always guaranteed by an original bid—one of the very few cases in which "always" applies to bridge tactics. But if someone else opens the bidding, a second-round bid of the long suit after an original pass tells the partner exactly what kind of hand is held.

Higher Bids

THUS, on the question of whether "to bid or not to bid" originally, the various authorities are not far apart regarding the more important principles. But in putting the contract above the minimum stage—either by original bids on stronger than minimum hands or by partner's raises—the differences between systems are tremendous. All systems may be classified under two main headings—one called the natural or direct method, and the others artificial, indirect or conventional methods. There is, of course, only one natural or direct way to do anything, and any number of artificial or special ways. The latter are really based upon the former and are in one way or another departures from it, distinguished by the way in which they depart. To comprehend the latter clearly, it is almost essential to understand the former, some of whose exponents describe it as the common-sense method, some as straightaway and some as regulation bidding. Covering all the details of even one system requires from a hundred to several hundred pages in the books of most authorities, which the prospective advanced player may study with great profit, but the main characteristics of them all can be made clear in a rather brief summary.

1. The Natural Method

IN THIS system, undoubtedly practiced by the largest number of people, the foundational idea is "the stronger the hand the higher the bid." That applies to original bids and partner's raises with equal force.

Probable tricks, of value on the offensive, govern higher bids more than the defensive ones. Of the latter, two high-card tricks are guaranteed by a dealer's opening bid of one, three by any player's opener of two, and on higher bids only two, because the chances for the other side to play the hand are minimized if he has the probable trick power to open that high. The probable tricks guaranteed by a one bid are 4, by a two bid 6, a three bid 8, a four bid 10 almost assured, a five bid 11 almost assured. Thus partner needs 3 probable tricks to support a one bid safely and obtain the total of 7 needed to make the contract; he needs 2 to support a two bid, 1 to support a three bid, the barest fraction of a trick-taking chance to support a four or five bid. For every extra trick he holds above that expectancy he can raise his partner one, provided that in the case of a suit bid he has at least normal support for the suit—the ace and another card, king and another, or three cards—and does not have to consider a take-out into some other declaration, and that in the case of a no trump he has no reason to take-out into a suit. In the case of original suit bids of three or more, normal trump support is not essential, the bidder having guaranteed sufficient trumps for the side. Take-out principles apply practically the same as in auction, so far as suit bids are concerned, except that there is no such thing as a purely "weakness take-out" of either suit or no trump, every bid being a step forward toward the best final bid, and partner must not interpret any take-out as a disorderly retreat, as was sometimes justified in the older game.

There are various ways whereby partner of an original suit bidder may count his hand. One rates any ace as 5, king 3, queen 1, the ruffing possibilities of a blank suit 8, a singleton 4, a doubleton 1, four cards of partner's suit 1, and five cards of it 3, a king being promoted to 5 if held with its own ace, and a queen to 3 if held with either its own ace or king. By this method, 13 total count is usually required to raise a one bid to two, 17 to take it to three, 21 to take it to four, 8 to raise a two bid to three, and 12 to take it to four; one likely trick of any kind being enough for a raise from three to a game bid of four, or from four of a minor to a game bid of five, and one likely trick plus a good possibility to take a minor-three bid to a game bid of five. Following any such direct raise, or a take-out raise, the original bidder lifts the contract still higher if he possesses any additional probable-trick strength above the amount guaranteed by his first bid. In bidding for slams in a suit, the partners must supplement their trick counting by considering the fit of the hands to decide whether to risk an apparently sure game in pursuit of the elusive slam bonus.

In this system the tricks at no trump may be estimated on both original bidder's and partner's hands in several ways. According to the count method which rates an ace at 4, king 3, queen 2, jack 1 and two tens 1, whereby 13 is enough for Dealer to bid, 12 for Second Hand, 14 for Third Hand and 15 for Fourth Hand, the amounts for opening bids of two or more are the same in all positions at the table. A 17 count is considered sufficient for a two bid if all four suits are stopped, 19 being necessary when only three are protected. For a starter of three, the necessary count is 21, with all four suits stopped. Partner requires a 9 count to take a one bid to two, 12 to take it to three, and 6 to lift a two bid to three.

Partner requires 1 less opposite a third hand one bid and 2 less opposite a fourth-hander. When Partner has raised a one bid to two, original bidder goes to three with 2 more count than his first bid showed.

An original four bid, venturing toward a slam, shows 27, which Partner takes to five with a 6 count, to six with 8 and to seven with 11; a five bid shows 31, requiring 4 for Partner to make it six and 7 to bid grand slam; a six bid shows 34, which Partner makes seven with 4, and an original grand-slam bid requires 37. To jump a bid above the game point, for slam purposes, a player considers that his own count plus that already shown by Partner must equal a total of 30 for a raise to four, 33 for a boost to five, 33 to go to six and 38 to bid the grand slam.

2. Conventional Methods

PRACTICALLY all of the departures from the straightaway procedure are used in connection with hands which possess strength to support several different declarations. Special meanings are assigned to certain bids, proclaiming the kind and grade of hand held, and obligating the partner to make certain responses with particular types of hands. This, of course, necessitates the partner's knowing the exact meaning of these bids, some of which imply the absolute reverse of what they seem to. Systems employing them are grouped under three main headings, each of which possesses several variations. They may be best identified as: A, the Vanderbilt, or One-Club System; B, the Absolute Demand System; and, C, the Partial Demand System.

A. The Vanderbilt, or One-Club System

AN ORIGINAL bid of one club announces a hand possessing at least three quick tricks. It says nothing about the club holding; there may be many clubs or none. It commands Partner to bid, even though his hand be worthless; if he has less than two quick tricks he must bid one diamond. This response says nothing whatever about his diamond holding, but merely denies possession of two quick tricks. However, if he has as much as two quick tricks, he replies with a natural bid in his best declaration—suit or no trump; but if he wants to make a natural response in diamonds, he must bid two of them. Following a natural response, regulation bidding is restored between the partners and thereafter no artificial conventions are used in connection with the hand; but when the denial response of one diamond has been made, the original bidder, of course, is obliged to make a natural bid of his own unless by coincidence diamonds happen to be his best declaration, in which event he may go higher or not as his hand justifies.

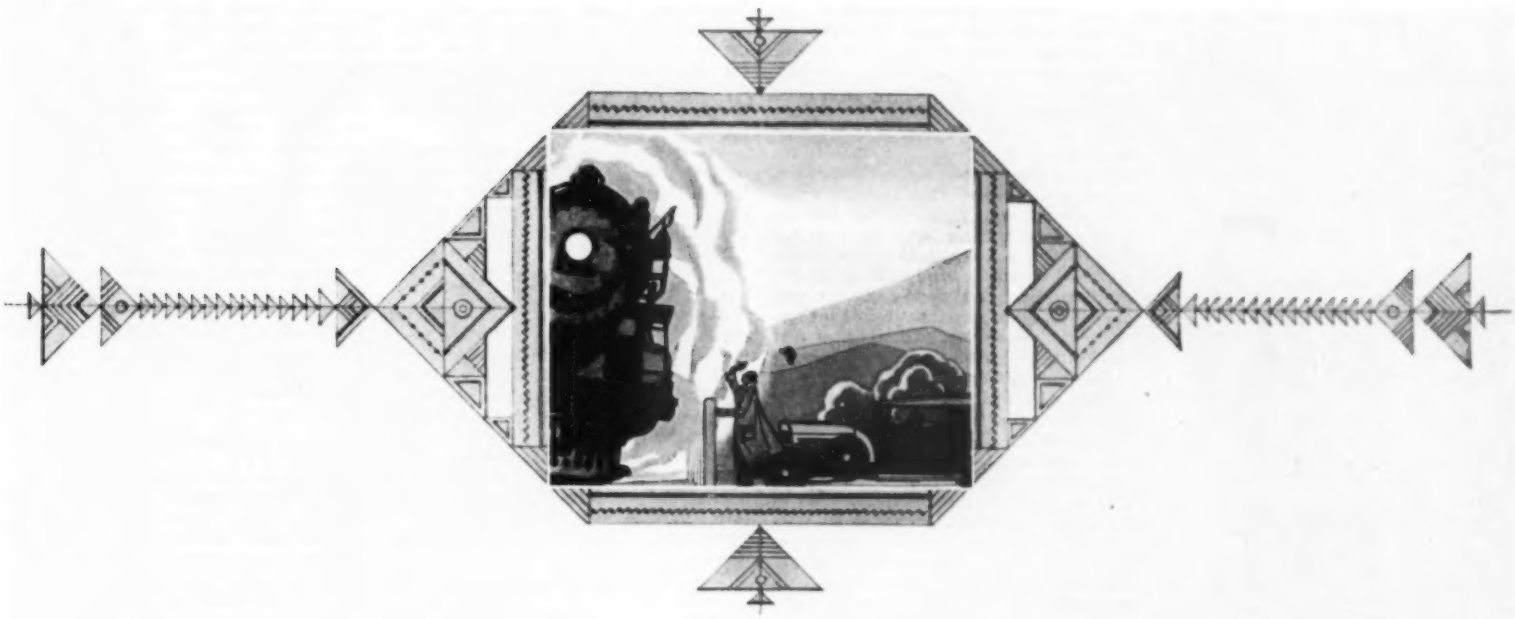
The one-club bid always shows strength in either two or three suits. Hence this system does not admit of a no-trump original bid unless all four suits are stopped. Beyond these differences, regulation or natural bidding is employed.

The variations of the system are chiefly in amount of strength shown by a one-club bid. Some players require four tricks, some five; in which event they are employing it chiefly to disclose slam possibilities in the two hands. Some, instead of showing quick tricks with the bid, reveal what they call "top tricks"—counting only aces and ace kings.

B. The Absolute-Demand System

ORIGINAL one bids in either a suit or no trump are normal. Original suit bids of two proclaim great strength, with game practically certain and slam likely if partner holds a good hand. The minimum requirement for these bids is generally about five quick tricks or the equivalent of eight probable tricks so distributed that there is strength for

(Continued on Page 64)



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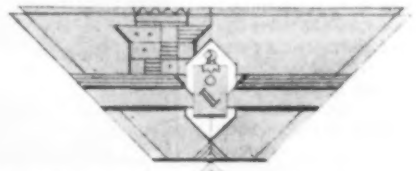

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(Continued from Page 62)

several declarations. Such bids constitute an absolute command to partner to bid. Though he have not a solitary high card and no long suit, he, nevertheless, must say something. To indicate a worthless hand, he bids two no trumps as a denial, which passes the responsibility back to the original bidder to name his best declaration and go as far as seems safe opposite a useless dummy. But if the partner has any kind of values in his hand, he must bid them. This convention is to enable the holder of the strong hand to know what is the best suit of the partner, also to give himself a chance sometimes to bid the second suit of a two-suiter, so that the partners can learn how the hands fit.

The forcing-bid principle is used likewise in connection with responses by partner to any bid, whether the bid be of one or more. If the response is "one more than necessary," such as a bid of two spades over one heart or three diamonds over one spade, the original bidder is thereby commanded to bid again and name a different declaration from his original one, if he can. Some players of this system do not consider a raise of two in the original suit as forcing, but only as strength showing, and all consider any raise of "two or more higher than necessary" to be a direct shower of the hand's strength without any demand upon partner.

A feature which has recently been adopted by some demand bidders is the raise of "one over one." By means of this, whenever an original bid of one of a suit has been made, the partner can compel a further bid from him by bidding one in a higher-ranking suit; in this event, a raise to two would not be forcing. If this convention is employed a bid of one heart over partner's one diamond would be forcing, but two hearts over it would not. It would, of course, be impossible to bid "one over one" if the partner started with a spade, in which event a three bid would force him.

Bids or raises of more than the amount prescribed as forcers are preëmptive in nature, indicating hands containing the necessary probable tricks but of slight value at any other declaration than the one named. Original no-trump bids of more than one are not forcing in character either. They proclaim ability to play the hand at no trump.

C. The Partial-Demand System

The chief difference between this and the absolute-demand method lies in the fact that partner is really not obliged to bid in response to any call. He simply must reply if he can. To do so, he must have some kind of strength in his hand; without any, he must pass. An original two bid in this system is made on a smaller amount of strength than in the absolute-demand method, some players requiring three and a half quick tricks and seven probable tricks, and others amounts ranging up to four and a half quick tricks.

This strength is not enough to stand a two no-trump denial on a worthless hand by partner, which would force the first bidder to a call of three of his best declaration. His partner must have something to be able to respond, the amount depending in inverse ratio on the strength shown by the original bid. If the two bid showed three and a half quick tricks and seven probable tricks, the partner must have approximately one probable trick to bid. If it showed four and a half, then all the partner requires is the slightest likelihood of a trick anywhere in the hand. It is highly important for partners to know the exact amount of strength to be shown by these semidemand bids if they are to be used, for the lower the power revealed by them, the more the partner needs to answer.

Raises of one more than necessary have the same semidemand nature in this system, and should not be made except with hands strong enough to support a forced response from partner with a hand containing the merest shade of additional strength above that disclosed by the original bid. In the matter of jump take-outs under this system, two entirely different methods are used. One considers a raise of one more than necessary in a new suit to be a revealer of more strength than a direct lift of two in the same suit; the other simply reverses this idea.

As in the case of the absolute-demand method, this system also considers original bids of three or more, or raises of three or more to be preëmptive, indicating little value in any other declaration.

Variations

All the other methods in use today among players of note are mere variations of those given, or else combinations of different features of them. Some few combine the one-club method with the use of demand raises of one more than necessary. Some make those raises absolute forcers but use the original-suit two bids as semiforcers. Some use an original bid of two clubs instead of one club as a conventional shower of high-card strength, usually about five quick tricks being revealed by it for slam purposes.

Slam Bidding

There is one arbitrary convention which means practically the same thing in any contract system. That is an overcall with a suit bid by an opponent, if partner has already bid. Thus, when a partner has bid one diamond, a bid of two hearts on top of an opponent's bid of one heart conveys this special message: "Partner, I have a powerful hand, which looks like a slam; I have no losing cards of the hostile suit, am either void of it or have the singleton ace or doubleton king-queen; it looks like sure game and possible slam." Such a bid is considered a slam signal in any method, and positively forces a reply from partner.

Another slam signal common to all systems is making a voluntary bid of more than game. The logic of this is obvious, for there could be no other reason why a player would bid more than game voluntarily. However, if such a bid is made in the face of game bidding by the opponents, it carries no slam implications; then its purpose is generally defensive, either in an effort to take the contract away from the foe or else to thwart them by forcing them beyond their limit into a set, or possibly a sacrifice bid to take a penalty knowingly rather than let them make a sure game or slam.

There are several other conventional slam signals. One prescribes that, whenever a player has raised his partner's bid—thus both having bid the same suit—the declaration for the side is fixed and any bid of a different suit is an ace shower. By ace showing is meant the bidding of a suit for the sole purpose of telling partner about possessing the ace of it, to help him in his slam calculations. Some even bid a void suit to show that they will not lose any tricks in that particular suit. These conventions are used by considerable numbers of players, though the great majority do not employ them. Those who show aces and void suits with their bids sometimes have still another slam signal to invite such action—the use of a demand or forcing bid in reply to partner's similar class of bid. More players, however, merely use trick counting and natural inferences regarding the fit of the hands, based on bidding already done, to guide them into the slam goal if one is in sight. All seem to be more wary than a year ago about bidding slams and thereby risking likely game unless the slam appears certain.

Hamilton Walk, University of Pennsylvania Campus, Philadelphia, Pa.

Goulashes

In treating these freak hands—in which the unshuffled cards of a pass-out are dealt first five cards to each player, five again, and then three—all authorities counsel caution and preparedness to find all the outstanding trumps or cards of some long suit bunched in a single hand. They also have caused the reversal of one old convention of play. With goulashes, the lead of an ace does not deny possession of a king, but is used to obviate the danger of partner being void of the suit and ruffing the king. Any player who dislikes goulashes because they aggrandize luck and minimize skill should remember that the laws empower him to protest against their play; consent of a majority of the four players is required in order to play a goulash legally, and many consider that the optional provision requires the unanimous consent of all concerned.

Conclusion

A player who understands general bidding tactics and hand valuation, and who familiarizes himself with the various conventional methods outlined, is then ready for any partner. But before he can safely use the other man's system, he must have the answer to these questions:

1. How much strength do you show with a minimum original bid?
2. Do you use regulation straightaway bidding, without any demand bids or other special conventions meaning something different from what they seem to? If he answers yes, you need ask no more questions, but if not, then proceed with the others.
3. Do you use the Vanderbilt, or one-club convention? Or the new two-club convention? If so, how much strength do you show with it, and with any reply except a diamond denial?
4. Do you use original two bids of a suit as absolute demands, requiring a no-trump response as a denial of strength? If so, how much strength is shown by the two bid and how much by any answer except the denial?
5. Are raises of one more than necessary absolute demands? In the same suit or a different suit, or both?
6. Do you count a bid of "one over one" an absolute demand?
7. Do you use original two bids as partial demands, calling for a pass with a weak hand? If so, how much strength do the bids show and how much is needed by partner to avoid passing?
8. Are raises of one more than necessary partial demands? In the same suit or a different suit or both?
9. Do you employ ace showing and void-suit bidding for slam purposes after a slam signal? If so, is a bid for more than game your only definite slam signal? Is a bid of some other suit, after we both have bid the same suit, considered an ace shower and a slam signal? Do you consider a forcing raise, after an original forcing bid, to be a slam signal?

With these problems settled, you are well prepared for your new partner on the most important matters wherein systems differ, and you will be able to talk his language without risk of serious misunderstanding. And you are also ready for any opponent if you bear in mind your ethical right to ask him about any bid you do not understand: "Has that bid any conventional meaning?" If it has and he refuses to explain, he is guilty of the arch crime of bridge—use of a secret convention.

EVEREADY PACKAGED ELECTRICITY

LIGHT In a flashlight, these little Eveready cells will flood the darkest cellar with light. Long-lasting light! Exceptionally bright light. Light that makes feeble flashlights perk up. Talk about daylight saving! You mean "Eveready"!

POWER Eveready Dry Cells are the most industrious packages of super-power you ever saw! Spark—spark—zowie! They'll tickle slow motors into starting at the first turn of the fly-wheel. They make doorbells and buzzers just yell for joy!

RADIO Eveready Layerbilt "B" Batteries use flat cells that fit close together. No waste space—no awkward round cells. More efficient because contacts are direct, eliminating 89 unnecessary wire-connections.

All Evereadys are dated—your guarantee of fresh, full-powered batteries

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Oils from the as widely as razor-blades

As you know, a razor-blade, a pen-knife, a chisel and a butter-knife—all edge-tools—may be made from exactly the same ingot of pig iron.

But maybe you don't realize that many different lubricating oils may be made from any one crude—and that they may differ as widely as razor-blades and butter-knives.

Therefore, when an oil is recommended for your engine just because it is made from a particular crude oil, you will do well to reply, "The crude base doesn't mean very much to me. How is the oil *made? How can I be sure it is correct for my engine?*"

Lubrication value in an oil depends on the knowledge and manufacturing skill *with* which it is made.

THE FOUR TASKS OF A CORRECTLY PROPORTIONED OIL

To be correctly proportioned for your engine, an oil must do four vitally important things. In Mobiloil, *all* these properties are present in correct proportion for your engine.

Carbon Control—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.

Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.

Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear and keeps the first-year feel in your engine.

Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of exhaust valves, and clogging of oiling system.

No *crude* oil contains the necessary oil properties in exactly the right proportion to accomplish these four important tasks. And even if there were such a crude, the oil properties as well as their proportions would be changed by the manufacturing processes.

Make this Chart your Guide

This abbreviated chart shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for most passenger cars. You will find the complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	...	...	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...	...	...
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8-75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" other models	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	...	...	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...
" 8-80	...	...	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (other models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	...	...	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" 60, 69, 80	...	...	...	...	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	...	...	...	...
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (all models)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...
" other models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	...	...	...	...
" other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	...	...	...	...

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil

same crude may differ

and butter-knives!

That is why a dozen different manufacturers, using exactly the same crude, could produce a dozen widely different oils, *all* of which might lack one or more of the desired properties.

MOBILOIL SCIENTISTS START WITH THE LUBRICATION PROBLEM

The makers of Mobiloil do not start with a particular crude. They start with the lubricating problem.

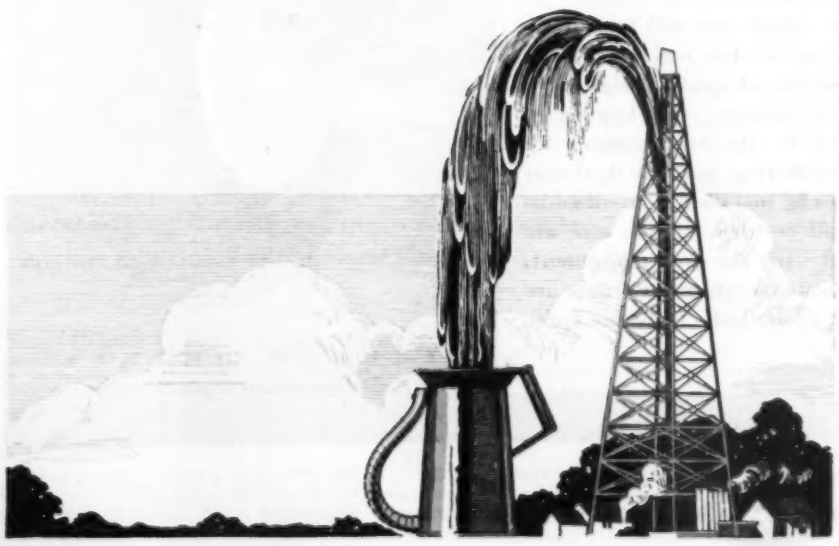
"What proportion of the necessary oil properties is necessary for the efficient lubrication of, say, a Chevrolet engine, or a Buick engine, or a Ford engine, or a Franklin engine?"

The answer to that question determines both the crudes to be selected and the processes to be used.

The makers of Mobiloil can be so specific—and you can be so sure—because the makers of Mobiloil have spent sixty-four years making correctly proportioned oils for every lubricating purpose. They choose those crudes which, when properly processed, *produce* correct proportion and a full-duty oil. That is why the Mobiloil Chart is the outstanding guide to correct lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Mobiloil



4 WELL-KNOWN OILS ARE MADE FROM THE SAME CRUDE. SEE HOW THEY DIFFER.

A big chemical company needed a large supply of motor oil. So its chemists made exhaustive tests of 20 oils.

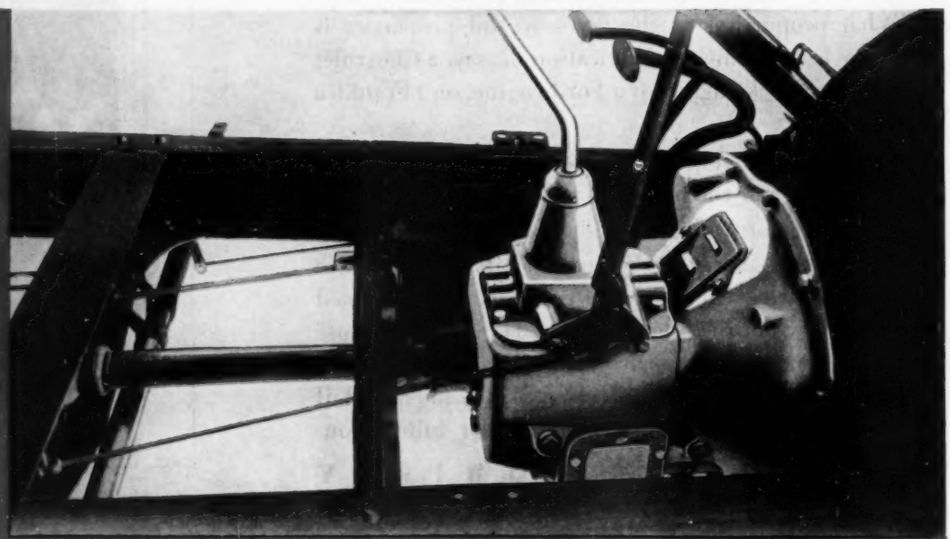
Four of the 20 had been made from the same type of crude and had been recommended for the *same cars*. Yet here is what the chemists found—*about the olefin content which controls the oily character of the oils:*

Oil No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
31%	35%	43%	63%

Obviously, where such differences occur in oils made from the same crude, no one can safely judge the lubricating quality of an oil solely by its crude base. It is the *manufacturing* which controls lubricating quality and lubricating efficiency.

New features of the FORD TRUCK increase its economy and performance...

4-SPEED TRANSMISSION
A wide range of speed and power



THE STRENGTH and simplicity of the Ford truck chassis provide a high degree of reliability, insuring long, satisfactory service, with marked economy. Of equal importance is the ability of the truck to do hard work easily, quickly and safely.

Many features of the Ford truck add to its capable performance. Among them is the 4-speed transmission, which gives a wide, flexible range of speed and power. This is of special value for pulling heavy loads out of pits, and for economical operation when greater speed is desirable.

An unusual degree of safety is provided by the brakes. They are of the mechanical type, internal expanding, and all are fully enclosed. Brakes on the front wheels have been enlarged to the same size as those on the rear, giving increased braking area. The redesigned controls operate with greater efficiency.

Other features which you will find of exceptional value are the new rear axle, which has a spiral bevel gear of special design, with straddle-mounted pinion; the large-sized opening provided in the transmission for power take-off mounting, and the dual rear wheels which can be installed at small additional cost. Balloon tires of one size are used throughout with the dual equipment, so that all six steel disc wheels and tires are interchangeable all around. Only one spare need be carried.

LARGER BRAKES
Providing a greater degree of safety

Ford

CHILDREN CAN'T UNDERSTAND

(Continued from Page 11)

He drained his glass in the suddenly renewed uproar.

High above the din, Mrs. Woodbury's soprano rose, higher and higher.

"Didn't I tell you!" she screamed. "It just was his surly hour! After a few drinks he always has to have one; don't you, Harry?"

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, drew back from the opening, grimacing.

"Now she's kissin' him," he announced coldly. "I hate that."

Barry drew back too. He eyed his brother earnestly. "Jock," he asked, "what is a bootlegger?"

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, didn't know exactly. "Some friend of daddy's, I guess," he concluded vaguely.

The radio hummed, squawked and burst into a fast fox trot. Somebody suggested coffee in a loud voice. Acclaiming shouts immediately followed. The slit emptied itself of life.

Barry stirred his cramped limbs. "Jock, I'm getting tired," he complained.

But somebody was again in the picture. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, waved his free hand for silence. His brother drew close.

"Who is the little man without any hair, Jock?"

Jock did not know. His lips, dyed with the yellow light from the slit, wrinkled in distaste. "He was here once before," he appended. "When you were at Aunt Etta's. He—he wore little leggings on his shoes."

Barry nodded.

Down before the flickering fire the little man was teetering back and forth on his shiny little feet as he sipped his drink.

"Well, Pettigrew, what have you decided?"

The twins watched their father finish his glass, place it on the long table behind the couch and smile apologetically.

"Sorry, Morris, but I've decided not to go in with you. You see, it's this way," he went on. "I've an institution on my hands—wife, kids, home. Twenty thousand in cash represents just about all of my liquid estate and—and besides ——"

The little man waved his glass. "Go on, Pettigrew. Be frank."

"—— the fact is I talked it over with Burnham down at the bank. He—he's conservative, of course—but he thought it—well, frankly, Morris, he told me it was too risky for a man in my position." The twins watched their father light a cigarette and toss the burning match into the grate. "Just—just getting a good start and all that sort of thing."

The man called Morris smiled, walked over to the table and, picking up the empty glass, walked out of the picture. When he returned a few moments later, the glasses he carried glowed with yellow amber light. Silently he held one of the glasses out. They drank in silence. Presently the little man laughed.

"Burnham, eh? Well, why shouldn't he be a Careful Carrie? In the first place, as you say, he is a banker, and, secondly, he don't understand how I stand in relation to the proposition. I'm on the inside, Pettigrew. I know. Burnham is only guessing. But it's your affair, of course. . . . Another little spot?"

"What makes them all so thirsty?" hissed Pettigrew the younger.

"It's the party, silly."

"But ——"

The man named Morris was back again. He handed one glass to his companion and held the other up to the light.

"Too bad," he mused. "Naturally, I thought you would jump at the chance. This makes me feel as if I have imposed business on friendship. Shady deal on trusted friend an' all that. Sorry. Here's how."

"If there was no Alice, or no Jock and Barry ——" The twins listened to the words trail off as their father replaced his empty glass on the table.

Mr. Morris smacked his lips. "Great bootlegger you have, Pettigrew."

"Isn't he?" The twins watched their father's face light up.

"He looks just like that day he came home an' told mamma he was elected a vice president," Barry whispered.

"Great stuff," went on Mr. Morris.

"A fine fellow—Costello," the twins heard their father go on enthusiastically. "A real gentleman. A real merchandiser too. We're all mighty proud of Costello down at the shop. Couldn't get along without him."

Mr. Morris looked down into his empty glass and sighed regretfully.

"Another spot, old man?"

"Don't mind if I do. To your friend Costello, eh? Mind giving me his phone number? I get good stuff, but nothing like the stuff you're serving here tonight."

The twins watched Mr. Morris make a note in a little book and their father return with freshly replenished glasses.

"Here's to the prince of bootleggers," offered Mr. Morris.

"I guess the way daddy looks he likes to have his friends praised," suggested Barry earnestly. "Don't you think, Jock?"

"Of course he does, foolish," said his elder brother scornfully. "Don't we feel that way about Buddy Prince?" Then, with the touch of superiority that only advanced age can endow speech with: "That's how people always feel about pals—like machine gunners."

"Oh," said Barry meekly.

The twins watched their father walk slowly over to the glowing fire and eye its warmth uncertainly.

"Alice and the kids," he muttered.

"Forget it, Pettigrew," Mr. Morris commanded genially. "Maybe Burnham was right, after all. Maybe this thing is too risky for you. After all, 4 per cent and safety ——"

"Four hundred a year doesn't go very far," said Mr. Pettigrew moodily.

"It won't buy much of this kind of stuff," the little man named Morris admitted frankly.

"A chap has to keep up his end," flared Pettigrew, senior.

"Sure, he does," acknowledged the broker. "It's all part of the game. Like paying for educations, travel, clothes, entertainment—everything."

The twins watched their father finger his empty glass. Finally they heard him say, more to the fire than to his companion:

"After all, Burnham did say you were absolutely honest, even if you were a born gambler."

The man named Morris laughed heartily. His face was growing redder. "Of course I am," he boasted loudly. "Where'd I be today if I wasn't? Would I be driving imported motor cars? Would I be Palm Beaching three months a year? But forget about it, Pettigrew. If I didn't like you personally, I wouldn't have invited you in. Some other time maybe ——"

"I—I ——"

"Suppose we see what the crowd is doing, Pettigrew. . . . Well, one more thimbleful then."

The twins watched their father go out of the picture and then return.

"What makes daddy's eyes so bright, Jock?"

"Sh—sh—sh."

Pettigrew, senior, was holding his glass aloft. It swayed like a golden cylinder. Mr. Morris' face was scarlet.

"Morris," the twins heard their father announce, "I've changed my mind. Here's a toast! To hell with Burnham! Under the hatch!"

"What makes daddy's voice so funny?" hissed Barry.

"I guess," explained his elder brother oracularly, "he gets his tongue caught on something."

"You're sure, Pettigrew? I mean ——"

It was Mr. Pettigrew's turn to laugh. He matched the little broker's mirth for loudness.

"Of course I'm sure," he asserted loosely. "Come on, let's join the crowd."

The twins watched the firelight play on the deserted picture for several minutes. Then John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, drew carefully away from the slit. He was frowning.

"Barry," he said, "let's go back to bed."

But Barry had a question that was troubling him. He asked it in a hushed tone: "Jock, do you think that—that man is a smarter man than daddy?"

"Of course he isn't," said Jock loyally. "Come on. Look out for the paper basket."

From below, and beyond the billiard room, came the noisy c' tter of many voices. With Barry as a stiffened rearguard, John Chilton, 2d, made his way around the screen. Straight ahead, twenty feet down along the dark blue hall runner, was the nursery door. Apparently the coast was clear.

"I guess we can stand up now," he said.

Then, before either twin could move, a woman's voice drifted up from the living room.

"Don't be a fool, Barney," it said.

"That's mamma," breathed Barry into his brother's ear, and gripped the flannel shoulder which loomed before him with tense fingers.

"Not a fool," denied another voice owlishly. "Wise man."

"That's Mr. Clark, Jock. What's he talking to mamma that way for?"

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, shook his head briefly. His mother was laughing. Uncle Barney was daddy's partner. A tall man, whose mustache turned up at the ends and who always wore a little gold horse in his necktie. The laugh had a funny little catch in it, as if mother was out of breath. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, set his small jaw grimly.

"Please, Barney. If some of the others come in —— Why do you always get this sort of a complex?"

"Is love a complex?" demanded the same male voice owlishly.

"What's a complex, Jock?"

"Shut up!" commanded John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d. His mother was laughing again, in the same funny way.

"Of course it is. Yours is a Scotch-whisky love complex, Barney. Tomorrow you'll be —— Please, Barney! Go back to the others. There's that intriguing new widow with the corn-colored hair. Please!"—breathlessly. "I must go and see the children. . . . I'll call Pet if you try ——"

About to pull his brother hastily down the hall, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, stiffened suddenly at his mother's last words.

"Don't be a fool, Alice. You know how I feel. You know why I followed you out here. I love ——"

"I must go and see the children."

"What makes mother's voice so shaky, Jock?"

"I'll come with you."

"But, Barney, you can't. You'll wake them. Really ——"

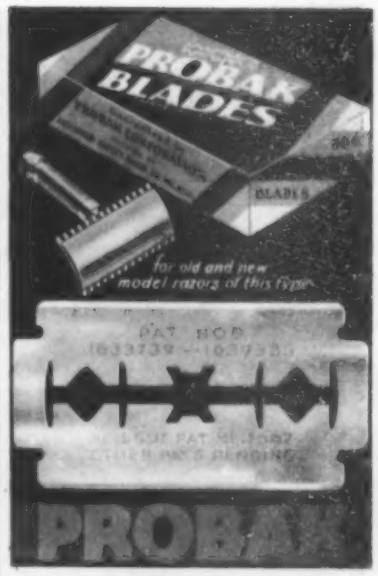
"I will. I'll ——"

A scuffle, a smothered nervous laugh, and suddenly there were flying steps on the stair. Flying steps which found immediate echo in a pair of pursuing feet. About to call upon Barry to streak it, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, suddenly decided to meet the situation as he stood.

"Don't you make a breath, Barry," he ordered.

Standing, braced like two doughty tars on a storm-swept deck, the Pettigrew twins watched the rest of the scene with wide eyes. Leaping unsteadily up the stairs behind their scudding mother came Uncle Barney, breathing noisily. He caught her in the hall just before the door of her room,

(Continued on Page 71)



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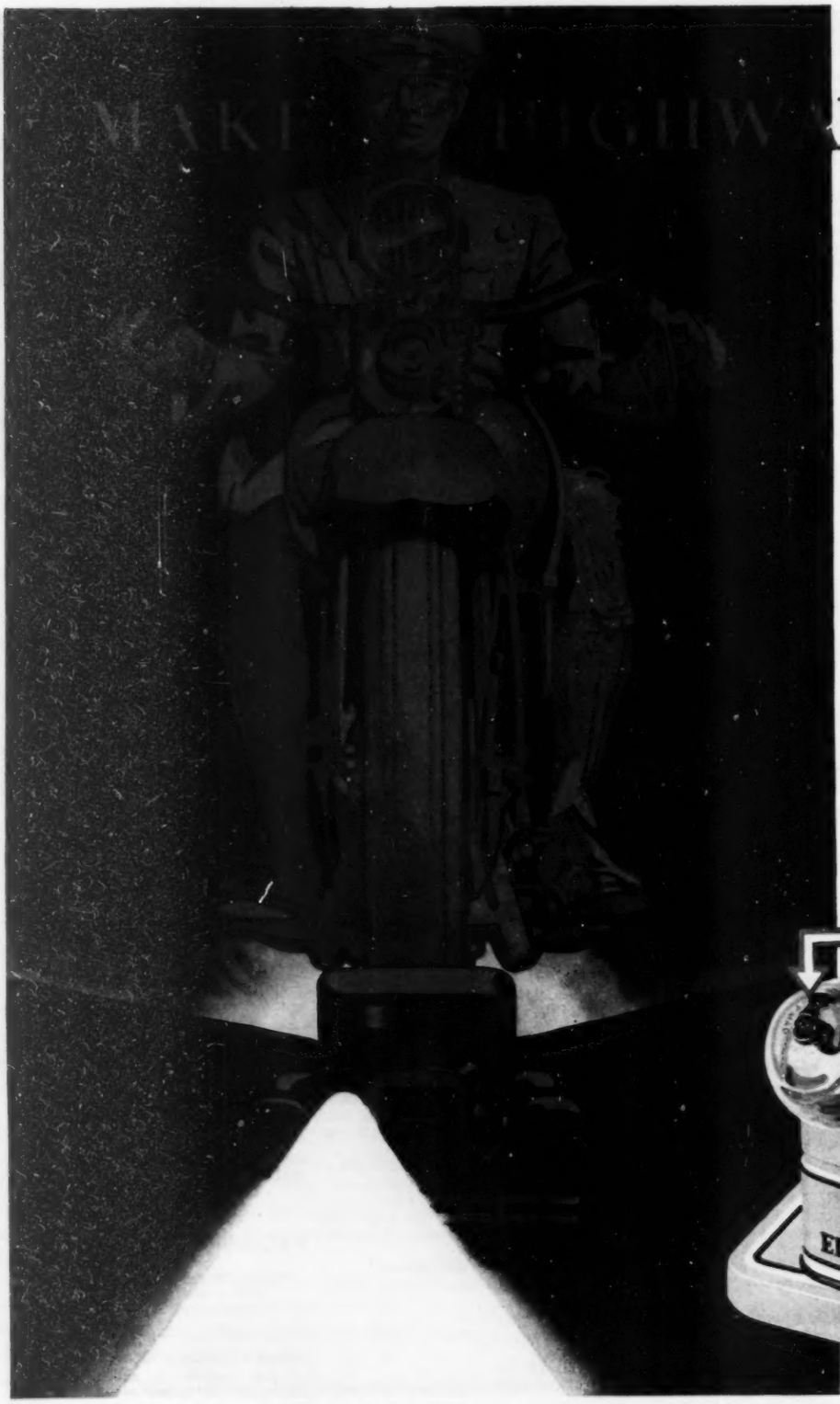

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 69)

his long legs—unsteady as they were—taking full advantage of the long, flowing skirt of billowing chiffon. John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, stifled a frightened cry forming in Barry's throat with a clamped palm.

"I'll take care of this," he hissed.

The Pettigrew twins watched Uncle Barney wrap his long arms around their mother's shoulders and laugh.

"All hands aft to board!" he shouted. "The prize is ours!"

And he laughed again.

In the light from the lamp on the hall table John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, could see his mother's flushed face and hear her saying, over and over again, "I'll scream, Barney. I'll scream, Barney."

In the same light he could see Uncle Barney's face drawing closer to his mother's—grinning. Closer and closer. Closer.

Then, with his small jaw cut off like the corner of a rectangle, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, reached down and took the edge of the dark-blue runner in two small grim fists and gave it a mighty tug.

"There," he said thickly, "I guess that'll show you."

Uncle Barney was lying in a tangled pile of legs and dark-blue runner, saying things which sounded pretty bad. A door—mother's door—had slammed and, behind it, mamma was laughing in that same funny, jerky way. As John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, waited, Uncle Barney untangled himself from the runner and arose slowly. As the Pettigrew twins watched, he brushed the dust from his trouser legs and then, still grinning, walked slowly toward the stairs. As his sleek black head passed below the balcony level, John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, reached out and took his brother's hand.

"Let's go to bed," he suggested.

Twenty minutes later, when the door of the nursery opened softly, his mother found John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, staring solemnly into the velvet dark. She cuddled him tenderly.

"What's keeping you awake, Jock?" she whispered anxiously. "The noisy party?"

The elder of the Pettigrew twins shook his head. "I was thinking," he said briefly.

"Of what, Jock dear?" his mother wanted to know.

"Oh, just things," John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, told her vaguely.

With the Pettigrew family, breakfast was a family institution which began promptly at eight o'clock. On the morning following the party which celebrated the seventh wedding anniversary of John Chilton Pettigrew, bachelor, and Alice Barrett Sigler, spinster, the head of the Clan Pettigrew descended to his morning meal unaccompanied by his usual cheery whistle.

He found his wife at her grapefruit.

"Some anniversary, eh?" He grinned.

Alice Pettigrew held her lips up for her morning kiss with a little grimace.

"'Some' is right," she admitted.

"Wasn't Ada Woodbury a scream?"

His wife nodded. "Did you tell Morris you were going to stay out?"

John Chilton Pettigrew stared down into the yellow heart of his fruit. "The fact is, I've changed my mind; I'm going in."

"But Burnham ——"

Her husband took water. "Burnham's an old fogy, but even he admits Morris is as straight as a die."

"But, dear ——"

John Chilton Pettigrew took more water. "I've promised," he said curtly.

"Was that wise, Pet?"

"I've promised," her husband answered her doggedly. "Have a good time?"

"So-so. Barney Clark made love to me, as usual. Followed me upstairs when I went to look at the children and tried to kiss me."

John Chilton Pettigrew, a section of grapefruit halfway to his mouth, laughed good-humoredly.

"A great egg—Barney. Love and Scotch go hand in hand with him. How'd you get away from him?"

His wife sipped her black coffee appreciatively before replying; then she smiled. "He slipped on the rug and I slammed our door in his face."

John Chilton Pettigrew laughed again. "What a blow to the great lover," he chortled. "I'll bet his mouth tastes like a motorman's glove this morning."

Then the twins came in, hand in hand, as usual.

Ten minutes later the head of the Clan Pettigrew lit a cigarette and took up the morning paper. A moment later the rest of the clan saw him drop his cigarette and whistle in amazement.

"What do you know about that!" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Pettigrew leaned forward: "What is it?"

"It's—it's the people across the street—the Princes."

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, sat suddenly erect.

"What happened to them, Pet?"

Her husband dropped the paper on the table.

"A Federal grand jury indicted Prince yesterday afternoon. It seems that this perfumery company that he was the head of was nothing more than a blind to divert alcohol. He ——"

Mrs. Pettigrew, her blue eyes wide, stared unbelievingly. "You—you mean that Mr. Prince ——"

"Is nothing more or less than a high-grade bootlegger."

"But, Pet dear ——"

"Can you beat that? A bootlegger right across the street!"

Mrs. Pettigrew continued to stare. "But, Pet dear, it can't be. Why—why, the children were going over there this afternoon to a birthday party they were having for their little boy."

"Well, they won't go now," said John Chilton Pettigrew.

"Of course not," agreed his wife, and shivered.

"I like Buddy Prince," said John Chilton Pettigrew suddenly from over his porridge. "And so does Barry. Don't you, Barry?"

"He's a pal," said Barry simply.

"You children don't understand. You can't. You see, Buddy's father is a criminal and ——"

"But you said he was a bootlegger," objected John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, his brow furrowed.

His father nodded. "A bootlegger," he began, "is somebody that breaks the law just like a—a ——"

"But ——"

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, did not put the rest of his objection into words. He couldn't—very well. He looked at Barry. Barry was staring at his father. Long after his father had left the table, he sat staring down into his porridge.

"Why aren't you eating, Jock?" his mother demanded finally.

John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, looked across the breakfast table at his younger brother and signed a silent pact.

"I was just thinking," he said briefly.

"Of what, Jock dear?" his mother wanted to know.

"Oh, just things," John Chilton Pettigrew, 2d, told her vaguely.

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THE WALKING STICK

(Continued from Page 27)

his own community. Once, in his earnestness, he let slip a flash of something luminous—insight, a clear reaction to his own experience of the modern world; but he checked himself, grinned deprecatingly, got safely back into the groove. He mustn't presume to teach.

Why? Why? Men couldn't all be equals. Why shouldn't the strong ones, the ones whose minds had wings, strike out and bring back something for the rest of them?

Oh, not in words; Fred Harper didn't think in words; he only felt things—flashes. Something invisible, intangible, pressing down; here and there a flash of personality breaking through, instantly stifled, covered with jocularity, reduced to a monotone that fitted everybody.

The meeting broke up in a babble of jocularity, and Gene Harris was in his element, beaming, slapping backs, joking with everybody.

Fred Harper took his yellow stick and plodded to the station to meet Rosika. He didn't know he had it in his hand; he had got used to it; in New York, of course, nobody noticed walking sticks. But this was Mumford. A pool-room loafer jeered in a high falsetto, "Oh, Clarence!" Fred Harper didn't resent it; he knew it wasn't personal. But he didn't grin, and he didn't try to ignore the jeer. He met the loafer's eye, not angrily, but coolly, and the man got uncomfortable and looked away.

When you did that, of course, you were high hat; you alienated people. It didn't matter. He didn't belong here.

There was a large blue automobile at the station, Mrs. D. Edward Worsham in it, Ann standing by it on the platform. Fred Harper grinned and hurried up as if it were a pleasant meeting. Ann did look happy; her dear quiet laughter made him sure that he was safe, this time. She couldn't see through the mask of jocularity. She held his hand, unconsciously, just as she would have done five years ago; and they made comradely conversation, mostly about Gene Harris.

"Gene's a comer," he said warmly, "no doubt about that. They tell me he's doubled the business since he took hold."

Mrs. Worsham reciprocated graciously, "We're glad to see you gettin' ahead, too, Freddie. I don't suppose it pays much yet, but the concert business is better than a café, ain't it?"

"Yes'm."

"This Miss Yancey you're travelin' with—is she your—the same one we saw in that Greenwich Village dive?"

"Yes'm."

"I'm so glad it turned out to be a good partnership."

"Good," he admitted unresentfully, "for me. She's the musician; I'm just the hod-carrier. Well, here's the train."

"You'll stay over for the weddin'?"

"Afraid I can't. When is it?"

Mrs. Worsham was surprised. "Didn't you get your invitation? Day after tomorrow."

"Sorry. We'll be in Terre Haute."

Ann, still holding his hand, was looking alertly along the train for her alighting guests. Mrs. Worsham urged, "Can't you run back for it?"

"Lay off, mother," said Ann, laughing. "He's a trouper now. I'll be too dizzy to know who's present, anyway. . . . On with the show, kid! Good luck, if I don't see you again. These are hectic days."

She kissed him lightly, merrily, and ran to meet her guests. Rosika was getting down just opposite the Worsham automobile; Fred Harper felt Mrs. Worsham preparing to be gracious.

He didn't mind. He knew Rosika looked exotic to Mumford eyes, but it didn't matter. She was all in black, close-muffled, only a flash of scarlet lips and olive cheek showing between hat and collar; a close hat almost hid one eye, so that the other looked somehow bold and at the same time surreptitious; her hands had a quick and graceful arrogance. Fred Harper said, "You remember Mrs. Worsham, don't you, Rosika?" and the wicked eye swept that large lady with a careless glance.

"I am sor-ry. I do not re-mem-ber. . . . Boy! Be not so stupid, please. My bags!"

As a gifted foreigner she could afford to be temperamental. It was good publicity. A ripple of attention followed them. The taxi driver grinned behind Rosika's back, "Hot dog! Home, Freddie, or the hotel?" Of course there was more than one hotel, but the driver knew Fred Harper knew which one was "the" hotel. The clerk at the Grand shut a waggish eye and grinned, "Some baby! Just remember, kid, we got a reputation!"

Fred Harper did what was expected of him. He was jocular.

Standardized, all standardized. There was a section of the community that was expected to be interested in culture; it was led by the ladies of the Mumford Evening Musicale. That evening, waiting offstage with the soulful ladies of the committee, he caught a scornful flash from Rosika's eyes that said, "What do these women actually know or care about what they're saying?" But he only grinned. A good mask, jocularity.

Row after row of smiling masks, of hands that fluttered mechanically for Rosika, speeding up a little for the home-town boy. A standard look of deference that spread on the audience as Rosika lifted her violin. You were supposed to be respectful to good music, no matter how much it bored you.

The auditorium was lighted. There was a single row where dinner coats and evening dresses gathered for mutual protection against the sin of difference. There was Mrs. Worsham, a gracious hostess; Mr. Worsham, a dapper, genial host; people between them that Fred Harper didn't know.

Ann wasn't there. Gene Harris wasn't there.

Well, who are you to care, you empty bum? Keep your hands moving. Do what you're paid to do. Strike, like a dumb machine, the notes that fit into Rosika's music. Stand up and bow; Rosika's looking at you. Sit down. Keep your hands moving. Ann's slim, cool fingers held that hand this afternoon. Cool, friendly hands. Warm, hearty hands. . . . Let your fool brain be still. See how Rosika's building up a dream, too clear and beautiful to be real. Music's the only reality you'll ever know. Play! Play!

Follow Rosika off the stage. She knows she hasn't touched 'em; she won't give an encore. Now you must play alone, a couple of pieces—a chance for the accompanist to show his stuff. What stuff, you homeless bum? What have you got that matters to the community?

Fred Harper bowed acknowledgment of the kindly, mechanical fluttering of hands, the smiles with their tinge of jocularity, that were in order for a home-town boy. He knew he ought to smile, but he was through with masks. He never wanted to see Mumford again.

"Because this was my home town," he said slowly, "I want to play something of my own. An American Town."

That was the slogan of the Commercial Club: "Mumford, An American Town." Applause, more than a little jocular, but loyal. Freddie trying his hand at composition? Attaboy!

His fingers touched the keys, began to build up the picture planted in his mind long ago by Mr. Carmichael, the scoutmaster. Music of wind and water and old sunlight in the trees; the brooding reaches of primeval forest, grandeur and quiet and the shadows of moving danger. The tread of marching men. Faintly at first, then nearer, stronger, sweeter, four clear notes came marching on ahead. The flitting shadows thickened and grew red, and the grim roar of conflict rose, but the brave call rose higher. Freedom! Freedom! That was brave music; but his hands fell from the keys, and applause started.

He didn't move. Silence fell, disconcerted. He played again—played what he felt after the vision died. Quiet again; no roar of conflict now; the tread of marching men was fused in the formless shuffle of the treadmill. The high, clear call was lost in a command, dull and relentless; and new cadences began to beat, complex, recurring on grim jarring harmonies, soulless, monotonous.

It had no end. He got up suddenly and bowed and left the stage.

"Good Lord!" said Rosika in the wings. "You've got a nerve, I'll say. Going modern on an audience like this!"

But it was an audience like any audience. They didn't know what to make of it, but they applauded; it was the thing to do. A few of them even came to him after the concert and told him, jocularly, how much they liked his composition. Especially the first part. The last part, they admitted, needed polishing a bit.

He thanked them and let it go at that.

"Well," said Rosika, "see you in Indianapolis, shall I? You'll want to stay over till tomorrow with your folks?"

"No," he said. "No, I'll go with you tonight."

He went with Mr. Allison and his mother to get his bag. Mrs. Allison was a little hurt that he should hurry away, but it didn't matter; she admitted that she had several things to do tomorrow. Mr. Allison was kindly, tactful. Music was a little out of his line.

Sophy told him, "Miss Worsham wuz a-callin' you on the phone. I told her you'd be in directly, and she said all right."

It didn't matter. He had already told Ann good-by. Mechanically, though, he went to the phone and called the number he remembered. It was Mrs. Worsham's voice that answered. She said, "I don't think so, honey. Wait, I'll ask her. . . . No, nothing special. Just to say she was sorry she couldn't get to the concert. So many parties for her lately, and the dinner tonight. You played very nicely, honey. We all ——"

"Give me that phone!"

That was Ann's voice, faint but clear in the receiver. Then Mrs. Worsham's, hoarsely whispering: "Be quiet! You forget you've got guests in the ——"

"Give it to me, I tell you!"

"No, Ann. You shan't be such a fool." A confused rustling sound in the receiver. "Gene! Take her a——"

Click. Silence.

x

FRED HARPER found himself demanding, "Central! Central! Ring 'em again!" But the only voice in the receiver was the voice of the machine, droning, "What number are you calling, please? . . . The line is busy." Then his dull mind began to work. Mrs. Worsham had hung up the receiver just long enough to break the connection, and then set it down again. She couldn't have the telephone ringing and ringing in the night—not with guests in the house.

Ann wanted to speak to him and they wouldn't let her. They wouldn't let her. Mrs. Worsham had told Gene Harris to take her away from the telephone. Take Ann. With his warm, hearty hands.

The picture flashed in Fred Harper's mind and his legs started for the door. But his mother said pleasantly from the living room, "Your bag's upstairs, son. Don't you want to change?"

The compulsion of the community had him again. You couldn't go running bareheaded through the streets—not unless there was a fire or something. What was he imagining? This was Mumford, Indiana. A fellow like Gene Harris wouldn't lay violent hands on a girl like Ann. Except in fun, maybe. That must be it. Likely they would be laughing about it now.

He said uncertainly, "Something seems to be the matter with the telephone. I'll just step over there and see what Ann had on her mind."

"Did you report it?" asked Mr. Allison, accustomed to smooth service from the machinery of the community he served.

"Not this phone. Hers."

Mechanically, carefully, he put on his hat; he hadn't taken off his coat. Then his hand reached mechanically for his stick. Why should he suddenly be conscious of it now? Because this was Mumford, Indiana, where men didn't carry walking sticks.

He gripped it firmly and walked out.

Standard houses, standard streets, the dull and quiet chill of a standard Indiana winter. Everything was familiar, dull, respectable. Ann couldn't really be in need of help. What was he going to say? He didn't know. He only knew Ann had a right to speak to him if she wanted to.

The Worsham house, large and respectable, was quiet, dark except for a little light around the curtains of the living room. What had he expected? West of the railroad, maybe, in the squalid houses of poor whites and Negroes, things did happen; but on the avenue there was a standard of behavior. He stepped up quietly on the porch. His finger was on the bell, but the quiet stopped him. He went to the nearest window and tapped lightly on the pane.

Mrs. Worsham's calm voice asked, "Who is it?"

"Fred Harper. May I come in?"

"Do, honey. The door's not locked."

Everything was as usual. He was a dull and futile fool—as usual.

But there was a flying click of heels across bare spaces of the polished floors inside, and the door swung before he touched it. Ann Worsham stood there, slim against the light that streamed into the hall from the open door of the living room. He said, "Ann—oh, Ann!" Then she was in his arms. He didn't know how she got there, but his hands knew the reality of her warm silken body; his face knew the remembered perfume of her hair. Her voice cried against his shoulder, "Fred, Fred!" And the community was nowhere. Her face lifted, and his mouth remembered hers, and he was strong and sure and happy—thinking he had come home.

Mrs. Worsham's voice said calmly in the door, "I had a notion you'd be over. Come inside, children; it's cold."

"I won't," said Ann. "Take me away, Fred. Let's go!"

"Sure," said Fred Harper, happy and unafraid.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Worsham. "She hasn't even got a coat. Do you want her to freeze? Come in; we'll have this out right now."

"Sure," said Fred, seeing Gene Harris in the hall. "Come on, kid; that's fair."

"I won't!" said Ann. But she was shivering. You could defy the community, but you couldn't argue with an Indiana winter.

They went inside. Fred Harper hung his hat and coat and stick in the remembered closet, moving quietly because of the guests upstairs. Gene Harris stood aside to let them pass into the living room, and shut the door carefully. He was grinning even now—unhappily, to be sure, but jocularly. Nothing to hate about Gene Harris, unless you thought of his warm, hearty hands touching Ann. He didn't touch her now.

It was all very proper, even beyond the Mumford standard of propriety. Gene wore a dinner coat; both Ann and her mother were in evening dress; Fred Harper hadn't changed from the conventional tails of his concert attire. The room was large and polished and upholstered.

"Freddie, honey," said Mrs. Worsham, "I know you'll be as understanding as Gene is. Ann's in a very nervous ——"

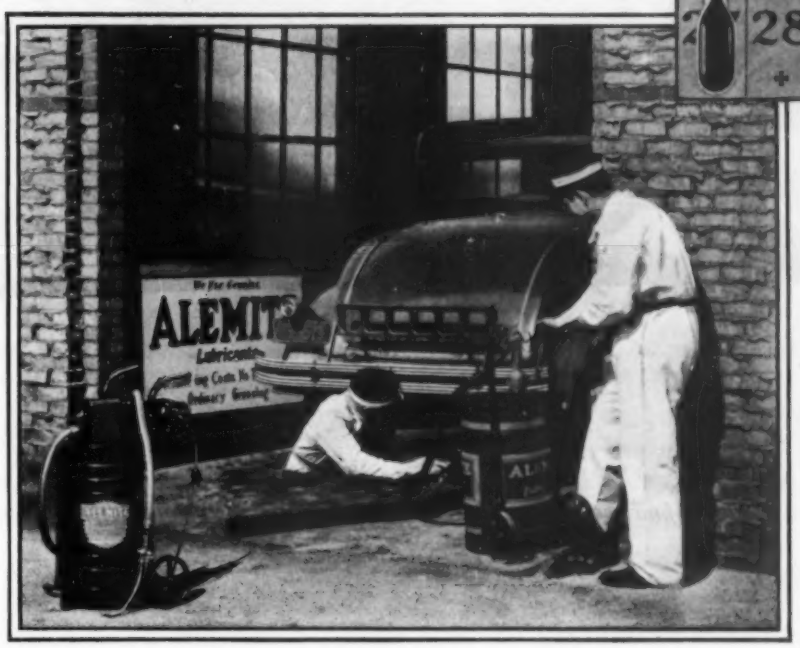
"I'm not!" said Ann. "And if I am, who wouldn't be? Hours and hours. I've tried

(Continued on Page 77)

Change Gear Lubricant Now!

Calendar and thermometer warn against using winter gear lubricant in summer

Save gears from rasping and grinding —forestall summer repair bills



"There must be twice as many people coming here for lubrication service since we installed 100% Alemite-ing"

CHANGE in weather brings a change in driving conditions. Gears running in worn-out winter lubricants need immediate attention. Don't wait for rasping and grinding of gears to signal the danger of further delay.

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Summer Grade Needed

Have that old lubricant taken out today. If put in in the winter, it is too thin for summer use. It can't retain sufficient body to form a lubricating cushion between the sharp teeth of your gears.

Go to any Alemite-ing station. There they use an Alemite Gear Flusher that sucks out all the old thin and worn-out winter lubricant from the differential and transmission of your car. It sucks out chips of steel, grit and grease accumulated there. Then it flushes the gear cases clean with kerosene.

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Where to Find

But be sure to look for the sign shown here to find a genuine Alemite-ing station. Some unknown and irresponsible greasing stations are offering inferior grease loaded with "fillers" of no lubricating value. Those greases are dangerous to your gears. They cause rasping and grinding and end in costly repair bills.

All dealers who use genuine Alemite lubricants display the Alemite sign. So to protect your own interests look for the Alemite sign wherever you drive. Consult those stations on all your lubrication. They are pledged to use only genuine Alemite lubricants in the Alemite systems now on 95% of all cars. Here is what genuine Alemite-ing consists of:

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Wherever you see one of the signs shown here, just drive your car in and try this service. You will notice an immediate difference in the way your car runs.

You'll keep out squeaks and prevent costly repairs. And you'll multiply the enjoyment of driving by keeping your car at peak performance.

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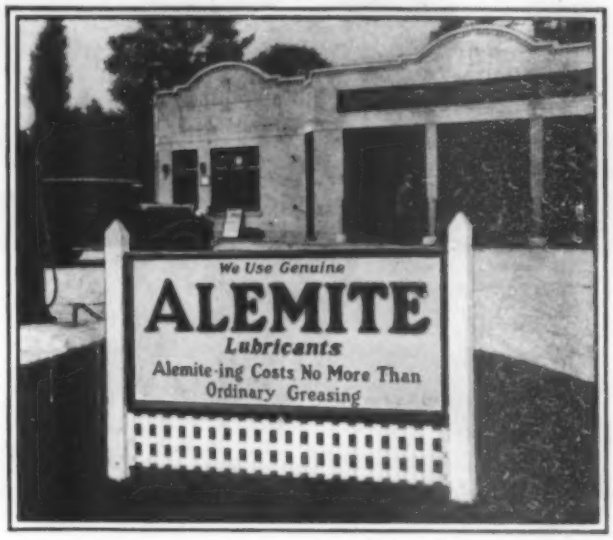
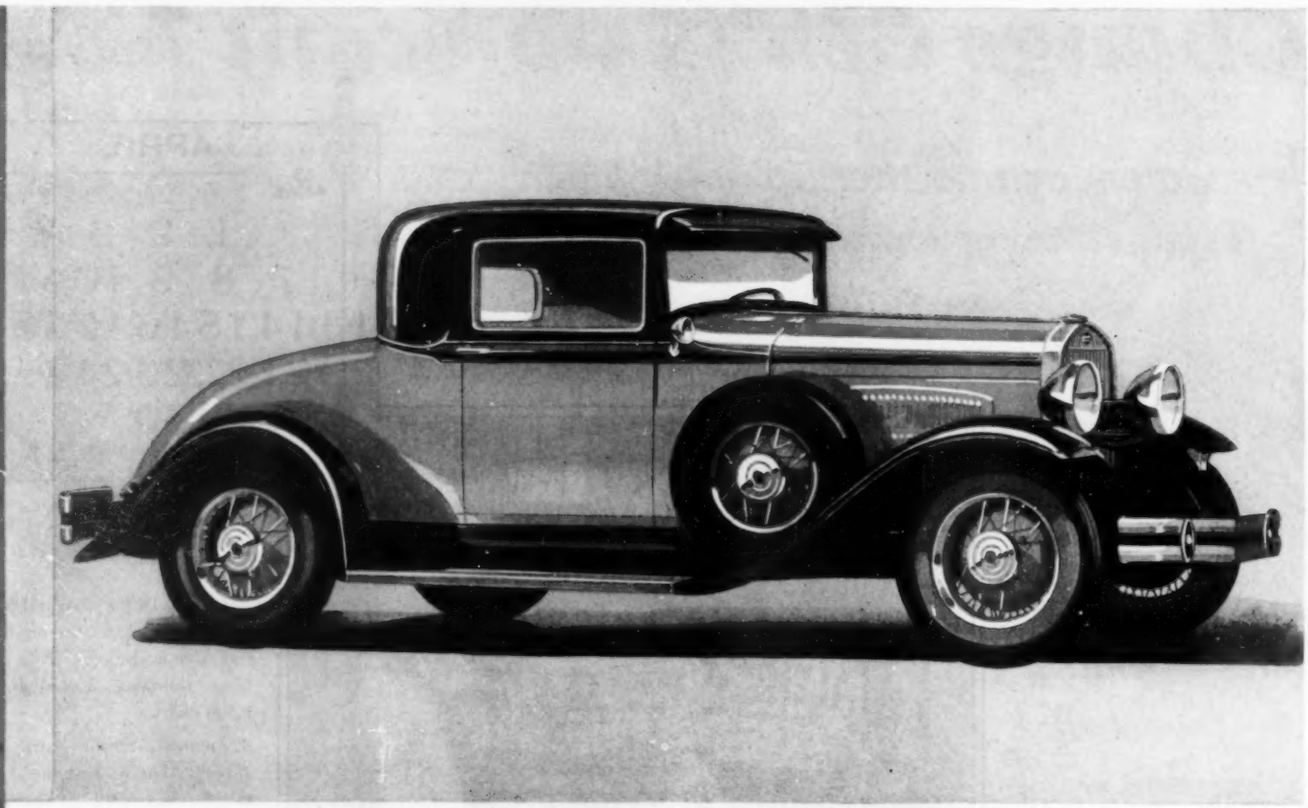
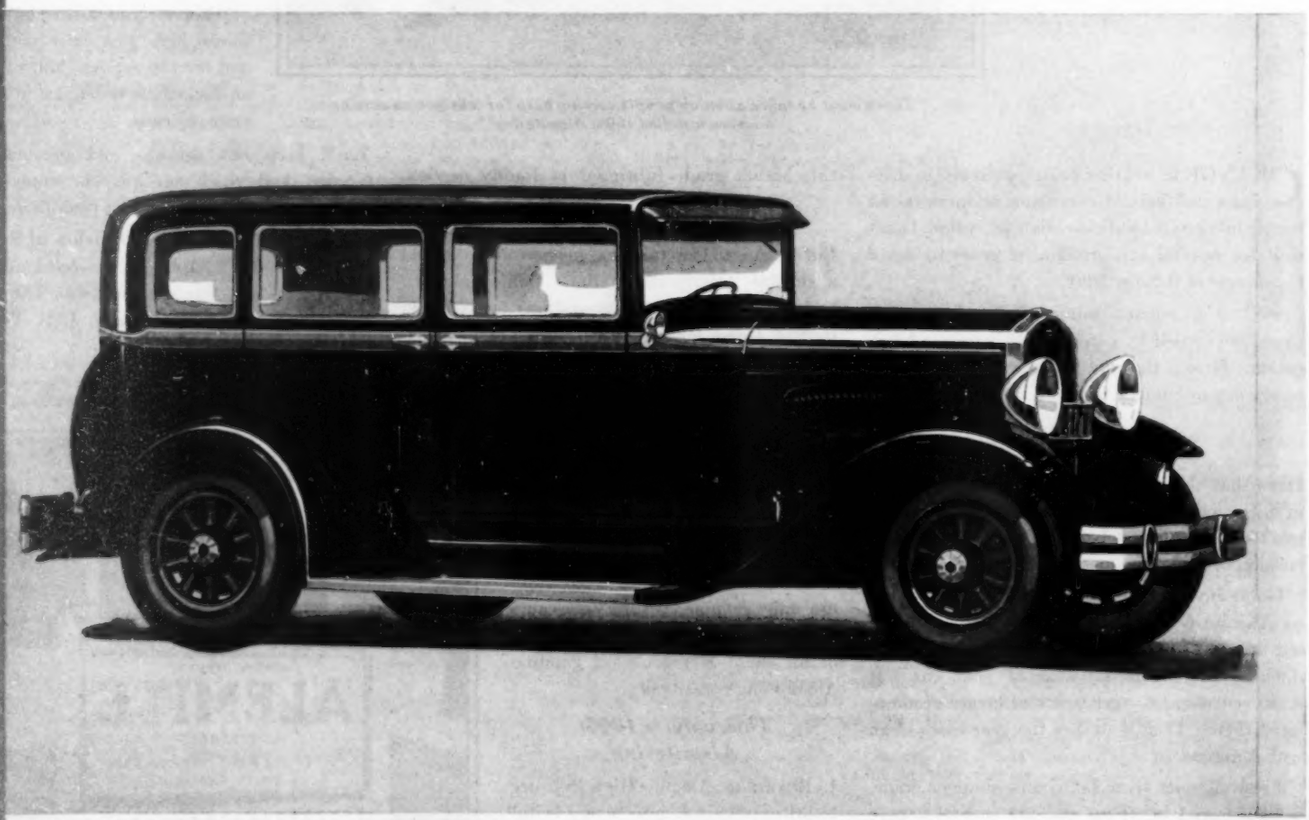




Smart and trim in appearance, the New Essex Challenger Coupe is built either with or without the rumble seat. Business and fleet operators find the coupe with luggage compartment especially suitable, convenient and economical.



Extraordinary spaciousness is a feature of the New Essex Challenger Touring Sedan. Windows in the rear quarter are provided for those who prefer the three-window type sedan. The seats are extra wide and both leg and head room unusually ample.

Owners, New Buyers, Prospects *call it* Value of Values

The greatest appeal of the New Essex Challenger is dollar-for-dollar value. That is the verdict of owners, new buyers and prospects, in the widest campaign of personal demonstration ever conducted for any automobile.

What Men Say:

"I bought Essex because it stands out in its field with absolute distinction of value, appearance and performance."

* * * *

"I want a car to be proud of—and Essex is it. It is the master in get-away, roadability and hill-climbing. Its economy is wonderful. Its appearance as smart as any money can buy."

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"My car must be as much a matter of pride as my clothes, my appearance or my home. Essex satisfies that requirement with the smartest of looks and performance. For me there is no other choice."

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"Just as proud of my New Essex Challenger as of a $3,000 car I also bought. It has every performance requirement. It is easy to drive and the most comfortable car I ever owned."

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We invite you to drive the New Essex Challenger. And we invite you especially to examine the fine quality way it is built—its rich upholstery, its individual fittings and hardware, its careful workmanship in every detail. For even those who bought it chiefly for supreme performance, are captivated by its notable beauty of design, its luxurious appointment and well-dressed distinction. It is the crowning value of this greatest dollar-for-dollar value.

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*

AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

BRIDES THAT TRIP DOWN THE AISLE IN JUNE

need take no trips down cellar stairs next fall

For too many brides it is but a short step from the flower-strewn aisle to the cellar steps. Yet a bridegroom need not impoverish himself to install or maintain automatic heat. Just see that there is a Spencer Heater in the house you will call home. As many an older head has discovered in the past thirty-two years, a Spencer gives the lowest cost heat you can buy, with automatic fuel feed that lets women in the home stay away from the coal bin.

Instead of flat grates that must be fed frequently by hand, the Spencer has Gable-Grates that slope down from a magazine where fuel is stored. The natural way for fire to burn is up—and in the Spencer fire does burn up-hill. The natural way for things to fall is down—and in the Spencer fuel does roll down, automatically, from the magazine to the grates below.

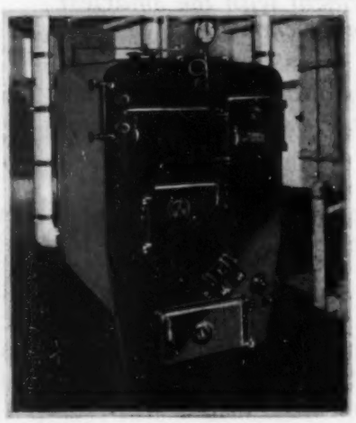
This fuel feed is truly automatic, for gravitation needs no motors or machines to make things roll down hill. It gives unusual uniformity of temperature, for fuel flows only as fast or as slow as the fire requires. As changing temperatures require more fire or less, the fuel feed is automatically controlled by the fire's demands.

The Spencer adds economy to convenience, because it burns small size fuels efficiently. These fuels are low in cost because ordinary heaters are not designed to burn them satisfactorily. You can use No. 1 Buckwheat anthracite in Spencer Heaters, at about half the cost of larger sizes. Where anthracite is not available, small size by-product coke in a Spencer will give a more uniform heat than soft coal in ordinary heaters, at a cost no greater—and generally less.

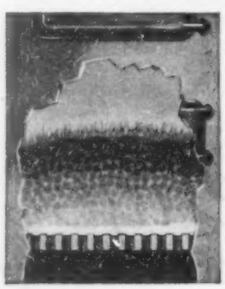
Write for the Spencer book, "The Fire That Burns Up-hill." It describes in detail how the Spencer Heater, for steam, vapor or hot-water systems, can save as much as half your annual fuel bill. SPENCER HEATER COMPANY, WILLIAMSPORT, PA. Division of Lycoming Manufacturing Company.

The Spencer Heater for the average home is illustrated at left. Spencer Heaters are made in cast iron sectional and steel tubular types, for any size home or building. Sold and installed by all responsible heating contractors.

Everybody knows that ordinary heaters require refueling frequently as the fire burns to ash. With a Spencer, fuel is put only once a day into the magazine—illustrated below at (A). Fuel covers the grate to a sloping level controlled by the magazine mouth (B). The fire bed stays at the level shown at (C), for as fuel burns it shrinks to ash (D) and settles on the Gable-Grate (E). As the fire bed shrinks, more fuel feeds down automatically from the magazine, which holds enough fuel to feed the fire for as long as 24 hours, with only one shaking of the grates.



FLAT GRATE HEATER
Showing how burning fuel shrinks away to ash —heater must again be refueled.



FIRE BURNS UPHILL · · FUEL ROLLS DOWN · ·

SPENCER
Magazine Feed
HEATERS
for steam, vapor or hot water

SPENCER MAGAZINE FEED HEATER
The shrinkage of burning fuel lets more fuel feed automatically from the magazine.

(Continued from Page 72)

to make him understand, but he just thinks I'm hysterical. I'm not! I'm not! I know exactly what I'm saying, and I ——"

"Steady, kid. Hold everything." Fred Harper's voice was unafraid, for his strong fingers held reality at last. He wasn't much good at thinking with his mind, but his hands knew. Ann needed him; this was her hand, her hand that clung to him.

"—— a very nervous state," said Mrs. Worsham. "The dinner tonight seems to have been the last straw; she didn't feel able ——"

"I was perfectly able," said Ann, "to go to the concert, and you know it. I just couldn't stand it, that's all. I knew I'd blow up and bawl if I saw him. . . . I near blew up at the station this afternoon," she told Fred Harper. "I thought you'd forgotten, and I just couldn't stand to see you looking so—dead on your feet. What have they done to you? What have they done to you?"

"Steady, kid. I'm all right." Fred Harper felt the strangeness of it—that she should be the one who needed steadying; that it should make him sure, who never had been sure of anything.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Worsham, going on, "maybe we've tried to do too much for her. But she's our only child; we want her to have the best of everything. We want to give her a wedding to remember. A girl's only married once; that is," said the modern mother, smiling, "we hope it'll be only once. But you never can tell these days, can you?"

"It will be only once," said Ann, "and not ——"

"We hadn't realized," said Mrs. Worsham, going calmly on, "what a strain she'd been under. Literally dozens of parties, to say nothing of her trousseau and the preparations. It'll be the biggest wedding of the year, if not ——"

"—— the biggest of all time," murmured Ann wearily.

"Ann, honey, do be quiet. Relax. Just let me explain to Freddie, so he won't go away with the feeling that we're inhuman monsters."

"I can explain that myself," said Ann. "I know you're not inhuman. You're ambitious, that's all."

Then a surprising thing happened. Mrs. Worsham had been speaking carefully, choosing her words, even pronouncing the final *g*'s that she habitually dropped as a reminder of her proud Southern origin. Now she sat silent for a moment—this calm, bulky lady in her expensive evening dress—staring at her expensive daughter. Her lips began to tremble, and two large, bright tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed on her ample bosom.

XI

"YOU talk like it was somethin' disgraceful to be ambitious! I reckon you don't remember where you were bo'n!"

"Oh, yes," said Ann. "You showed me the house one day when you were feeling particularly well pleased with yourself. Down by the coal yards, wasn't it?"

"Yes. A family of niggers live in it now. How'd you like to be livin' there yourself? You would be, if I hadn't been ambitious!"

"I had supposed," said Ann, "that father had something to do with it. I don't remember living west of the railroad, but I do remember when he was a dry-goods clerk. He isn't now."

"He would be," said her mother grimly, "if I hadn't kept at him. He'd be satisfied to make a livin'. He'd be rentin' yet. It was me that made him buy that house on Heekin Street—you remember that one, don't you? And sold it at a profit before we finished payin' for it, to buy the one on Elm. And sold that one because I saw a chance to buy two more—and made more out of it than he'd made since we came to Mumford. So I made him quit his job and go into business for himself."

"You made him," murmured Ann. "I can believe that. You've got a way of making people uncomfortable till they ——"

"Uncomfortable!" blared Mrs. Worsham. "You don't know what uncomfortable is! You ought to try livin' in a Florida swamp!"

"Oh, yes," said Ann, "the family estate. I heard you talk about it when the Florida boom was on. And how your proud family cut you off when you ran away and married a Charleston Worsham. Charleston! I don't believe dad's from Charleston; he never says so. And I don't believe your family's ashamed of you. You're ashamed of them."

"Well," cried Mrs. Worsham in a voice of passion, "I'll tell you the truth—and see how you like it! He was from Charleston all right. He was a bartender. In a tough saloon on the edge of the nigger district. Yes, and satisfied to be!"

Then, having flung her bomb, she thought too late of the innocent bystander. She looked with horror at Gene Harris.

But Gene wasn't shocked by ancient history; he knew Mr. D. Edward Worsham as a solid citizen, a big man in the community.

He grinned, "A bartender! That's a hot one."

"You," said Mrs. Worsham, "never saw a real bartender. I lived with one—as long as I could stand it. I didn't know what he did when I married him. That was in Tampa; he was just back from Cuba, and he looked like a hero to me. I was a waitress in a restaurant, and he was the first decent man that ever said howdy to me. Oh, he was decent, all right—just shiftless; good-natured and shiftless—a born bartender. But I didn't know. I was just seventeen when I ran away from home.

"Home!" said Mrs. D. Edward Worsham, and her smooth face pinched with bitter memory. "I'd never had enough to eat in all my life. Hog and hominy—that's what we lived on. That's why I got a job in a restaurant, because I was just crazy for different things to eat.

"Crazy for a different way of livin'. I thought Charleston was a million miles away. But I found out the world kept goin' on. I wasn't raised to live with toughs and niggers, and I couldn't quit then. I made him keep on travelin'. I picked Indiana because I never heard of anybody goin' there. I made him pick a little town because I was scared of big ones. I made him get a job in a dry-goods store—not wet goods. I called him Edward because Dan reminded me of a bartender. That was his name then—Dan.

"I found out where the nice people lived, and kept on workin' to get in with them. I tried to learn to talk the Northern way, and I pretty near did it, too, before I found out people thought a Southern accent was nice. I ——"

She wouldn't admit that she was weeping. She wouldn't wipe her eyes; she held her head up, let the tears splash unheeded. She was still fighting for the goal of her long struggle.

"Now we're here. We've got nice friends. You've been to a nice school, and you're goin' to marry one of the best young men in Mumford—if he'll still have you. I've made you somebody, and I've made your father somebody—and he's upstairs snorin' while I try to keep you from throwin' away everything I've done!"

Fred Harper murmured, "Gosh, Aunt Belle!"

Gene Harris rose more gallantly to the occasion. He knew the worth of jocularity for putting people at their ease; he grinned, "Forget it! We're all bartenders now."

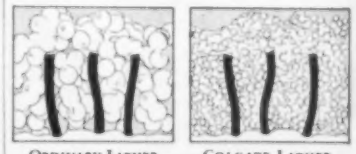
But for Ann, too, this was the last, decisive battle of a long war. She knew her mother's formidable strength of purpose; she dared not weaken.

"Mother," she said, "I know you've done a lot, and some of it has been for me. But don't you see? I said I'd marry Gene because—partly because you wanted me to, and partly because I'm nearly twenty-six years old. I thought Fred wasn't coming back. I thought he had forgotten. But he hadn't. He's mine, just as he always ——"

"Yours!" shrilled Mrs. Worsham. "He belongs to that—that ——"

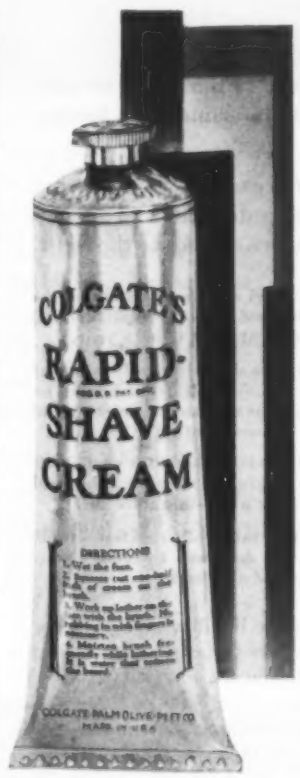
Small-bubble shaves last longer . . . . .

Colgate's soaks whiskers soft at skin line. Razor cuts closer, smoother . . . your shave lasts longer.



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.



THERE is a vast difference between ordinary big-bubble lather, and Colgate's Small-Bubble lather . . . a difference in beard-softening efficiency.

Colgate's tiny bubbles seep down between whiskers, removing the oil film and *drenching* every hair with moisture . . . *right at the base* where the razor works. Thus, your shave is closer . . . much longer-lasting.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's two things happen: 1—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

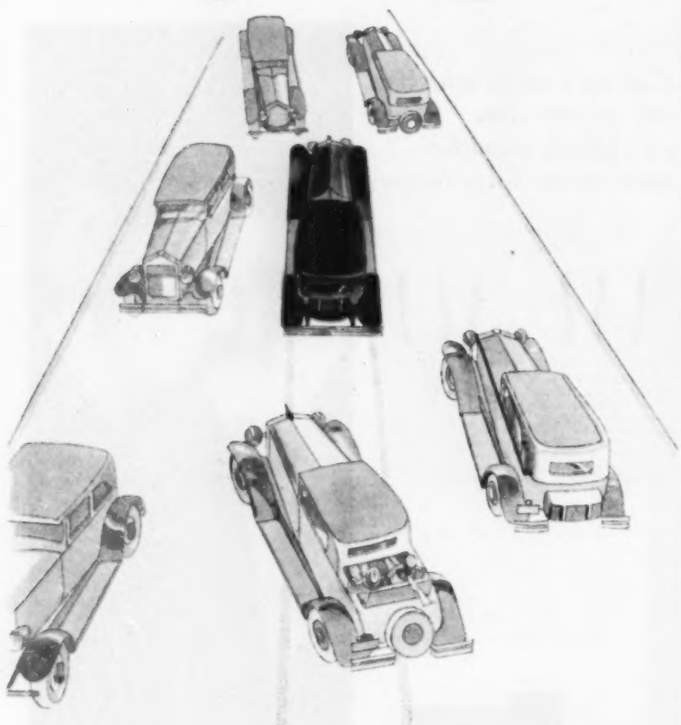
A comparative test is easy—just mail the coupon, now. We will send, also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion . . . refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.

FREE OFFER

COLGATE, Dept. M-710, P. O. Box 375
Grand Central Post Office, New York City
Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Middle-of-the-road driving is dangerous



THE driver who holds to the middle of the street or road is increasing his own risk and at the same time forcing others into dangerous positions.

The safe rule is "Keep to the Right," except when passing another vehicle proceeding in the same direction. Then, as soon as the passing is accomplished, return at once to the right.

The passing of cars on curves or while approaching the crest of a hill continues to be the cause of many serious accidents. Passing cars on straightaways where there is not ample distance to oncoming traffic is another great cause of accidents.

All crossings should be approached with caution, shifting the right foot from accelerator to brake. Reduce speed so as to bring the car under control before proceeding through the intersection. Do not depend upon the horn to clear the way.

Brakes and steering-gear should be kept in good working condition and inspected at least twice a year.

Headlights should be maintained at proper focus; lights should be dimmed, as a matter of courtesy and safety, when meeting other cars.

When car is parked at a curb after dark, parking lights should be used to prevent a possible collision.

The observance of these few simple rules will do much to reduce your chances of accident.

A 10% PREMIUM REDUCTION on public liability and property damage insurance is allowed our policyholders for a two-year record of accident avoidance and good car maintenance.

Even with the exercise of greatest care, insurance is an economic necessity. The agent of this Company in your city will be pleased to study your insurance problems and assist you in arranging needed insurance.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and affiliated North America Companies write practically every form of insurance except life

"Rosika?" said Fred Harper. "No, Aunt Belle. That's not true. She's done a lot for me, but ——"

"I'll say she has! All she's got to do is look at you, and you sit up and beg like a pet poodle!"

Ann leaped to her feet, crying, "That'll be about all from you! Day after day and month after month I've listened to you, and I thought it might be true. Now I don't care if it is true. He needs me and I need him, and if I'm throwing anything away, it's mine to throw!"

"Yours!" screamed Mrs. Worsham. "What about me? Who's goin' to look our friends in the face and say, 'Here's your weddin' present! Get your money back if you can! There ain't goin' to be no weddin'! Ann's run away—run away at the last minute with a—a ——'"

Fred Harper begged, "Don't take it that way, Aunt Belle! I know I'm a bum, but ——"

"—— a musical bum! Totin' a cane to prove you're from New York. And who are you there? Nobody! Just a piano pounder in cheap cafés. You don't belong anywhere, and never will. Your father gave you a chance to be somebody, but you threw it away. You couldn't stand honest work. Answer me! Is it the truth, or ain't it?"

"It's true that I'm no good as a grocer."

"What are you good for? Nothin'! Just a ——"

"Here, here! What's goin' on down here?"

Mr. D. Edward Worsham, a tousled, troubled figure in a wadded silk dressing gown, came through the door at the back of the room. His wife and daughter cried in the same breath, "Edward ——" "Father ——"

"Here, here! Nix on the cat fight." Mr. Worsham, troubled though he was, tried to be neutral, genial. "Some people like to sleep. Hello, Fred! When did you blow in?"

"Oh, Edward," wailed Mrs. Worsham, "could you hear us upstairs? Oh, what will they think?"

And for a moment the compulsion of the community fell on them all. The door through which Mr. Worsham had come in showed a dim room whose side was banked with gleaming things, silver and gold and crystal. Those were wedding gifts, dignified, formal symbols of the attention that was focused on this house.

XII

"UNLESS they're deaf," admitted Mr. Worsham, "they think you're havin' an awful squabble. What's it about? . . . Here, here! One at a time. You first, Belle. And keep your shirt on."

"I told you," moaned Mrs. Worsham. "Ann's all upset about Fred comin' home. Just because they used to be sweethearts when they were kids, she thinks she's still in love with him. And her weddin' day after tomorrow!"

"Tomorrow," corrected Mr. Worsham, glancing at the clock.

"Today," said Ann. "I'm going with him now."

"You're not!" screamed Mrs. Worsham. "Ann! You shan't do this to me!"

"Hush, Belle. They'll hear you." Mr. Worsham's troubled eyes glanced at the ceiling. "I don't see that she's doin' anything to you; it's Gene she's runnin' out on. . . . How do you feel about this, Gene?"

Gene Harris, dazed, bewildered in the storm of feminine emotions, had abandoned jocularity. "Why," he said unhappily, "I knew they used to be sweethearts, but I thought that was all over. I thought she loved me as—as much as she could love anybody."

"Do you still want to marry her?"

"Why—why, we can't back out now! The invitations are all out! The presents are all in! Why, everybody ——"

Gene Harris suddenly was frightened. He had been distressed, but Mrs. Worsham's calm had been reassuring. Ann was merely overwrought; girls often got unreasonable when they were tired, and said things they didn't mean. She couldn't mean it! Such things simply didn't happen—not to him, Gene Harris!

"Why," he shouted, "what would people think?"

"Pretty tough on you," admitted Mr. Worsham. "But wouldn't it be tougher to be married to her if she wants somebody else?"

"She don't know what she wants! She was all right until ——"

"No, Gene," said Ann. "I never expected to be—all right. I was just doing what seemed best. I told you I didn't love you. I told you I didn't think I could love anybody. That wasn't true. But I thought he'd forgotten."

"So you—reminded him, huh?"

"No, Gene," said Ann, white-lipped. "I hoped he wouldn't know. I took his invitation out of the mail and tore it up. I couldn't stand for him to be invited to—our wedding."

"You called him tonight! Don't say you didn't!"

"Yes, Gene. I didn't know what else to do. You wouldn't believe me. You thought I had to go through with it. After I'd seen him again. You couldn't understand. I—we've been—all our lives, Gene. You think I'm just hysterical, but I'm not. Not yet. Not quite. But I can't stand much more. I can't! I can't!"

"Seems clear enough," said Mr. Worsham. "I don't see what we can do about it, Gene. She's free, white and twenty-one."

"Free?" screamed Mrs. Worsham. "She's not free! She owes Gene something, and she owes me something! She shan't throw her life away! He's just a bum—a bum, I tell you!"

"Well," said Mr. Worsham, "so was I a bum once, Belle."

"That's just why I won't let her! I know what I've been through, and I won't let her! She's got a right to start where I leave off!"

The cry woke a dim echo in Fred Harper's memory. He heard his father, that stout, hard-boiled business man, say grimly, "I want you to have a better start than I had. . . . What do you want to be—a musician?" The word had been a sneer, an accusation; only now, hearing it echo through bewildered years, Fred Harper understood. Jim Harper had hoped his son might take his place in the community, find it worth holding.

But it was not the law! Men were not standard parts of a machine; a son was not a duplicate of his father, but a blend, an unguessed blend of possibilities, unknowable, untried, useless without courage. What if he'd had the courage to accept the sneer? He might have saved those wasted and bewildered years. He might have been a real musician, worthy of courage like Ann Worsham's.

Standing there, slim and white and shaken, facing her formidable mother—facing the judgment of the community; but her slim fingers clung to his, and her tired eyes were steady.

"Kid," he said, "if I'd known how to be as brave as you are, I wouldn't be a bum."

"You're not a bum," said Ann. "Don't you think I know? You've just been told and told until ——"

"I know," he said. "I've never had the nerve to think I might amount to anything. But I've got it now. Go get a coat on, kid."

"Right," said Ann Worsham. "Back in a minute."

But Mrs. Worsham flung her bulk against the door, spread her arms grimly, saying between her teeth, "You shan't do this to me. Sit down. You leave this room over my dead body."

"Oh, no," said Ann. "It's not so bad as that, mother."

And she went quickly down the room to the other door, went through it; and they heard her feet run quickly up the stairs.

"You can't get away with it," said Gene Harris hoarsely. "You hear me, Harper? You can't get away with it. I'll kill you!"

(Continued on Page 80)

Luxurious Transportation

The valiant Norsemen sailed to new continents in the staunchest, swiftest and most luxurious craft known to their civilization

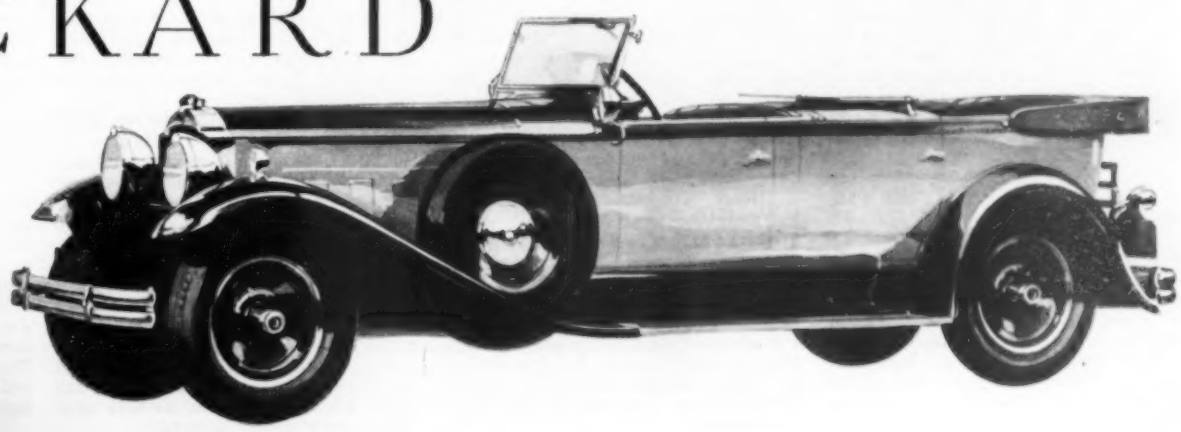
FROM its first pioneering efforts Packard has built its motor cars for conquest—conquest of the fine car field! And as the fine car market grows with the natural increase of taste and discrimination among motorists, Packard leadership becomes more marked.

The slender grace of Packard lines has always attracted the favor of the discerning—contributed to the winning of a distinguished clientele. And in the Packard Eight Phaeton—so popular in the open-air, open-road seasons—Packard beauty reaches its most graceful expression. It is only natural that the characteristic Packard design should appeal so strongly. For behind Packard beauty itself lies the satisfying assurance that Packard does not depreciate cars in the hands of owners by frequent and radical changes in appearance. Every Packard—whether new or old—is always unmistakably a Packard!

Supreme safety, the luxury of superb performance and *beauty that is always modern* will be yours in a Packard for many long years of truly distinctive transportation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD



(Continued from Page 78)

He didn't mean it; not literally. Good Rotarians didn't actually kill people, and Gene Harris was a good Rotarian—first, last and all the time. Jocularity wasn't a mask with him; it was the normal way to feel. It was the way to get along with everybody. He believed in getting along with everybody. He believed in the community. His father and his grandfather before him had believed in the community—Mumford, an American Town. And the community had rewarded them. That was the first tenet of Rotary: He Profits Most Who Serves Best.

He didn't believe the thing that actually was happening. The mantel clock was ticking brightly on toward dawn; in a few hours people would begin to hear about it—and begin to laugh.

Fred Harper was saying to Ann's troubled father, "I'll take care of her, sir."

"Can you?"

"I'll manage."

"How are you fixed for money now?"

"Plenty, thanks. Got about sixty dollars on me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Worsham. "How far do you think that'll carry you—with Ann?"

"Only to Indianapolis. My share of the tour'll cover her expenses, and I've got four or five hundred in the bank."

"Good Lord!" groaned Mr. Worsham. "After five years? What do you think she's goin' to live on?"

"You can't get away with it," said Gene Harris hoarsely. "You think I'm goin' to be the goat?"

"Understand me," said Ann's father: "I won't let her starve. But if she needs help, she comes home. And stays home."

"Home!" said Mrs. Worsham between her teeth. "It could never be home to her again. You'd help her—after this bum had ruined everything? Who'd want her then?"

"I'll kill you!" said Gene Harris hoarsely.

But he didn't know how to begin killing a man who wasn't even looking at him. It was Mrs. Worsham who suggested a more practicable thing; she jerked the door open, jerked her head toward it, said between her teeth, "Throw him out, Gene."

That could be done; Gene Harris was surprised to find how easily it could be done. He was five inches taller and some fifty pounds heavier than Fred Harper. For the first time in his life, Gene Harris felt the practical advantages of being big. All his life he had felt a little bulky, awkward, conscious of more than standard size. Now, queerly, there was savage satisfaction in it.

That was an unreal moment to Fred Harper too. He had never been thrown out of anywhere. He struggled, automatically, but the respectability of that polished and upholstered room made violence incredible. A rug slid under him, and Gene's grappling hand slipped, and Fred Harper felt it on his face—the warm and hearty hand that wanted to touch Ann. He couldn't stand that. He slapped the hand away and hit Gene in the face with his own fist.

Pain in his knuckles warned him. Mustn't hit Gene in the head; might break a finger, hurt a hand so he couldn't play the piano. Had to play, now; had to make a living—for Ann. Gene's stomach would be softer. But Gene grunted and doubled up and charged him, grappled with him. That was all right; Fred Harper's hands were strong. He caught Gene by the throat. Gene had him by the throat, too, but it didn't matter. Gene's face was getting purple. Mr. Worsham's hands were tugging at them both, but there was something like a grin on Mr. Worsham's face. He'd been a bartender once.

There was no noise. Fred Harper was glad of that; he was sorry for Mrs. Worsham, thinking of her guests upstairs. The room lurched and swam, silently. Mrs. Worsham swam, holding the door open, waiting for Gene to throw him out.

Then something sharp and hard burst into light. There was a lighted wall, blank, without doors or windows, without pictures on it. No, that was the ceiling. What was it doing there? A dull machine was pounding, pounding, pounding in the dark. Why was it dark? Mr. Worsham's voice said hazily, "Oh, I don't know, Belle. Have it your way!" A door opened somewhere, and cold air poured on Fred Harper's face. Somebody was dragging him outdoors.

He was outdoors. He struggled, and the icy floor of the porch came up and hit him. The door closed.

That wasn't a machine pounding; that was inside his head, at the back of his skull somewhere. He touched it, and there was something warm and wet. How did that happen?

What was he doing here? That was the still, respectable avenue. An automobile passed, its engine purring. As if in answer, something began to purr under the porch, in the basement. That was the oil burner in the basement of the Worsham house. Automatic. Everything was automatic. If you didn't fit, if you didn't serve the community, the machinery threw you out.

A door opened and a voice jeered, "Here's your hat. Must you go?" Something skimmed past his face. "And your coat." That was a formless, woolly something, flapping about his swimming head. "And your stick. Oh, my word, yes!"

That was a sharp, clean clatter on the floor. Something smooth and hard and tangible—something familiar to get hold of.

Let the woolly thoughts go. That's Gene—Gene Harris. He threw you out. Ann's in there. Ann. Get a grip on something. This is your stick—companion of your loneliness, the only thing you ever dared to hold against the will of the community. Damn the community! Get up. Your head's no good for thinking, but your hands need her hands. Go!

XIII

FRED HARPER'S body crashed into the door as it was closing, drove it back into something dull and solid; then the obstruction fell away and it flew open. He heard a loud crash of glass, but he didn't care. For the first time in his life he had a purpose, knew what it was to want a thing with all his strength, in spite of everything.

He saw Gene Harris. Crack! A sharp whistling sound and a whiplike report. Gene Harris bellowed and charged at him, but that whistling rain of violence drove him back. Mrs. Worsham screamed. A door banged upstairs. A vase crashed from the newel post. Mr. Worsham tried to grapple with the madman, but Fred Harper fought him off with his free arm, flailing. The stick was splinters in his hand. Gene crouched in the angle of the staircase, trying to shelter his head with upflung arms.

Ann's voice cried out somewhere. Fred Harper didn't know what she said, but he knew her voice; his nostrils knew the perfume of her hair. She felt soft and furry. She had on a fur coat. He panted, "Ready, kid? Let's go."

Silence. The hall lights were on. He saw her face. He begged, "What's the matter?"

"What's the idea of all this cave-man stuff?"

Mrs. Worsham moaned. Fred Harper, gripping the useless remnant of his stick, said stupidly, "He shan't touch you."

"No," said Ann. "Couldn't you take my word for it?"

"I threw him out," said Gene. "But he didn't stay out."

"Did you think he would?" said Ann. "Snap out of it, both of you! Women are not being fought over this season. Are you hurt, Gene?"

"Hurt?" said Gene. "I'm ruined. Take him away!"

And he grinned. Blood trickling down his face, blood on his shirt front—grinning! How could you hate a man like that?

"Gosh, Gene," said Fred Harper, "I didn't mean to hurt you!"

A smothered giggle sounded somewhere. Mrs. Worsham moaned; but Ann cried up the stairs, "Oh, don't be bashful, Glenna! Come on down. You might as well have a ringside seat."

"No, no," moaned Mrs. Worsham, wringing her hands. "Oh, Mrs. Gale, what must you think of us?"

A mirthful face appeared over the banisters, a bright-eyed face under short, dark, curly hair. A short, brilliant mandarin coat showed on the landing, and short, brilliantly pajamaed legs.

"To be perfectly truthful," said Mrs. Gale, "I'm dying of curiosity. If the slaughter is quite over, may I come and prowl among the ruins?"

"This one," said Ann, "is Fred. Fred, this is Glenna. She was my buddy at school. Maybe you'd better call her Mrs. Gale till you get your face washed."

"Never mind your face," laughed Mrs. Gale. "I couldn't possibly call you Mr. Harper. I know too much about you. It's the most romantic thing I ever heard of in my life!"

"Oh, Mrs. Gale," moaned Mrs. Worsham, "do you really think so? I think it's horrible. I don't know where to look!"

"Well," granted Mrs. Gale, "Gene did look more presentable the last time I saw him, and I'm sure Fred has his better moments too. Eeny, meeny, miny, mo—Gene, you look the worst."

"Only in front," argued Gene stoutly. "Take a look at him behind, where his head hit the mantel."

Gene was curiously exhilarated. He was in pain, but something deeper than jocularity buoyed him up. Disaster was no longer shameful; it was picturesque, dramatic, something to talk about and remember. He had fought.

There was a man named Bill; he was Glenna's husband. He was a tall, studious-looking fellow in a modernistic bathrobe and rimless glasses. He told Fred Harper, "I'm a sort of amateur. I'm no authority on modern music, but that thing you played last night—An American Town—d'you mind my saying so? You almost had something, but it got away from you. Why don't you get a regular composer to help you out?"

"Too big for me, I guess," confessed Fred Harper.

His head ached, and the savage exaltation had gone out of him; he was himself again, uncertain, sorry, seeing the havoc he had wrought. What was the use of hating the community? It wasn't a machine that you could smash; it was just people, and you didn't want to hurt people. He saw Mrs. Worsham, robbed of her formidable calm, gazing on desolation. He saw Mr. Worsham, worried and unhappy. He saw Ann, not a wistful memory, but real, the brave and sweet reality he remembered—ready to trust herself to him, a homeless bum.

He touched her coat for comfort. The fur caressed his fingers; vaguely it troubled him. He asked, "What fur is this?"

"Mink," she told him. "Lovely, isn't it?"

"It feels awfully expensive."

"Three thousand dollars," said Mrs. Worsham bleakly. "Do you think you can live up to it?"

"I—haven't you got something cheaper?"

"I have," said Ann, smiling. "Why?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't take anything so—so ——"

"Hard to live up to?" said Ann Worsham, and her clear eyes laughed. "That's just why I'm taking it. You're going somewhere, boy. People can look at me and tell you're on your way."

Fred Harper drew a long slow breath and grinned. He saw himself, undersized, insignificant, his red-smeared shirt front gaping from a broken stud, mud on his knees and blood on the only full-dress coat he owned; and he was humble. But he heard brave music, saw brave banners flying.

"Right," he said. "Let's go!"

Oh, the community still pressed about them, trying to force them back into the treadmill of established ways. You couldn't gallop out into the avenue with a bloody neck. You couldn't gallop anywhere; you had to use the machinery. It was broad day before a clanking traction car bore them away from Mumford, Indiana.

But they were free at last. Their fellow passengers did stare at them; it was unusual to see a well-dressed couple on the early traction; but it didn't matter. The familiar, shabby outskirts of the town fell back, and farms and villages unrolled—familiar, every one of them; there was no wilderness any more. But there was courage always, and the need for courage. Ann's brave, tired eyes filled suddenly, and he drew her close, hid her face on his shoulder, so that their fellow passengers might think she was asleep.

She did sleep presently. But he sat stark awake, saw the brave banners flying, heard the brave music of the clanking wheels. Freedom, and not alone! Never again alone!

Rosika Yanci was at breakfast in the hotel at Indianapolis. She stared at them, and laughed, and wished them happiness—in her professional or foreign manner; there was a brittleness, a veiled hostility behind it. Fred Harper was dismayed. What if they couldn't get along together!

But Ann's courage didn't fail. She said directly, "Please, Rosika! Let's be friends. I've got to go with him. I've loved him all my life."

"And do you know," countered Rosika, every syllable distinct as if she shaped it separately in her mind, "do you know what he is now? A musician."

"Yes," said Ann, somehow comprehending.

"Dif-fi-cult," said Rosika.

"Valuable," said Ann.

Rose Yancey's dark eyes softened then, and she abandoned the foreign manner, touching Ann's hand with her own graceful, olive-tinted one.

"If you know that," she said, "we shall all be happy. I was afraid. We're a good team, Harper and I; we work well together, and we're just beginning to be recognized. I was afraid that you might ruin him."

"I was afraid," said Ann, "he was in love with you."

"That's nothing for you to be afraid of," said Rose Yancey. "It would never do. A musician's a pitiful thing, Ann. Two musicians—a calamity. We need sane people. . . . Make him rest now, so he can play this evening."

Ann Harper made him rest. But he didn't sleep much; most of the day he lay awake, at peace within himself, knowing at last that dreams could be possessed. He was no longer humble; it was right for him to be himself, see his own visions, give them such form and power as he could. Late in the afternoon he dressed and went down to the piano. Sitting there, his strong fingers groping and groping for strange crashing chords, he didn't know that the broad doorway of the music room had filled with staring people. He saw them when he rose, but it didn't matter. He didn't grin apologetically; only nodded, absently, and waited for them to let him pass.

He played that evening with Rosika, and Rosika's eyes told him that he played well. But he wasn't proud. He knew now that a man was nothing; only his dreams were real. Dreams were the true reality toward which men struggled, daring, enduring circumstance as best they could. That was why people came to hear good music, see the brave visions of forgotten men who had known how to feel reality, at least for one high moment.

That was worth while. He felt the audience respond; Rosika made him take three bows with her, but he was neither proud nor humble. Now he must play alone.

"With your permission," he said in the weighing silence, "I shall play something of my own. I have called it An American Town. It's something I've been feeling all my life, and I have finished it this afternoon."

It was an audience like any audience; it was polite. The rows of hands fluttered mechanically. The rows of faces waited. Through the first movement, with its slow and quiet chords of grandeur and its clear, high, marching call that climbed and sang

(Continued on Page 85)

GAS real gas...no matter where you live...with Pyrofax

If you think gas can't be had beyond the end of the city gas mains, get acquainted with Pyrofax —*real gas* which burns in a genuine gas range just like city gas. Pyrofax can be used for cooking anywhere.

Pyrofax Gas is refined natural gas compressed into steel cylinders. Two of these cylinders, placed in a neat cabinet back of your house, become the reservoir from which you get your gas supply. Each cylinder contains enough gas to last the average family two to three months.

With the Pyrofax two-cylinder system, you can *never* run out of gas. When one is empty you turn on the second and notify the Pyrofax distributing station. Immediately a new full cylinder is brought and the empty one taken away. Simple as putting a film in a camera. This service is free—you pay only for the gas. If you live beyond the distributing station, a full cylinder will be shipped *freight prepaid*.

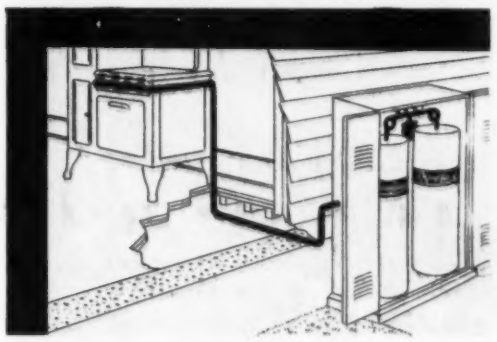
Pyrofax is not new. It is the product of, and is distributed by, the oldest and largest organization in the world making compressed gases. It is in use in thousands of homes, hospitals, factories and institutions beyond the reach of city gas. Works with any gas appliance—including the Electrolux refrigerator.

The following testimonials are typical of the *thousands* we are constantly receiving from Pyrofax users the country over. "I have found Pyrofax more than satisfactory." . . . "I cannot say enough in praise of Pyrofax. It bakes, broils and cooks fine." . . . "Only sorry I didn't have it sooner." (Names on request.)

NEW LOW PRICES

This wonderful cooking gas costs you little more than the out-of-date cooking fuel you may be using now. If you count the many valuable hours saved every week by having a quick, clean gas range, Pyrofax is considerably cheaper. *Complete installation* of the Pyrofax outfit, including a gas range, *now at amazingly low prices*. Convenient terms—small down payment. Look for the name "Pyrofax" in order to avoid new and untried imitations.

Pyrofax two-cylinder system is simple as A B C. Diagram shows direct piping from cabinet to range.



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30,000 Miles

We had to put these 1929 SILVERTOWNS on the

Read this amazing mileage story of four regular stock Goodrich Silvertown Tires that just WOULDN'T wear out

THIRTY thousand miles . . . between January and October! Thirty thousand miles . . . from New York to Los Angeles and back to New York. Thirty thousand miles of mud, snow, sand, sun . . . through all climates, over all roads!

That's the service record of the Silvertown you see in the large picture on the next page.

This photograph was made in New York last October when the famous 1929 Silver Fleet completed its record-breaking run.

It shows just one of fifteen Silvertowns that finished the entire nation-wide trip without ever coming off the wheel.

Thirty thousand grueling, grinding, punishing miles had etched their story of wear on these fifteen Goodrich Tires.

But even then they weren't worn out. Many miles of service still remained in those firm treads and tough side-walls. They just refused to quit.

So when the 1930 Silver Fleet was organized, Goodrich decided to place four of these veterans back in service . . . just to see how far they'd actually go.

Back they went on shining new silver cars . . . and they're on the road today. Riding the highways of the middle west with the Akron Unit of the 1930 Silver Fleet.

Still piling up the miles! Still demonstrating the stuff that Silvertowns are made of! Already they have added 12,500 miles more . . . and they are not through yet!

Obviously, Goodrich does not profess that every Silvertown will go 42,500 miles. Too many uncontrollable factors enter in . . . wheel alignment, brake adjustment, road conditions, driving habits.

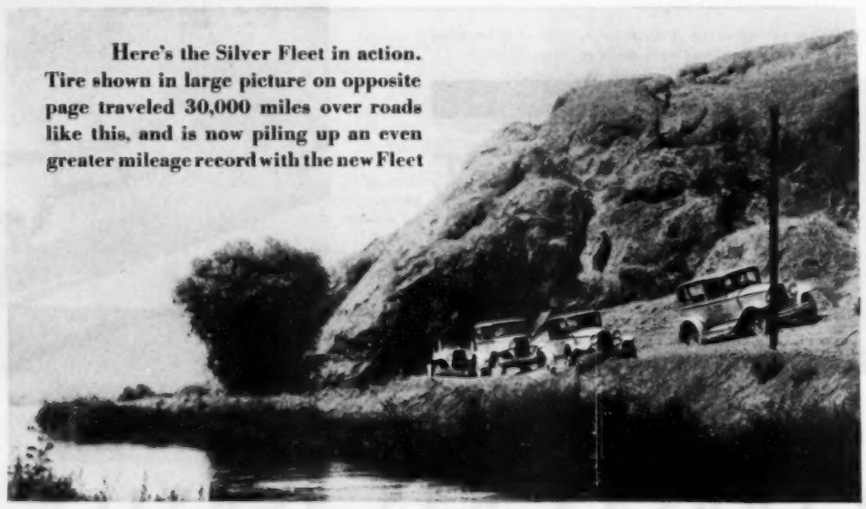
But these tires have shown that even such an amazing record is not beyond the reach of standard 6-ply Silvertowns. With their companions on the Silver Fleet they have proved that the mileage you are accustomed to can be exceeded with Silvertowns.

And that's what Goodrich wanted to show. That Silvertowns are truly the country's finest tires . . . on the road as well as in the advertisements.

So see your Goodrich dealer. He is selling tires that have *proved* what they can do. And if four of them can go 30,000 miles and more, any you buy can be counted on to give good service. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, O.; Pacific Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

BACK IT GOES! Ready to start on the road with one of the 1930 Silver Fleet cars. Here's the pilot tightening up the last rim nut as this veteran of the 1929 Silver Fleet sets out for an even greater record.

Here's the Silver Fleet in action. Tire shown in large picture on opposite page traveled 30,000 miles over roads like this, and is now piling up an even greater mileage record with the new Fleet

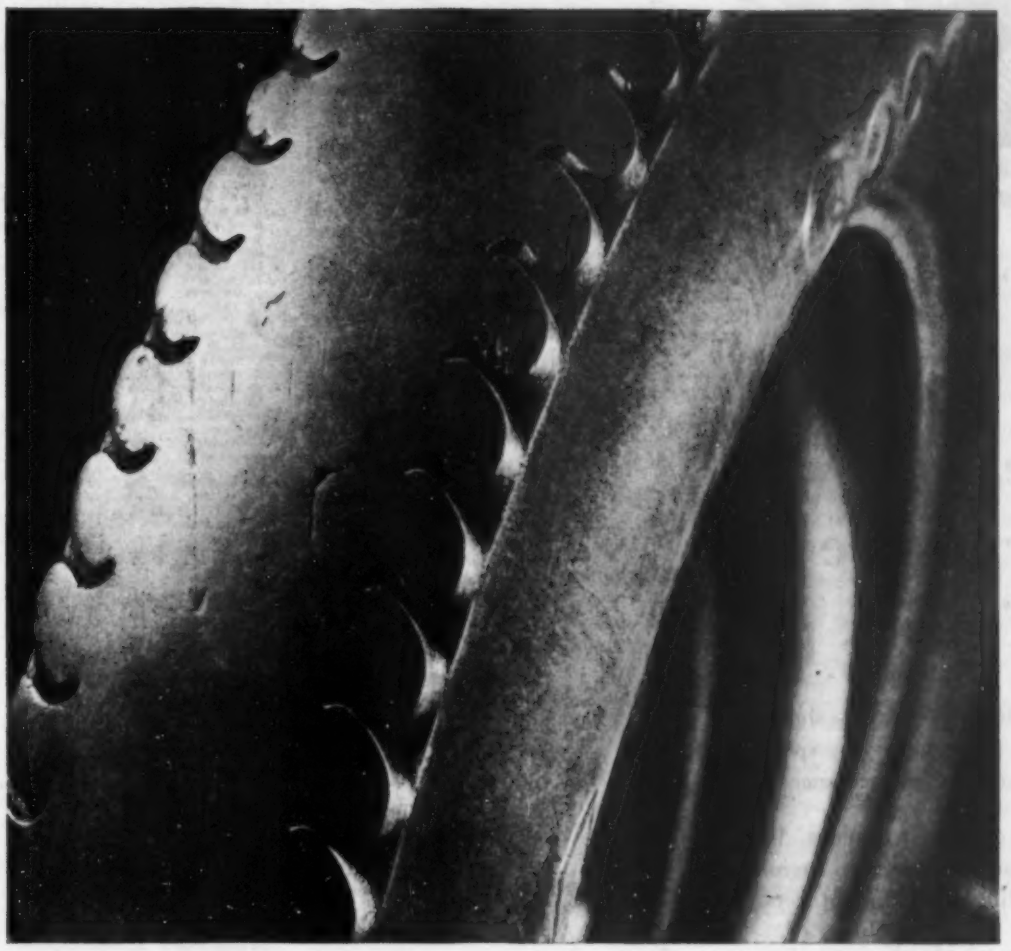


Goodrich Silvertowns

32,000 different rubber articles

wasn't far enough!

1930 SILVER FLEET *to see how far they'd go!*

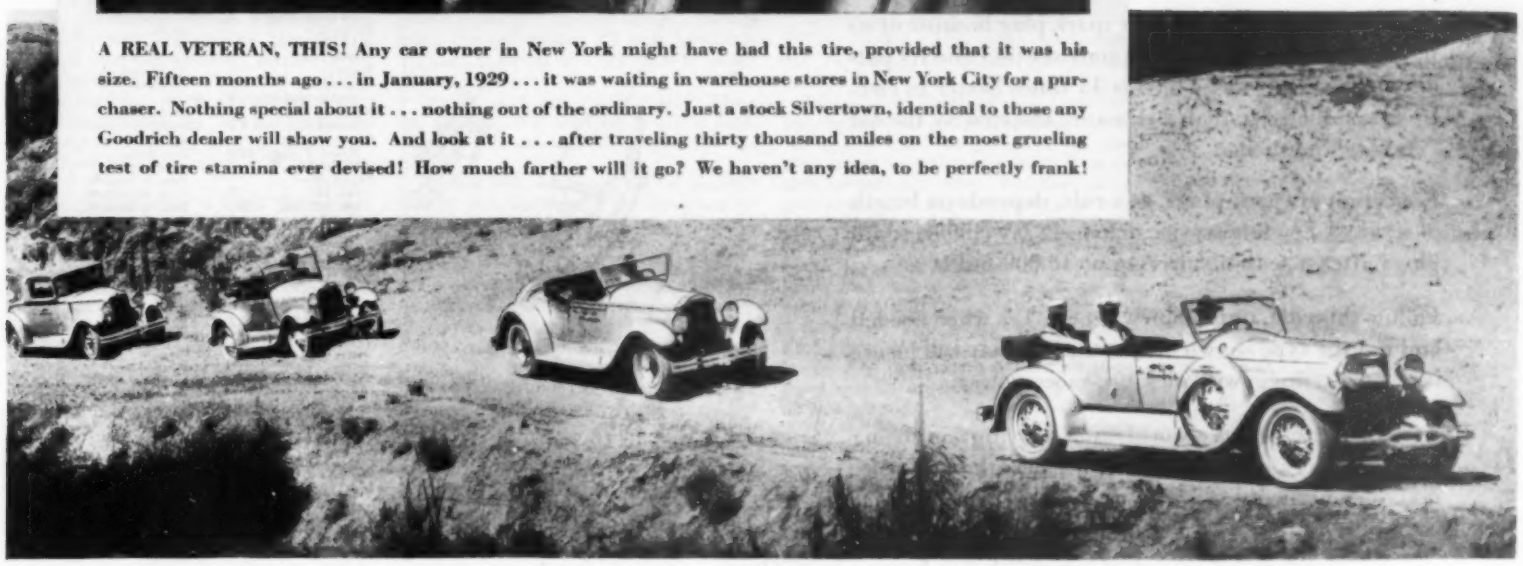


Just getting under way with the Silver Fleet. 8,000 miles and no signs of tread wear showing.

The half-way mark . . . and it looks like an ordinary tire with five or six thousand miles on it.

Lots of wear and lots of traction left in this tire after thousands of miles of hard pushing service.

A REAL VETERAN, THIS! Any car owner in New York might have had this tire, provided that it was his size. Fifteen months ago . . . in January, 1929 . . . it was waiting in warehouse stores in New York City for a purchaser. Nothing special about it . . . nothing out of the ordinary. Just a stock Silvertown, identical to those any Goodrich dealer will show you. And look at it . . . after traveling thirty thousand miles on the most grueling test of tire stamina ever devised! How much farther will it go? We haven't any idea, to be perfectly frank!



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THE STANDARD SPARK PLUG OF THE WORLD

For *better* engine performance use correct type of spark plug

The correct type of AC Spark Plug for your car is shown on this chart. Use it as your guide in buying spark plugs. That will insure better engine performance.

Engine performance depends on *quality* spark plugs. AC quality is endorsed by more than 200 successful engine makers, and a majority of leading car manufacturers.

They have found AC a better spark plug because of its patented gas-tight one-piece construction and its patented side-electrode, which is 35 times better in electrical conductivity than a side-wire inserted by the old "staking" method.

Condition of spark plugs, as a rule, depends on length of service. Leading service managers say change spark plugs after a season's driving or 10,000 miles.

Follow this rule, put in a new set of AC's when needed and use the type shown on this chart. That will insure instant starting, swift pick-up, more power.

AC Spark Plugs have world-wide distribution, being carried in stock and sold by more dealers than all other makes combined.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

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A SAFE GUIDE IN BUYING SPARK PLUGS

This chart indicates the correct type of AC Spark Plug for makes of cars, as determined by scientific test

AUBURN—
All 1930 Models . . I
1929—890 L. C. . . I
1929—890 H. C. . NN
1929—120 L. C. . . Y
1929—120 H.C. . NN
All other Models 1925-29 . . . . . A

BLACKHAWK—
All Models G-11

BUICK—
1929-1930 . . . . G-14
1925-26-27-28 C
To 1924 Inclusive . B

CADILLAC—
1929-1930 . . . . G-10
1928 after March 20th . . . . . Y
All other Models . A

CHANDLER—
Big 6—1928 & 1929, 85, 65, Royal 8, Spec. 6 Std. 6, 48 and 31 . B
Royal 75, Big 6—1927, 35 and 38 . . . Z

CHEVROLET—
1930-1929 . . . G-14
1928 . . . . . Z
To 1927 Inc. . B

CHRYSLER—
80, 52, 62, 65, 75 Red Head, 72 . Y
77, 70—1930 . . . G-13
66, 70—1929 . . G-10
All other Models . A

CORD—1930 . . . . G-11

CUNNINGHAM—
All Models . . . . . Z

DESOTO—
CF G-10
K-6 & all 1929 Models after May 1st, 1929 . G-11
All Low Comp. Models to May 1st, 1929 . . G-14
All High Comp. Models to May 1st, 1929 . . N-1

DODGE BROTHERS—
DC 6 Cylinder G-10
Victory after July 15, 1929, and Model DA . . . G-12
DE and DD . . . G-11
Senior, Victory to 7-15-29 I
All 4 cylinder Models . . . . . Z

DUESENBERG—
1929-1930 . . . . G-11
To 1928 Incl. . . . G-14

DURANT—
Model 617 . . . . G-11
Model 614 . . . . G-10
Model 70 . . . . . G-8
75, 66, 65, 60, 55, 40 . . . . . E
A-22 . . . . . B

ELCAR—
130-140 . . . . . G-11
95, 96, 75 and 120 . I
8-81, 6-65, 8-80, 4-40 . . . . . H
All other Models . A

ERSKINE—
All Models to 1930 Incl. I

ESSEX—
1929-30 . . . . . G-10
1926 to 1928 Inc. . W
1921 to 1925 Inclusive . . . . . G-CP

FORD—
Model T . . . AC 1075
Model A . . . . . Z

FRANKLIN—
145, 147 . . . . . W
135, 137, 130 . . . N-1
Model 11 . . . . . Z
11-B, 11-A, 11 . . . C

GARDNER—
150, 140 and 130 . . I
All other Models . E

GRAHAM-PAIGE—
8-137 and 8-147 . G-11
837, 835 and 827 . N-1
All other Models . Z

HUDSON—
1930-1929 . . . G-10
1926 to 1928 Inclusive . . . . . W
1921 to 1925 Inclusive . . . . . G-CP

HUPMOBILE—
Models U, H C and S G-11
A after 3-27-29 . G-12
M and 125-8 . . . . N-1
A to 3-27-29 and A-1 . . . . . Z
All other Models . A

JORDAN—
8-G and 8-T . . . G-11
G and E N-1
JE, JL, AA, J and A I
All other Models G-14

KISSEL—All Models . A

LASALLE—
1930-1929 . . . . . G-10
1928 . . . . . Y

LINCOLN—
1928-29-30 . . . . . Z-1
All other Models . A

LOCOMOBILE—
All Models to 1929 Inclusive . . . . . A

MARMON—
Big 8 and 79 . . . G-8
Model 78 . . . . . NN
Model 68—1929 . . I
All other Models 1927 to 1930 Inc. . E
All Models to 1926 Inclusive E-CP

MARQUETTE G-12

MOON—All Models to 1929 Inclusive . A

NASH—
1930 Twin Ign. 6 & 8, 1929 Adv. & Spec. . . . . J
1929-30 Std. 6 . . G-14
1928 Std. 6
1927 Light 6 . . . . . A
All other Models . C

OAKLAND—
1930 . . . . . G-12
1928 & 1929 . . . . B
1924-1927 Inc. B-CP

OLDSMOBILE—
1930-1929 . . . . . G-12
1928 . . . . . G-14
1927 . . . . . E
1923 6 Cyl. . . . . A
All others to 1926 Incl. . . . . C-CP

OVERLAND—
4 Cylinder . . . . . F
6 Cylinder I

PACKARD—
740-726 High Speed . . . . . A
633-645 I
All others 1927-30 Incl. . . . . Z
To 1926 Incl. . . . . A

PAIGE—
All Models . . . . . A

PEERLESS—
Standard and Master 8 . . . . . W
Custom 8 and 6-81 . . . . . G-11
All others I

PIERCE-ARROW—
All Models to 1930 Incl. I

PLYMOUTH—
1930-1929 . . . . G-13
1928—Red Head . Y
1928—Sil'r Dome . A

PONTIAC—
1930 . . . . . G-14
1928-29 . . . . . B
1926-27 . . . . . B-CP

REO—
1930 . . . . . G-11
1929 . . . . . G-12
1928 . . . . . G-14
1927 . . . . . Y
To 1926 Incl. . . . F

ROLLS-ROYCE—
40-50 . . . . . G-11
40-65 . . . . . W

ROOSEVELT—
All Models to 1930 Incl. I

STAR—
All Models . . . . . A

STEARNS-KNIGHT—
All Models to 1929 Incl. . . . . E

STUDEBAKER—
Pres. 8, 1929-30, Com. 6, 1929-30, Dict. 6, 1929-30 . . . I
Com. 8, 1929-30 & Dict. 8, 1929-30 . Y
Pres. 8, 1928, Com. 6, 1928 & all 1927 Models . . Z
All other Models . E

STUTZ—
1930 . . . . . G-11
1926 to 1929 Incl. G-14
1925 . . . . . Z
To 1924 Incl. . . . . A

VELIE—
All Models . . . . . E

VIKING—
All Models G-12

WHIPPET—
Model 98-A . . . . . Z
Model 96-A I
All other Models . A

WILLYS-KNIGHT—
1930 Willys 6 . G-14
66-B, 65-A and 66-A 65 I
All other Models . E

WINDSOR—
All Models G-11

WOLVERINE—
1928 . . . . . G-14
1927 . . . . . E

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES AC GASOLINE GAUGES

(Continued from Page 80)

over the roar of conflict, he could feel their silence quicken with response. That was brave music. But he didn't let his hands fall from the piano; only waited, his head bent, for that mood to pass.

Then he went on. The marching pace was overtaken and confused, lost in complexity, and the high single call was harried and dragged down, drowned in the heavy, thudding rhythms of the machine. Freedom? There was no freedom. There were grim, jarring harmonies, relentless, powerful, devoid of tenderness or beauty—something tremendous, ominous, marching on iron feet.

Yet there was courage in it. Something that men had built, not for one need but for a thousand needs, and for a thousand other needs yet nameless. It was strong. It carried you if you were weak, destroyed you if you fought it, dragged you if you submitted tamely. But if you found the courage to stand up and march, you saw it beat a path to your own shining goals. You heard four clanging notes beat through those jarring harmonies, welding them slowly into mighty song.

You needed courage always; for it had no end. "We need! We need!" There was no end of needs, while men could dream. Four high, clear notes rang slowly into silence. That was all.

Fred Harper's hands fell from the piano, and he rose. Hands clapped, uncertainly, politely; and he bowed and left the stage. He saw no face but Ann's, and she was crying.

Then he became aware of something. Rosika was embracing him, tugging at him, pushing him toward the stage. The noise of hands was growing. He went back and bowed.

Vaguely he was aware of a round-faced, bald-headed, beaming little man in the fifth row, who leaped to his feet and clasped his own white-gloved hands over his own head and shook them vigorously together. The noise of hands redoubled.

XIV

FREEDOM? There was no freedom. If you were a grocer's son and didn't act like a grocer's son, you were a misfit in your home town. If you lived among intellectuals and didn't know how to use big words, you were a hick. And if you dared at last to be yourself, let out the strange and secret music that sang in you, you became a curiosity. Modest size and quiet bearing didn't save you; they were advertised as your quaint variations from the standard. There were headlines telling how shy you were.

And there was no escape. The machinery of success was too complex, too vast; it touched your life at every point. Every new feeling that took shape in you and poured itself into music was the signal for a new flood of publicity. The publishers had press agents thinking up new ways to tell how queer your music was, how queer you were.

The feelings were a flood, these days. The machinery gave them words and called them love songs. They were love songs. They were feelings about Ann. But they had no words. That was why you had to pour them into music.

Ann didn't mind publicity. She liked people, even reporters; she laughed with them and told them anything they asked. She told them about the walking stick. They didn't think a walking stick was funny, but most of them had lived in little towns; they saw the humor of the combination. They leaped on it as an item of human interest, showing how Frederic Harper had always been a rebel, an individualist, a queer fellow in his own home town.

He read the interview and was dismayed.

"Gosh, kid," he protested, "what'd you tell 'em that for? The Mumford papers'll get hold of it sure."

"Why not?" said Ann.

"But look how it kids Mumford!"

"What of it?" said Ann cheerfully. "What would the city slickers do for amusement if they couldn't kid little towns? Mumford can stand it. It's been kidded a good deal, first and last, and it's still doing business at the same old stand."

"I'll never have the nerve to go back there now!"

"That's hooey," said the cheerful Ann. "I'm getting a big kick out of all this hullabaloo; it's fun to be the wife of a celebrity. But they're running you ragged. You've got to back off and collect yourself. New York's a grand place to get advertised, but Mumford's home."

That was all right for Ann; she knew how to get along with people; she liked to know everybody on the street. Fred Harper, too, thought wistfully of a quiet place where everybody knew him, didn't have to whisper behind their hands, "That's Frederic Harper. Look—right there!" But he dreaded it. The scandal of their elopement had blown over; after all, he hadn't actually run away with another man's wife; but he remembered that he didn't fit in the community.

Of course he had bought another walking stick. Just one; he was no collector. It was as nearly as possible like the one he had broken on Gene Harris. His hand had grown used to that one, and Fred Harper liked things he was used to. They didn't distract him from his dreams, his groping for the truth that lay beyond mere circumstance.

The stick was in his hand when the train rolled into Mumford; he was conscious of it, too late, when he was already on the platform. There were a good many people at the station, all of them familiar, all their smiling eyes focused on him and Ann. There was laughter, there were kisses, there was jocularity. Nobody seemed to notice the walking stick except Gene Harris, who, having kissed Ann warmly in the general enthusiasm, shook hands warmly with Fred Harper and then grinned at the stick and went through a jocular pantomime of dodging.

There were endless congratulations on Fred Harper's new and sensational success. He grinned and grinned mechanically, but he didn't know what to say. Even Mrs. Worsham told him volubly how she had always known he had it in him. He knew that was an amiable lie. She hadn't known. Nobody had. They all looked at him with new eyes, as if he were a sort of surprising stranger.

Everything was all right—and everything was strange.

This wasn't home. Nobody took him for granted. Strangers and near-strangers spoke to him on the street, respectfully. He said dolefully to Ann, "Wha'd'ye mean, collect myself? I have to keep on my toes every minute, for fear I'll snub somebody without knowing it. My face is frozen with politeness."

"It is," said Ann. "Poor kid! Cheer up, though; it'll wear off in a few days. Just don't freeze any stiffer than you can help."

He was stiff, he knew, but he couldn't help it. Jocularity never had been easy for him; now it rang hollow every time he tried it. Why couldn't people let him be himself?

He went to Rotary with Mr. Allison, and he was jocular—from the teeth out. Everybody was jocular—from the teeth out. Old Mr. Hall, the millionaire manufacturer, a man of international importance, clapped him chummily on the shoulder and demanded, "Where's your crutch, Freddie? Doesn't seem natural to see you limping around without it."

"Oh," grinned Fred feebly, "I rode down with Bill, and he was afraid I'd get it tangled in the wheel."

But Mr. Hall wasn't listening, anyway; he was just going through the form of jocularity. Masks, masks, masks! Sixty men, every one of them trying to look like every other. Not half of them saw one another from one Rotary luncheon to the next, but every one of them tried to act like everybody's chum. Only the weaker ones, the ones who didn't amount to much in the community, really enjoyed the pretense; but they all submitted.

Old Mr. Hall, Fred Harper knew, had just returned from a conference at Washington, a conference with the President of the United States. He was undoubtedly the most important man in Mumford. A farmer's son, he had built up a great industry and a tremendous fortune; yet he sat here with lesser men, trying somehow pathetically to be like them. Why? Why?

Albert Fink, the baker, a pale and puffy man, demanded across the table, "'S matter, George? Fly in your soup?"

And Mr. Hall, massive, white-haired, lost for the moment in some sober thought, roused himself anxiously to jocularity, apologizing, "Eh? Oh—certainly, certainly, er—old man."

He didn't even remember Albert Fink's first name, but he had to let Albert call him George. You could be fined twenty-five cents if you rejected wholesale intimacy.

Everything wholesale, standardized; they were all good Rotarians. Albert Fink especially. Albert had always boasted 100 per cent attendance; Albert never missed a meeting. He was only a few years older than Fred Harper, but he was proud of his record as a servant of the community. Fred Harper could remember him as a pale German boy, a baker's apprentice; Fred particularly remembered Albert's trick of touching his forelock humbly when you spoke to him.

Albert didn't have to touch his forelock now. He was as good as anybody. He didn't let anybody forget it either. He was jocular with everybody.

The gavel banged. The buzz of jocularity died away.

"Fellow Rotarians," said the president, rising, "before we proceed with our usual program, I want to say a word about heredity. You can't trust it!"

Laughter. Everybody seemed to see the joke except Fred Harper. Albert Fink leaned over and poked him jocularly in the ribs, made dull resentment blur the next few words.

"—— never know what dormant strain will come to light. What's in a name? Some wild, bog-trotting Irishman played a harp so wildly well that it gave him a name. One of his far descendants came to Mumford, and never knew the magic that was in him. He was a grocer, and a good one; but his son, by the grace of God, is something else. Jim Harper's son, stand up!"

Fred Harper didn't stand; he couldn't. For he knew suddenly that they were trying to do him honor, knew they were seeing him as a surprising stranger. He saw it in their eyes. Jim Harper's son—a stranger.

"Front and center, Freddie!"

That made it a little easier—the jocularity. He got up, but his ears were hot with misery.

"Fred," said the president, "you once had the honor of being the youngest member of this club; we gave you the place your father had earned for you. Now you have earned your own. You have served your community in your own way, as every son of Mumford serves who makes an honorable name. Nothing is permanent in a democracy. Our fathers can give us opportunity, but each of us must make his own name in the end."

He paused. The Rotary Club applauded. Fred Harper stood there, miserable, confused. The president was drawing something from underneath the table; he stood up and grinned.

"Once," he said jocularly, "we thought you were a little swelled up over your early responsibility. You seemed a trifle—shall I say?—high hat. We couldn't cure you, so we're yielding gracefully. You've won your spurs. Come get 'em!"

Fred Harper wanted to cry out, "I'm not high hat! I've never been high hat! I've been afraid, afraid. I don't know how to be like everybody, get along with everybody!"

But of course you couldn't say a thing like that. Under the compulsion of sixty

(Continued on Page 87)

ACIDITY

the common cause of Distress after Eating

The shadowy spectre that whispers "You'll be sorry" when tempting refreshments are offered! Do you know what causes your food to disagree, to sour in the stomach and form gas?

An acid system.

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OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 85)

pairs of eyes he stumbled forward. He saw what the president was holding out—a slender, beautiful black walking stick. He didn't want it. They were giving him the privilege of being different from other men, and he didn't want it.

What was he stumbling over? Albert Fink's foot. He saw the fellow's pale, fat face, impertinently familiar, leering with jocularity. The clammy fool was trying to trip him—now! Red rage wiped out Fred Harper's misery.

But suddenly he became aware of Albert's eyes—pale, bulbous eyes, grinning but somehow wistful, humble behind their jocularity. Albert hadn't been always as good as anybody; once he had been taught to touch his forelock when you spoke to him. He didn't have to touch his forelock now, and that was a tremendous thing to Albert.

Fred Harper drew a deep, quick breath and grinned; and all his rage and all his misery were gone. Roughly, jocularly, he cuffed Albert's delighted head, kicked Albert's foot out of the way and went on and got the stick.

He didn't try to thank anybody. They knew he didn't know how to make a speech. He was aware of friendly jeers, aware of sixty pairs of eyes, all different, yet with the same look in them all—jocular, friendly, a look newly earned. He was no stranger here. The stick had a gold band on it, marked with no fulsome phrase, but with the plain inscription, "Frederic Harper, Mumford, Indiana."

It was enough. That was a handsome stick, but he could never carry it in Mumford. He knew now why Mr. Hall let Albert call him George. Men were not equal, but no place was permanent; all men might give their dreams such form and power as they could. No man might carry symbols, wear his spurs in public. It was enough that he had earned the accolade.

(THE END)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 30)

To hew and hack the solid earth and hear the niblick hiss,
While churning up the heavy sand within some deep abyss.

The air is full of rain and snow, and all the skies are gray,
And yet I know that sunny spring is just a step away;
For calling on a banker, he was practicing a chip,
And when I called my lawyer he was trying out his grip.
And though the gale is howling and is churning up the waves,
I hear the bunkers calling to about four million slaves. —*Grantland Rice.*

Two Sweet Young Things Censuring Another

"MY DEAR, I think she's simply lovely looking and terribly attractive, only I think it's perfectly awful the way she talks about people all the entire time—do you know what I mean?"

"Isn't it foul, my dear? I mean I adore her, but I know she's said frightfully mean things about me, because she always says catty things about everybody!"

"Isn't it true, my dear? I mean she says the most outrageous things about people!"

"Absolutely, my dear! I mean, f'r instance, the other day she said something about somebody that was really so ridic that I nearly had hysterics, because I simply knew it wasn't so!"

"Really, my dear? What was it?"

"Well, my dear, she said that Floss and Oswald were getting a divorce. Can you bear it, my dear?"

"No!"

"Well, my dear, that's what she said!"

"Honestly, my dear, I simply can't believe it! I thought they were getting along swell!"

"So did I, my dear, but you never can tell, you know; and I hear Oswald lost scads of money in the market crash, my dear, and I know she hasn't had a new coat this winter and, my dear, you know how she's always adored clothes and everything, and they've cut down to two servants, because I mean she told me so herself, my dear, so I mean there may be something in it, only I'd never breathe it to a soul, because I honestly think the best way is just to keep mum about things like that—do you know what I mean?"

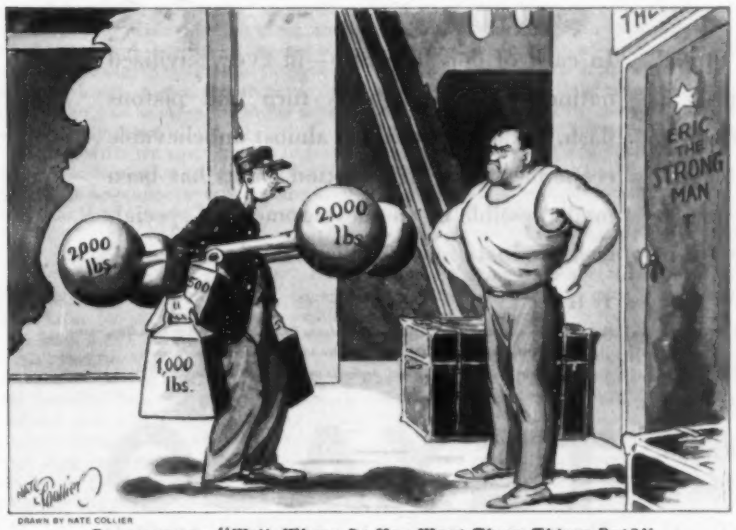
"So do I, my dear! But come to think of it, I wouldn't be one bit surprised if Floss and Oswald got a divorce if he lost a lot of mazuma in Wall Street, my dear, because I mean everybody knows the only reason she married him was for his money! I mean I adore Floss, but I think she's frightfully worldly!"

"So do I, my dear! I think she's terribly sweet, but awfully worldly and selfish, sort of. I mean I don't think she'd hesitate a minute to divorce Oswald if he'd lost all his money or something!"

"Neither do I, my dear. Gosh, I feel terribly sorry for the children, though!"

"Isn't it too tragic, my dear? But they've always been awfully neglected, sort of, don't you think?"

"Oh, heavens, yes, my dear! I think it's positively criminal the way she's always neglected her children, my dear—I mean I actually do!" —LLOYD MAYER.



DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Expressman: "Well, Where Do You Want These Things Put?"

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PRACTICALLY FAITHFUL

(Continued from Page 15)

colt. I couldn't check him, but I kept my head enough to swing him in a circle, round and round and round, hoping he'd run down. He seemed a practically tireless horse.

My hat blew off, my hair flopped in my eyes, my arms were almost pulled from their sockets and still that brute ran. I was just wondering dizzily how Aunt Hannah could possibly wear mourning, since her clothes are all black anyway, when I heard a slight thudding to the left and a mysterious horseman appeared, riding at a gallop—just like the Virginian or Tom Mix or somebody. I kept circling Flapjack and the man angled in at my side.

A few more jumps and heaves and snorts and he had caught the bridle. Another jump and heave and snort and we had plowed to a spectacular stop.

But did the tall stranger catch me in his arms and cry, "Thank God, I was in time!" He did not! He simply doubled over his saddle horn and devoted a few minutes to silent mirth.

Then he straightened up and quoted something from Robert Service or somebody, about: "She was ghastly under her rouge!" Of course you've guessed it—Lewis Holmes. The brute!

"I'm glad you liked our little show," I said haughtily, trying not to cry.

"Barnum never did better," he assured me.

"It's a good thing I wasn't killed," I suggested, "or you'd have had hysterics."

At that he did have the decency to sober and halfway apologize. "I hand it to you for a level head," he admitted. "Pretty cool the way you circled him. And you kept your seat like an old soldier."

"This is no time to get sentimental," I informed him loftily, trying to be very cold and dignified, though my hair had all blown into my eyes and mouth.

"No," he grinned, "you have all winter for that."

"Oh, you think you're smart!" I flashed, forgetting I was a lady and a Randall. "You think it's clever to let girls get half killed so you can see how funny they look. I'd like to choke you!"

"You did once," he drawled, with a lazy sort of smile I must admit is rather interesting. "Now, my dear little girl, I'm going to take you home, and if I ever catch you riding that horse again I'll spank you. Call it Western chivalry. I'm going to see Bill Churchill myself and tell him not to let you ride anything but Whitey the rest of the year."

"Whitey!" I almost shrieked. "Why, he's—he's twenty years old!"

"Still," he said, "there's no fool like an old fool. He may want to run away with you too."

You see, Polly, why I simply loathe him. Not only did he actually look up Mr. Churchill and make him give me that ghastly old white horse who sneezes and stumbles and sags in the middle, but he saw me at my worst. And a woman never forgives a man who has seen her at her worst. Or practically never.

Darling, write me again almost immediately. Your letters are all I have to live for. Tell me the news about everybody and keep an eye on Pat. Yours a lot,

ANNE.

OCT. 18.

DEAREST POLLY: I know I haven't written for ages, but this is a panting life I lead, and I hardly get time to eat—thank heaven!

Angel, would you believe it, I have three new freckles, five new mosquito bites, a blistered nose and a scratch on my chin. My hair is shaggy and my complexion is a deep, dark mahogany. But with all these handicaps I have five new beaus. Five complete boy friends of assorted sizes and shapes. So, you see, it is a wonderful country and I was right to come. I always have success when I play my hunches. Or practically always.

The Churchills gave a dance not long ago, and I modestly admit under pressure that I seemed the hit of the evening. I wore that black satin with the little ermine tails. I remember it made Pat practically forget that he was a gentleman.

I haven't the remotest idea where the people all came from. The hills and mountains just opened up and spewed them forth: perfect hordes of breathless-looking men, ages twelve to sixty; wiry little ranch wives and great pillowy ranch wives; awkward, giggling girls dressed in their touching best; cowpunchers, short, tall, dark, fair, lean and fat. The dance was given in the long living room, with all chairs and tables pushed against the walls. My bedroom was pressed into service as a check stand for babies. You see, darling, women are still a bit scarce and the mother of five may be quite a belle. She can't leave the children at home with the hired girl, for the hired girl has a date with the foreman or maybe with the sheriff. So she just brings them with her and files them in some convenient corner until the dance is over. The babies are trained to like it, and go to sleep the minute the music starts.

The music, by the way, is furnished by Curley Dukes, a Bar Four cowpuncher with a fiddle, Jake Mills, who runs the sawmill and plays the banjo, and Magdalene Murphy, who seems to have a standing grudge against pianos. The treatment she gave this one was scandalous. She slapped its face and boxed its ears and kicked it in the stomach. She beat it and spanked it and smacked it. The more it shrieked for mercy the more proudly she smiled. She may not be much of a musician, but she is a powerful disciplinarian.

And dance! I never danced so much in my life! Every pound Mrs. Churchill has smeared on me I gayly kicked off. I leaped and writhed and squirmed and stamped and bounded and pounced and thumped. I danced steps I hadn't heard of since the days Cousin Nellie used to bring me her cotillion favors. The schottish, darling, is the most fun. The polka is a panic, while the varsovienne is a snappy little number where the lady turns her back to the gent and leers at him over her shoulder. Very sweet. Shorty said I did practically the best leering of the evening.

There were enough men to go around twice, and though the latest steps haven't reached here, the dear old custom of the cut-in certainly has. I was snatched from one embrace to another—all embraces cordial! And, darling, these men can dance! I had forgotten the waltz was an art. And they have a humid line too, all made up of the most preposterous lies, flatteries, naïveté and daring.

Most of them came over horseback and appeared at the door with their legs modestly shrouded in great woolly chaps. But they took them off for action, just boldly unstrapped them and flung them over chair backs, showing spanking clean overalls or store pants beneath. There was only one man in the room with a coat, and that was Lewis Holmes—the brute.

I had quite a flock of dances with him, however. My trust in the black satin was not misplaced. There were several moments I could have sworn he was actually interested. His eyes, incidentally, are rather fascinating—cold, glinty gray, with something hot way back.

And I found out why he disapproves of me. He thinks I'm frivolous! Me! He said he made up his mind, the minute I stepped from the train, I would do his young brother no particular good.

He said he thought to himself, "Devilish pretty and probably can dance, but doesn't know a thing. Brains as varnished as her hair."

"Howard's had a lot of trouble in school," he explained, "and the last three teachers nearly ruined him. When I read your name I had hopes. Anne Randall sounds somehow intelligent and efficient. Then you dropped off the train looking like a movie version of Helen of Troy—and I lost my temper. I've always harbored a quaint notion school-teachers should have something besides sex appeal."

"Too many do," I told him.

"But you admit you're exempt?"

"No. I don't even admit I'm dangerously fascinating. But it's sweet of you to think so."

"Fascinating? You're a menace. How many men have been in love with you?"

"Really, I couldn't say," I drawled. "I never was good at mathematics."

"That must be a consolation to your students," he murmured.

At one o'clock the musicians stretched their weary limbs and we had supper. The Paint Creek dances are also cooking contests. The women all bustled in with baskets and soon the world's greatest collection of chicken salad, sandwiches and angel-food cake had been liberated. Mrs. Churchill made great tanks of coffee, and Red and Shorty showed up with a whacking big freezer of ice cream they had concocted that afternoon. We ate until helpless. Or practically helpless. For we were able to dance out the rest of the night. The roads here are bad and people are afraid to drive over them before daylight, so they ankle on till dawn. We were still stamping and leaping and bounding when a whitish glow seeped through the sky.

Then more coffee smells arose from the kitchen, and I hastily tore off the black satin for an old flannel and dashed out to help Mrs. Churchill get breakfast. We fed the crew of them, and a darned-good feed it was too—mountains of golden-brown flapjacks, daisy fields of fried eggs, torrents of coffee, and yards and yards of bacon. The five hands did the serving and the neighbor women washed the dishes.

By the way, the five hands are my new beaus. They accompany me everywhere. I feel something like Catharine of Russia—in a refined way. Their more or less proper names are Shorty, Bill, Pink, Spud and Baby-Face. You would love Baby-Face. He looks like the villain in a crime picture. His nose has been broken and something ghastly has happened to one ear. His mouth is cruel and crooked, and his eyes are mere sinister slits. But he can dance like Ted Shawn—only better. Spud and Bill are the handsome ones. Really, darling, they are worth a trip across the continent to see. Every time I look at them I'm simply lacerated.

Darling, you can rave about your Princeton dances if you want to, but think of me—surrounded by five Gary Coopers!

Speaking of Princeton, I just heard the most ghastly thing about it. Lewis Holmes went to it!

Write pronto.

Yours enormously,

ANNE.

NOVEMBER 21.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH: Now please, please don't worry about me. I'm perfectly safe, and I'm staying with very quiet, refined people—one of the best and, incidentally, first families in Wyoming. Mr. Churchill's mother was a Winston, one of the Vermont Winstons, so you can see how cultured they all are.

And you mustn't believe any wild stories you hear about my riding dangerous horses. My mount is a gentle, well-behaved, extremely dignified white horse of irreproachable private life.

No, darling, it's absolutely not true that I'm running around with ruffians and hoodlums, or that I'm falling in love with a sinister stranger. Of course I'm being faithful to Pat. I always am. Yes, dear, I realize perfectly that he's a Bellingham and

(Continued on Page 92)

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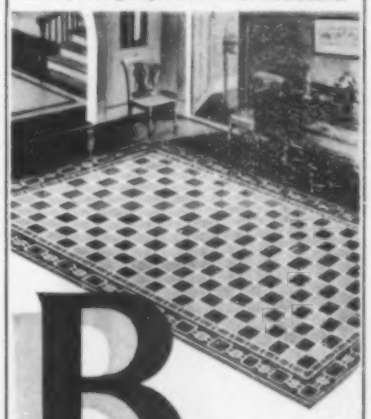

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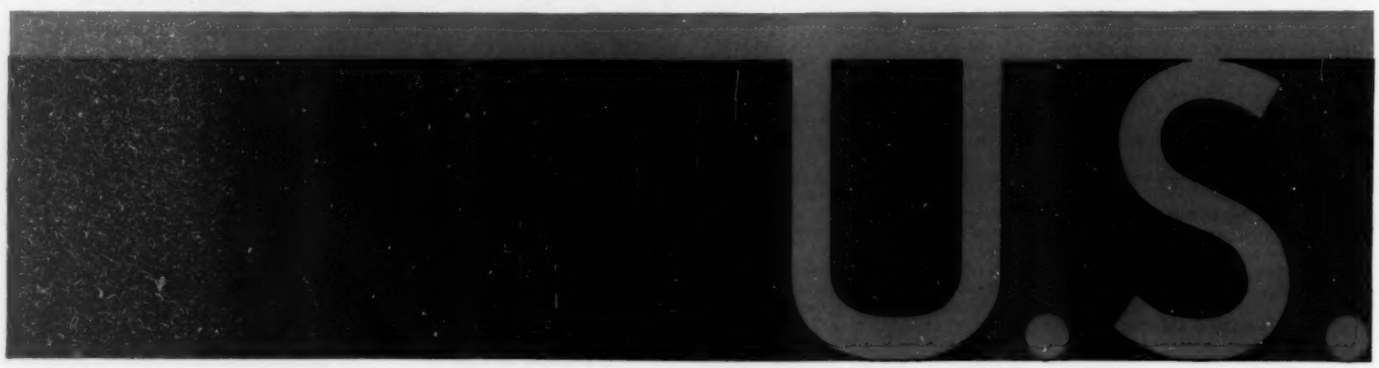

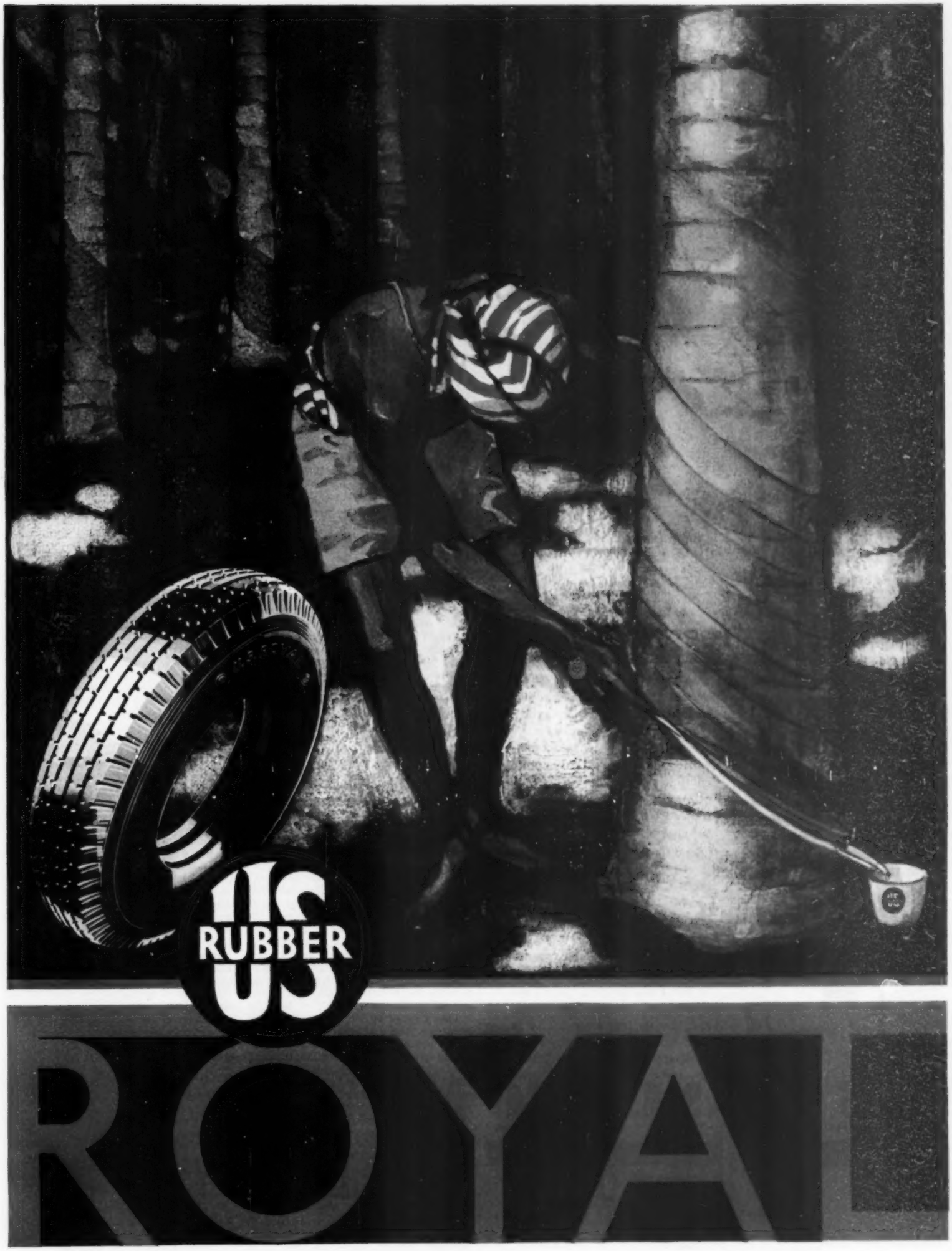
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(Continued from Page 89)

that his mother was one of the Virginia Candishes. And I'm aware that he inherits a young fortune next year. Of course I'll be faithful. Besides, he's a nice child and lots of fun.

Thank you so much for sending the clippings about Cousin Gloria's wedding. It must have been a grand affair. Tell me, how ever in the world did they make Cousin Nellie's frightful little Charlotte stand still long enough to be flower girl? But I mustn't wax flippant about the relatives when I know it pains you so. Only, darling, when I'm married, how ever are you going to stand Mrs. Monty Bellingham? You'll probably have to sit next to her in church.

As for Polly Morgan's fantastic tales about my being in love with this Lewis Holmes—that girl has more imagination than sense. I'm surprised she doesn't still believe in fairies. This Holmes is a perfectly disgusting person I despise. And what is more to the point, he despises me. In a well-bred way, of course. He doesn't draw his gun and aim it at my feet or any playful pleasantries like that. He goes in for more refined fiendishness. He's a native of this country, but he did a four-year stretch at Princeton, and his mother is a Marshall of Virginia. He disliked me the very first glimpse he caught of me, in spite of my pleasant smile and modest demeanor. But it's mostly your fault, darling, making me take care of my complexion and figure and what not. He doesn't think complexions and figures are proper in school-teachers. He doesn't believe a woman can be a womanly woman unless she's repulsive.

And with his resentment already smoldering, I set a match to the works and caused a gorgeous explosion last week by spanking his frightful little brother. Don't you love it? A descendant of the Maryland Randalls meeting a descendant of the Virginia Marshalls in Wyoming and spanking him? And how I spanked him! He's the tyrant of the school and he's done everything in the world to make life miserable for me. Of course, this fall there were the usual snakes and frogs in my desk, the usual insulting pictures on the blackboard and the usual string tied across the schoolhouse steps. I bore it all with a beautiful calm martyrdom that ought to lay up quite a few stars for my crown. But when I found a bur under old Whitey's saddle I went berserk. You have always taught me to venerate my elders and I won't have Whitey abused. So I just rolled up my sleeves, cut me a nice, flexible willow at the creek, kept Howard after school and lambasted him. He took it like a gentleman—I will say that. He was very pale and horribly humiliated, but he didn't make one squeak and he didn't strike back. And he's been pretty decent since; though of course not too decent.

But Lewis, the older brother, has been a savage. He came down to Churchill's that night and was horrible. Accused me of working off a mean personal revenge on the boy! Said I was a spoiled beauty, furious because one person in this country hadn't bowed down and worshiped. Said I was a silly, shallow flirt, deliberately trifling with cowpunchers' hearts, just to get a little admiration and attention; said I was jealous and vain and petty.

Then I got nasty and gave an illustrated lecture on what I thought of him. It was plenty poisonous. We were like two cats, pacing up and down the room, snarling and spitting and lashing out at each other. The poor Churchills went and hid, in utter terror. I haven't seen him since. And now you know how foolish Polly is, babbling on about love and romance.

Give my best love to Uncle Jack and think of me hopefully.

Your eminent niece,
ANNE RANDALL.

DECEMBER 18, 1929.

DEAREST POLLY: I'm sending for Commander Byrd to come at once. If he craves weather, he'll find it here. Cold? My dear, I'm rigid. We've had three feet of snow and the thermometer has fainted from exhaustion. Shorty says the mercury dropped off the marking board, so he just propped the broom handle under it and let it run down that. Never had I known what it was to be cold before! Imagine that three-mile ride to school at thirty below, with poor dear old Whitey tottering through the drifts on aged knees.

I admit, with blushes, that Mrs. Churchill has cut down a pair of Mr. Churchill's underwear for me, that I wear Baby-Face's old army trousers over my own, that I have received sweaters from Bill and Pink, and gloves from all five boy friends. In the evenings I crawl into the warmest corner of the living room and growl when molested. I can hardly eat supper for shivering at the thought of going to bed. Oh, dear Lord, those icy blankets! Everything in me congeals except my knees and teeth, which rattle like castanets.

But this country is beautiful in winter—a cold marble world with pale blue fingers of shadows and the stark, dark green of pines. A queer icy ecstasy grips me when I see the mountain peaks, brilliant, crystal swords slashing the sky. I'm not afraid of them any more. Instead, they give me a sort of soaring feeling.

We are having frantic preparations for Christmas, a swell program and vaudeville entertainment at the school, and a Christmas tree as big as Grant's tomb. Jake Mills is to be Santa Claus, with the five hands and three of the Bar Four boys acting as reindeer. The whole school is going to sing Christmas carols and Pansy Mitchell is slated to recite The Night Before Christmas. Everybody is to bring a present for somebody else.

Speaking of presents, will you use the inclosed five dollars to buy something gaudy for Pat—the gaudiest thing you can find for five dollars? Wish you and Pat could come out for Christmas. I get a little weepy when I think of last year.

Awfully glad, darling, you're taking such excellent care of Pat. He writes me you're a complete angel and have saved his life this year. Sweet of you to give him so much time when you could be panting around with less-encumbered youths.

Darling, love me and pray that I don't freeze. I'm desperately screwing up my courage to go to bed.

Yours with Arctic Ardor,
ANNE.

JANUARY 3, 1930.

DEAREST POLLY: That darling adorable green scarf! I stand before the mirror for hours just lost in self-worship. It exactly matches my eyes and you knew it would. The five hands are quite prostrated, and Magdalene Murphy is borrowing it to wear to a swell town wedding. And how darling of you to tuck in a hot-water bottle! It's one of the things I've marked to save in case of fire. Hope you like the silly towel I sent you and hope it doesn't scratch your neck. If it does, send it on to my Cousin Harriet, whom I hate. Everybody was perfectly adorable to me, and I had a luscious Christmas. Three of the hands gave me bedroom slippers, and the other two, manicure sets. I also received four boxes of candy and two cameras from the neighborhood at large. The mercury still hangs at zero and I cling to the hot-water bottle like a brother. Must quit—Shorty is going to town and I want to get this in the mail. Will write later.

ANNE.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH: How darling of you to send me a bathrobe and a hot-water bottle! I carry the hot-water bottle with me everywhere and purr like a kitten. You and Uncle Jack are both lambs and I yearn to see you. Awfully rushed—have to get this in the mail. Love,
ANNE.

DARLING PAT: Now, I call that sweet! Sending me a cut-glass atomizer of French perfume—and a hot-water bottle!

(Continued on Page 94)

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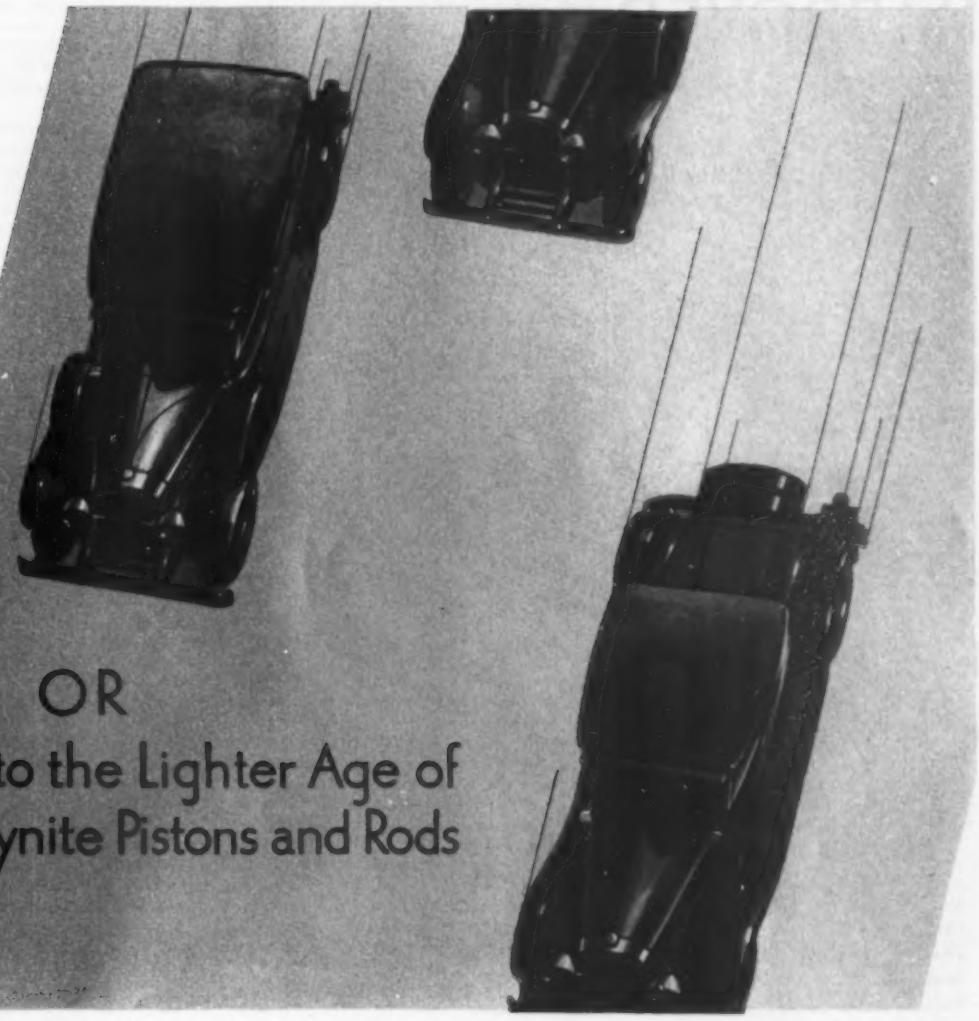
HAVE ALUMINUM AS A BASE

Does Your Car Belong to the Dark Ages of Dead Weight?



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IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

Up and down the pistons race in an atmosphere of blasting heat. They must survive the pounding; carry heat away and devote energy to power impulses instead of lifting unnecessary dead weight at every stroke.

What a job for any metal—but it is the everyday achievement of Alcoa Aluminum Alloys. Since the development of these strong alloys, the dead weight drag of iron and steel has been reduced ½ to ⅔—while heat that was held in the cylinders is now dispelled five times as fast.

The result is greater speed, more pulling power, quicker acceleration and longer life, with less wear on bearings and cylinders. Vibration is reduced to a minimum. Gas goes further; motors run cooler with less carbon.

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keeps your milk CLEAN and FRESH

Unlike ordinary caps, which leave milk and cream unprotected once the bottle is opened, PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP need never be removed from the bottle.

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If your dairyman or dealer is not one of the thousands who now supply this really modern sanitary cap let us send you a month's supply *with our compliments*. Once you've tried it you will quickly urge him to adopt it. Mail coupon below—Today!

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(Continued from Page 92)

Can't you imagine me languishing on the divan, my hair breathing duskily of Paris, my snowy throat fragrant with imported stuff, and one perfumed hand clutching a hot-water bottle to my bosom! Hope the picture doesn't tempt you too much. I thank you lots and I love you tons.

Practically all yours,
ANNE.

DEAR MR. HOLMES: This is to thank you for the hot-water bottle you so wittily hung on the Christmas tree. I'm afraid, however, that it will not warm my feeling toward you, as your card suggested. And I loathe puns!

Yours still coldly,
ANNE RANDALL.

FEB. 9, 1930.

DEAREST POLLY: If you could see me!

Lying here in a bachelor's quarters! And I've been doing it two weeks! But, much as I hate to crush your horrified hopes, I'm chaperoned. Partly by Mrs. Churchill and partly by a mustard plaster.

You see, I've been ill. Flu or something. And it's all frightfully romantic. Never have I enjoyed poor health so much. The bachelor, I might add in passing, is Lewis Holmes. You should see how sweet he looks bringing me chicken broth!

When I think over the events of the last two weeks even my penmanship is shaken. I suppose I may as well confess all. But first I must tell you about my new saddle. It is the very swankiest thing in this season's saddles, handsome leather with wild roses embossed on it, hooded stirrups in the Spanish style, and smart little touches of Mexican silver. It was given me by the Churchills, the Mitchells and the Bar Four outfit. They did discuss having a little plate on it with the words For Heroism, but Lewis dissuaded them. He knows how modest I am. Now I hope your curiosity is aroused!

The saddle, the mustard plaster and the bachelor's quarters are all linked up with one simple event—a blizzard. It blew up late one afternoon just as I was dismissing school. I've seen cyclones and typhoons and sou'westers, but I've never seen anything like a Wyoming blizzard!

A dreary gray day in five minutes became a shrieking white hell. The wind came down like a pack of wolves and shook the world by the throat. Whipping the snow before it in a blinding, blurring fury, it raced across the plain at eighty miles an hour, screaming, writhing, swirling. The twisting eddies of the storm looked like flames, ghastly white flames, searing and ruthless, licking up everything in their wake. I didn't know much about Western blizzards, but I saw at a glance that a human being was too small and frail a craft to stand against that. I hastily jerked the youngsters back into the building and slammed the door—it was only four o'clock, but it was almost dark.

"We'll have to stay here until it's over," I said.

"But it may last three days!" protested Bennie Churchill.

"Someone," I said, "will fight through and find us if it does. But not one of you leaves until this is over. Bennie and Len, you unsaddle those horses and get them into the stable. Close up the place as much as you can, for we don't want them to suffer. And bring in some wood for the fire. We'll probably have to spend the night here anyway."

Then a sickening thought struck me—Pansy Mitchell! She'd left half an hour before, because her mother wasn't well and I'd been letting her go early. Pansy somewhere out in this blizzard alone! I remembered her thin, shabby little coat and her shoes worn white over the toes. Polly, I just went limp! I thought for a moment I was going to faint, and clutched everything in sight. There was something about that blizzard that paralyzed me—something about that wolfish white madness that struck me right in the pit of the stomach. But, of course, I had to get Pansy.

"Wait a minute," I quavered. "Leave one horse saddled. No, not Whitey—he might give out. Howard, I'll take your buckskin. . . . No, he won't throw me. . . . I said no, and I mean it! I'm going after Pansy—no, you can't go with me. You stay right here and keep the fires up. If they go out I'll give you another spanking. That's the fella—I knew I could depend on you!"

I pulled on all the sweaters and coats in sight and staggered out. Howard's buckskin reared and protested, but I got him going somehow—I don't just know how. The road to the Mitchell ranch follows the creek for about two miles and then branches off straight across the prairie to the east. If I could only reach her before the road turned! The creek has carved a rather narrow little canyon, and there wasn't much danger of straying out of it, but on the plain, in this chaos, with darkness coming on, there wouldn't be the ghost of a chance to keep one's bearings. I had only one consolation—Pansy was timid and always kept her horse to a dog trot. She couldn't have got far. The wind struck me like a broadside from a battleship, and almost knocked me from my saddle. The snow hurtled into my face, millions of little icy bullets driven with unearthly force, and frost gathered on my eyelashes. Before we had gone half a mile I couldn't see six feet ahead of us, and how we kept to the road I don't know. It was the horse's instinct, not mine, that kept us going. I was so bundled up I was almost mummified, but even then the wind got through and cut like a thousand razors, slashing up and down and through and through. My face was a stiff, tortured mask, and I had to sob to catch my breath.

Three times the buckskin stumbled and I thought it was the end. Twice I scrambled back on him and plowed forward, but the third time my heart almost stopped, for something dark lay across the trail, something that moved feebly and gave a thin little squeak when we struck it. The buckskin blew his nose violently and pulled back on the reins, but I dropped to my knees beside the object, limp with relief. Pansy! Her horse had thrown her and she had lost him in the blizzard. I stripped off Shorty's leather jacket, wrapped her in it, threw her across the front of the saddle, praying that the buckskin carried double, and turned about. The trip back was much easier, for we had the wind behind us, and the horse was eager to get to the schoolhouse stable.

Howard Holmes had taken charge of everything, and had even lit the candles on the Christmas tree, which the children hadn't had the heart to throw out. I will never forget the crazy, maudlin, perfectly hysterical scream I gave when the red and green lights winked at us through the storm and I knew we were safe.

Susan Churchill and I undressed Pansy, hung her icy little clothes by the stove and wrapped her in sweaters and saddle blankets.

But of course there was no chance for me to strip and dry out, and I had to stick it in wet, sodden clothes that chilled me to the bone, even with the fire roaring in the round-bellied little stove. All night long Howard and I kept the fires going, and all night long the wind shrieked around the house. I got an old copy of Robinson Crusoe from the crazy little bookcase and tried to entertain the children, but my teeth chattered and I got so light-headed I couldn't keep the words straight. Then Howard suggested we go over our Christmas program, and everybody recited and sang and cavorted. Somehow we lived through the night, but the storm was still whooping it up at dawn.

I don't know how long we could have held out. About nine o'clock the door crashed open, and Lewis Holmes appeared, his face perfectly white, his arms full of blankets. The children flung themselves on him in a panic of joy and relief, but he threw them off, even his own brother, Howard, and strode over to me.

"My Lord," he said, "but you look terrible!"

"Sentimental as ever!" I gibbered.

"Shut up!" he suggested. "And get your things."

I don't remember about the ride, for I was getting very dizzy and queer.

His cook, a colored man, for some reason named Apostrophe, had lunch ready for us, and the children fell to like a pack of famished little wolves. I tried to drink a cup of coffee, but my hand acted silly and I spilled it all. I then tried to sneak up on it, and had just caught it firmly between both hands, when powerful arms lifted me up and carried me into a bedroom.

"You poor, fool, game kid!" said Lewis. "You poor, silly, sweet little sap! You're burning up with fever!"

Then he very tenderly put me to bed and tucked me in and poured a shot of brandy down my throat. And somebody kissed me. I'm not accusing him exactly. Of course, it may have been the colored man, Apostrophe.

That was the last I knew for several days. But it seems the storm lifted that afternoon and the children were able to get home. Lewis sent for Mrs. Churchill and she has been here ever since. Darling, I've lived in a perfect haze of cod-liver oil and mustard. I even suspect that for a few horrible days I was smeared with goose grease, as she has a leaning that way. Howard told them about my picking Pansy out of the snow, and that's why the saddle and what not.

But the most touching thing is the change in Lewis! He hovers over me with all the solicitude and bossiness of Aunt Hannah. He really is charming and we've buried the hatchet.

In fact, if I weren't being practically faithful to Pat—oh, I don't know! I suppose it's just the flu makes me feel so strange and uncertain about things. I lie awake nights trying to remember how darling Pat is and how much I adore him, but funny little doubts keep creeping in. Pat will always be a playboy and I seem to have done some growing up or something. Last summer all I asked of life was a speedboat, a dance orchestra and Pat to romp with. But now—I don't know.

Lewis and I thrashed it out the other night. Bennie Churchill brought over some of my things, and I was wearing that peach negligee Cousin Nellie passed on to me. You remember it, an old rag, but terribly effective. It triumphed over even the mustard plaster.

Lewis dropped in to read me a chapter before going to bed—and I found what cold gray eyes are like when they're not cold. Before I knew it, my head was on his shoulder and he was kissing me very savagely. I almost forgot to tell him about Pat. But I remembered just in time, and he took it like a gentleman.

He kissed me just once more and we agreed to be practically platonic.

But I felt so trembling and shaken I cried myself to sleep. It's a funny world, Polly—darned if it isn't!

Now, darling, don't worry about me. I'm entirely out of danger. And for heaven's sake don't tell Aunt Hannah any of your pleasant little bedtime stories.

Yours for cod-liver oil,
ANNE.

MAY 15, '30.

DEAREST POLLY: Why of course I forgive you! And I bless you lots! And I wish you great, gummy gobs of happiness. And I'm earnestly embroidering a washrag or something for your trousseau. I meant it to be a luncheon cloth, but you know my sewing is always erratic.

I'm so thrilled for both you and Pat, I don't know what to do. Besides—if it will make you feel any better—I have a little confession of my own. Lewis came over the other night and we sat in the living room. Have you ever seen a kerosene lamp? They are the most whimsical things. This one got impulsive and exploded. Of course, this left us frightfully in the dark—and tra, la, la, la, la! We aren't platonic any more!

Love!
ANNE.

Will you pay 50¢ *to get rid of* dandruff?

It isn't at all surprising that many thousands of women—and men—have found the solution to the troubling dandruff problem, in a 50¢ bottle of Listerine.

Dandruff, many authorities contend, is a germ disease. Full strength Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Even the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid), the stubborn germs used by the U. S. Government to test germicidal power, yield to it in counts ranging to 200,000,000.

Listerine first dislodges and dissolves the tiny scales which are the outward evidence of dandruff, then it soothes, cools, and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present Listerine attacks it. The flesh tingles and glows with new health and invigoration.

If you have any evidence of humiliating dandruff, begin with Listerine at once. Remember that it is entirely safe, and douse it *full strength* on the scalp. Then massage the latter vigorously with the finger tips. Keep the treatment up as a part of the regular soap and water shampoo, or independent of it. If your hair or scalp is exceptionally dry, use a little olive oil in conjunction with the treatment.

You will be delighted to find how quickly Listerine overcomes ordinary cases of loose dandruff. When dandruff persists, consult your physician as the condition may require expert attention.

LISTERINE for dandruff

the safe antiseptic

kills 200,000,000 *germs in* 15 *seconds*

HARD MONEY

(Continued from Page 48)

"In my opinion, sir, the law granting that monopoly is unconstitutional. The power of Congress to regulate commerce is, within just bounds, exclusive, and commerce, sir, is traffic; it is more than traffic, it is intercourse—that commercial intercourse between nations and sections of nations without which they cannot exist. It comprehends navigation. No state, sir, in my opinion, may pass a law restricting commerce or navigation, or curtailing it in any degree. Therefore, sir, it is my opinion that the Fulton-Livingston monopoly is illegal and cannot be maintained."

"Good," said Jan. "Now I will act."

When Jan arrived at the countingroom of Phillipse & Van Horn next morning he found four gentlemen of his acquaintance awaiting him, all reputable men of standing in the community, and of substance—the Messrs. Bethune, Gillingham, Newbold, and the Dutchman, Beekman.

"We have been awaiting your return," said Bethune, opening the conversation, "to lay before you a project which we believe is feasible and which, in addition, will be of great benefit to the country." Jan nodded his head, and Bethune proceeded: "A company of citizens, of whom we here present are the representatives, have obtained a charter from the state of New Jersey for a navigation and transportation company. It is our plan to operate coastwise steamers and sailing ships to Baltimore, the Southern ports and New Orleans. But we cannot proceed without the coöperation and backing of a bank."

"So," said Jan. "To New Orleans? But to bring freight and passengers to New Orleans? Have you considered that?"

"Only tentatively."

"My agents," said Jan, "have made investigations. Steamers built for river navigation will pay on the Mississippi and Ohio. The state of Ohio projects canals which will bring the products of a great region to the Lakes and through the Erie Canal when it is done. There must be ships from Cleveland to Buffalo. See!" His voice vibrated: "It will make a path of water around the nation."

"It is not difficult to see that you favor such a project," said Bethune.

"Yes," said Jan, "as a banker I favor it. But it is a bad year. These are panic times. People have been foolish to speculate in land; the Government has been foolish with the credit it gives to purchase government land. The United States Bank has been foolish, and now, to save itself it compels state banks to redeem in specie. So there is no money to use. The state banks must press their debtors, so laborers are out of work and merchants and manufacturers are ruined. It is the fault of bad banking."

"True," said Bethune, "a merchant from Cincinnati informs me that through mortgage foreclosures the national bank possesses hotels, coffee houses, residences, vacant lots—in short, a great part of the property of that city. The towns of the West are mortgaged to that money power and at its mercy. My friend said that through his region the bank is called The Monster."

"True," said Jan. "The country hates the bank. So, you will see, money is hard to come by." Then, suddenly, he struck his desk with his heavy fist. "But Phillipse & Van Horn is sound. It is able to redeem in specie, hard money. So something may be done."

"Ships may be bought or built to advantage in these times," said Bethune. "But the stumblingblock is the Fulton-Livingston monopoly."

"That monopoly will go," said Jan. "Already this young Van der Bilt, with this Union Line up the Raritan River, makes the entering wedge. The port of New York and the waters of New York will be free to the shipping of all the states."

"That is good hearing, Mr. Van Horn."

"It will come. But now I ask you to make your plans. Do not be small. Be big. Then come to me with all on paper and I will see what is to be done."

He paused and drummed on his desk top with thick fingers. "Whose is this idea?" he asked.

Bethune hesitated. "Abel Betts has talked it up," he said.

"Ah," said Jan. "Ah, Abel Betts! Many times he and I have thought alike at one time. It is strange. And Abel Betts will be in this company?"

"Yes," said Bethune.

"For much money?" asked Jan.

"He states he will invest heavily."

"But he does not come to see me with you," said Jan placidly. "Is there a reason?"

"Mr. Betts informed me that you and he were not friendly."

"No," said Jan, "we are not friendly. It is true. But a bank does not deal only with its friends." He paused. "There is a difference between me and Abel Betts. He erects a project to speculate; I erect a project to make a permanent thing. We both have our uses. I do not object to Abel Betts in this company."

"You relieve my mind," said Bethune. "I was afraid we should encounter a difficulty there."

"Will you invest personally?" asked one of the others.

"The business of a bank is to lend," said Jan succinctly.

"Upon terms," said Bethune with a smile.

"Good morning," said Jan abruptly. It was his way, with which the city was becoming acquainted. He was not one to linger and gossip. When he was done he was done, and he would have cut short an interview with Stephen Girard or with Astor with the same abruptness.

"Good morning," said the gentlemen and withdrew.

Jan sat at his desk for half an hour, motionless. Abel Betts! So here was Abel Betts once more rubbing shoulders with him in a small world. Well, Abel Betts was welcome.

Jan sensed battle. Betts would be seeking revenge, and Jan's hatred for the man was unslaked. Now they would fight it out and the abler man would win. He was content. His fingers clenched as his will hardened and set. Let Abel Betts come in; he, Jan Van Horn, would attend to the manner of his going out.

At that moment, but a block away in a small, rented room, was gathered for the transaction of business a little company of men—brokers who dealt in securities. They had formally instituted themselves a Stock Exchange in 1817. It was of slight importance to Jan Van Horn and to the nation at the moment, but already Abel Betts had discovered its uses. Abel Betts—the first great operator, the country's first plunger!

Though Jan was conscious of impending battle, invited the struggle with eagerness, he was not yet aware that the arena was to be the hired room of the Stock Exchange and the successors to that room. Nor was he aware that the battle would be waging in all its fury when both men were grandfathers, and in a generation of whose possibilities and potentialities neither of them was able to dream.

XIV

ANNEKE VAN HORN was a self-reliant woman, tenacious, and with a grim faith in her ability to accomplish anything which appeared to her common-sense mind as essential. But she was discovering the impossibility of changing the leopard's spots. The leopard was little Jan Van Horn.

When little Jan and Claas came under her dominion she set about it to mold them as she had molded her own son. With her son she was almost content, and it was but natural that she should take to herself the credit for those facets of his character which she admired. He was her handiwork and she was proud of him, not realizing that all she had accomplished was to supply a trellis upon which he might grow as it was his nature to grow. He had been apt for her teachings, because those teachings fell into the pattern which was the sum total of himself. She improved that pattern in a measure and directed its design in minor detail, but the pattern would not have been greatly different had she disappeared at his birth.

So, having accomplished one miracle, she set sturdily about the task of accomplishing another. If she could create one great man she could create another, not realizing that all clay will not make bricks.

Even as a tiny tot it was apparent that Jan, Junior, derived from Phœbe West, the baker's daughter, and not from Jan Van Horn, the sturdy Dutchman. Physically he resembled his mother, mentally he was like her—shrewd in a common way, tricky rather than intelligent. The germ of industry was not in him, and his moral fiber resembled gauze more than it resembled stout linen. Anneke was apprehensive as she noted his weakness, but not despairing.

At the age of ten he was vain and boastful, and an inveterate liar of no mean accomplishments. He was selfish, and cruel as petty people can be cruel to attain their ends. Also he despised Anneke for her plainness, and his sole ambition, as was his mother's, was to enjoy those pleasures which money and social position can bring.

Anneke heard him boasting to his playmates.

"My father's as rich as the patroon," he said, "and so will I be some day. I just stay here with my grandmother because my father asked me to. But he's going to take me to New York pretty soon and then you'll see. I can't go now because my father can't have my grandmother around there for his friends to see. She's just a common old woman. My father couldn't have her riding around in his carriage for his friends to see."

Anneke listened grimly and then strode heavily into the circle, which scattered like a covey of quail. She took him unhurriedly by the scruff, laid him across her ample lap, lowered his small clothes, and said, as she lifted her hand in readiness, "Here's something for your friends to see!"

His friends, from a safe distance, saw a methodical and workmanlike job of spanking, thorough after the Dutch fashion, passionless. It was a duty excellently performed, as Jan's frantic screams testified. When she was done she stood him on his feet and held his tear-streaked, sullen face so she could look into his eyes. They fell before the sternness of her gray eyes.

"You are Jan Van Horn," she said. "Your father is Jan Van Horn, son of a peddler; your mother was Phœbe West, daughter of a baker. You are nobody. Your father is somebody because he has earned the respect of people by being honest and industrious. Mend your ways or you will come to a bad end."

Time and again Anneke vetoed suggestions of her son as to alterations in their living conditions.

"Mother, I am rich now. This house is small with one servant. I will buy you a larger house and you can have servants so you will not have to work."

"And sit like a lady!" said Anneke.

"Yes, mother."

"With a carriage to ride in, already?"

"Yes, mother. And ponies for the boys."

"If I had my way," said Anneke, "I would take them back to the farm so they should be as you were at their age. There will be no fine house. There will be no carriage or ponies."

"Yes, mother," said Jan.

So Anneke did her best, which might have been a mistaken best but undoubtedly was a futile best.

"They are my sons," Jan said repeatedly. "They will take my place. I have plans for them and for the Bank."

Already Jan was speaking of the bank with a capital letter; thinking of it as an institution, as something sacred and permanent, which would continue on and on into eternity. The House of Van Horn. It was his weakness, and, to some degree, his strength. It was his vanity and it was his driving ambition. To be as the Barings were, or as those Fuggers of whom he had heard! He, Jan Van Horn, could build, but that was all. He recognized his own impermanence, but declined to recognize the impermanence of his institution. So his sons took on a very special importance. It all rested with them. Without them to carry on, his labor was futile, because he was building not for tomorrow but for fifty, for a hundred years hence. Sometimes he knew the grasp of stark fear. If something should happen to his boys ——

Once Mary asked of him, "Jan, is it because of me that you do not have your sons here?"

"My mother wants them," he said. "It is best for a while."

"It must not be because of me," she said gently. "I know I am young, but I would do my best. I would welcome them for your sake, and be very kind to them and as wise as I could contrive."

"Some day," Jan said, his eyes fond. "Some day, but not yet."

"You are young too," she said tentatively, and he peered at her to read her meaning. "I mean," she explained, "that you allow yourself no pleasures. I do not complain, because I am very happy, my dear, but you do not spare yourself."

"I think," said Jan, "you must learn to enjoy yourself. I learned only to work. I do not know how."

"I could teach you," she said wistfully.

"When these bad times are past," he said, "I will come to school to you, and you shall birch me when I am stupid."

"But you do love me, Jan?"

"Why," he said in surprise, "yes!"

"You never say so," she said. "Are the times too bad for that also?"

"I think it," Jan said in his stolid way, "but I am not good at words. I try to act it, but maybe I am not good at actions."

Her little hand lay in his, and she smiled across at him. "I am content," she told him. And then, with trouble in her glance: "I think father will not be with us long."

"No," said Jan. "He fails."

"Now you may talk business," she said, and nestled closer to him. "You may talk about ships and money and the national bank, and this new contrivance you go to see in Hoboken on the estate of Mr. Stevens."

"People laugh at him," said Jan, his mouth setting in stubborn lines. "But I do not laugh. If steam can move ships on the ocean it can move wagons on land. We will live to see the day when ten people will travel by steam to one that travels by horse. And fast. Fifteen miles an hour some day. Imagine traveling from New York to St. Louis at fifteen miles an hour."

"Impossible," said Mary, more to please him than because she was astounded. "I have heard doctors say that people could not live if they were carried along at such speed. It would choke them. They would stifle with the rush of air."

"You will see! And I—I will back it with my money."

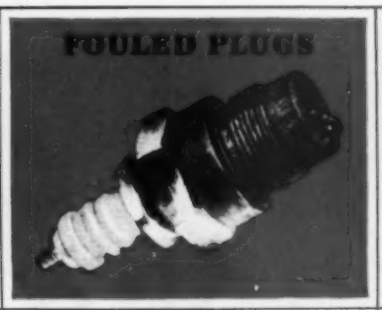
"Now you may tell me about the new steamboat line, dear."

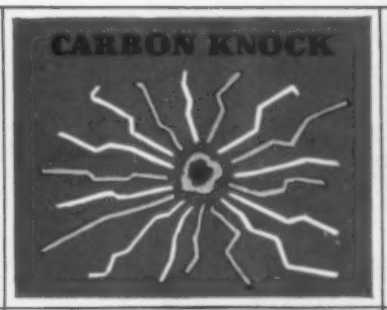
"We are ready. It was too big for one bank, so I organized a syndicate of banks. This year we will have ships running from Philadelphia and Baltimore and to New Orleans. We will have two boats on the Mississippi. We are ready to start two more on Lake Erie when the canal shall be finished. Already people buy stock in this company—many people."

(Continued on Page 101)

Change IT'S TIME TO YOUR PISTON RINGS

When Does a Car Need New Piston Rings?
▼
Here are the SYMPTOMS:





PISTON RINGS wear out—even good ones. Such wear is normal and to be expected—for these tiny bands of iron take the brunt of the load in sealing the space between pistons and cylinders.

Fortunately, it doesn't take a motor expert to tell when piston rings should be changed. If your motor is exhibiting any one of the "symptoms" listed on this page, it is a sign that your piston rings are worn out, or inferior, and should be replaced.

Take your car to any competent service man and have him install a complete set of PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* and *Compression* Rings. They will bring back lost power—give you the utmost in oil economy and cylinder lubrication—and lengthen the *useful* life of your motor. PERFECT CIRCLES are the piston rings used by most car manufacturers as original equipment.

Center—*Double Duty Type, 75c*
Above—*Oil-Regulating Type, 60c*
Below—*Compression Type, 30c*
4½ inches and over, prices slightly higher

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PERFECT CIRCLES

The keys that gave her FREEDOM

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS WOMAN

THIS girl and this machine launched an experiment that changed every practice and custom in American business. She defied the age-old prejudice against women in business . . . as courageously as Remington defied ultra-conservative business minds. She tap . . . tap . . . tapped her way to economic independence, to paying positions, to responsible executive places in every industry and activity. And her first keys to freedom were the keys of the first of all typewriters . . . the Remington.

And Remington, the pioneer, with its constant improvement, has consistently kept its place as the finest of all writing machines. It is smooth, swift and accurate, a pleasure to operate—*a precision machine*. There is even a special Noiseless model to protect nerves and to calm disorderly offices. Throughout the world women still prefer the Remington. And millions of them still find economic freedom at its keyboard.

But the Remington Typewriter was destined to play an even greater rôle in American business. For it was the forerunner of all the modern machinery of business. Out of it came the adding machine, the accounting machine, the billing machine, the calculating machine, and all the other super-human robots of present-day business. It began the revolution in business methods that has culminated in Remington Rand—a combination of all the forward-looking, practical business machines and systems. And just as the Remington Typewriter helped women to freedom, Remington Rand is emancipating the American business man.

For here is a centralized intelligence bureau that places the reins of CONTROL in the hands of every executive. Here is a concentration of business machines and specialized business ability never before seen in the world's industrial life. And this organization is pioneering and exploring the Bad Lands of Business with results that are turning overhead into profits; liabilities into assets; expenses into income.

Don't guess. Don't wonder. Don't worry. Don't fumble and speculate with half truths. Cut straight to the heart of your business problem and . . .

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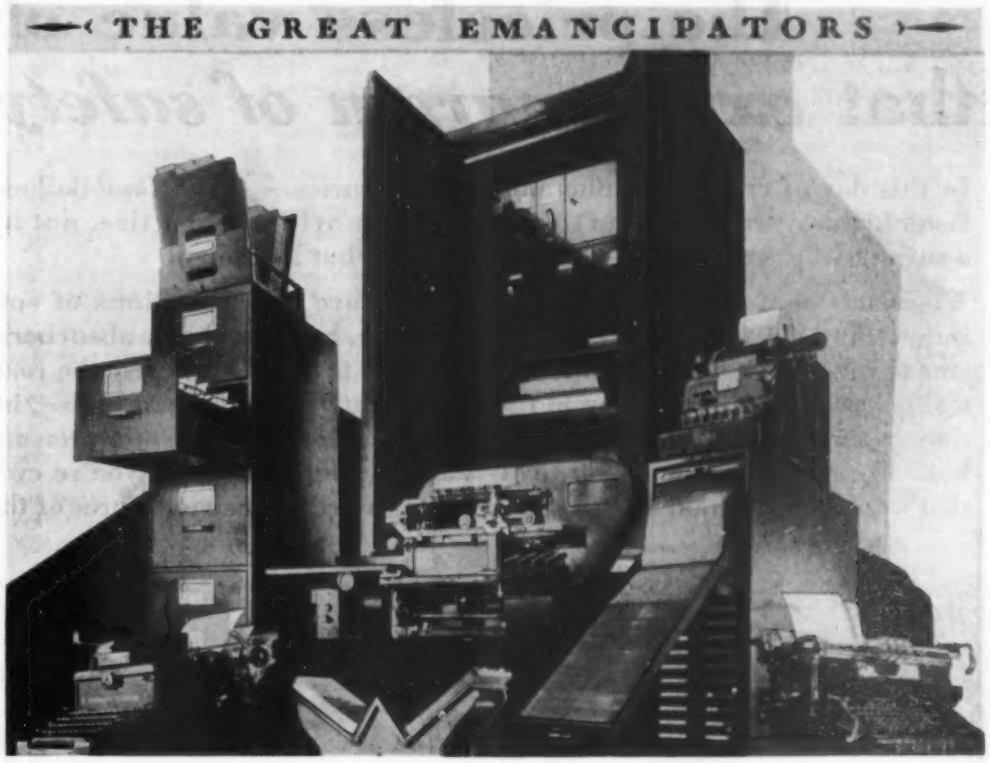

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In this day of crowded traffic and faster highway travel you can't have a surplus of safety.

When a 10-foot stop will avoid an impact and 15 feet won't—when you have to make a sudden turn on a slippery street without time to reduce your speed—that's when you want to know that you are on tires that were made to hold in just such emergencies. ~ ~ The *Dual*-Balloon is the world's safest tire, not by chance but by design.

There are extra cushions of soft rubber, built-in shock absorbers, that let the whole tire grip the road like a cat's paw. This extra 'give' inside the tire plus the lower pressure and the biggest mileage you've ever known are exclusive features of the *Dual*-Balloon. That's why more and more car owners are recognizing in the *Dual*-Balloon the priceless value of that *extra margin of safety*.

The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

The **GENERAL**
Dual-Balloon 8

(Continued from Page 96)

"But you can't come in New York waters."

"Not yet. There is a man named Gibbons in Jersey State, and a young fellow by name Corneel Van der Bilt, who are fighting the monopoly. It is a secret matter, but I back them. We will go to the courts with Mr. Daniel Webster as the lawyer, and then the monopoly will be no more."

"Are you very rich, Jan?"

"I do well," he said. "Not so rich as Jacob Astor or Stephen Girard, but I do well."

"Haven't you enough money, Jan?"

"There is not enough money. It is not that I want it for myself—to spend—just to own riches. I must have it for the bank. To use. To lend to people. Without money the country cannot grow. One kind of man manufactures or builds canals or steamship lines or steam engines. But he cannot do his work without money. Banks must lend the money. It all comes back to banks. So I must have much money to give to these men so the country may grow."

She regarded him with some understanding and with full sympathy. Not a mere moneygrubber, this Dutch husband of hers, but a man with sentiment and imagination and patriotism. She could not in wildest fancy see him waving a sword before his regiment or declaiming in the halls of Congress, but she was able to see that his work, as he understood it, was perhaps greater and more valuable and more lasting than these. He was a builder. He made money to build, not to hoard.

"Do you love your country?" she asked curiously.

"Eh?" The question took him between wind and water. He did not think in terms of love of country. The idea was new to him, and puzzling, so he mulled it over, as he mulled over any question which came new to him and required an answer. "I think it is a fine country," he said conservatively.

"Would you die for it, as men died in the Revolution and in this war which has just finished?"

"It is not my business to die," he said grimly. "It is my business to stay alive. If I am dead, how can I find money for what the country needs?"

Jan was right in one thing—the public clamored for stock in the new transportation enterprise in which his bank was concerned, of which he was the principal financial backer, and in which he was associated with the one man in the world whom he hated—Abel Betts. When the books of the new American Steamboat Company were opened, such portion of the stock as was open to subscription by the public was oversubscribed to a point of embarrassment, and within a day, before a ship plied any waters, before an ounce of freight had been carried or a single passenger had trod a deck, a fever of speculation set in which vexed Jan Van Horn. Shares were sold at a premium of twenty-five dollars, of thirty dollars, of forty dollars. Swift messengers on horseback rushed with shares between Philadelphia and New York, and premiums were paid for the gain of an hour's time. Not since the organization of the Second United States Bank, in 1816, had there been such a speculative furore.

In the height of this excitement Jan remained placid. It did not please him and in a manner it was unexpected. But it could not be otherwise than gratifying. For Jan's name had much to do with the favor which the enterprise found in the eyes of the public. He had touched it, so it must be good. Jan Van Horn was behind it, so it must be safe! As these whisperings came to his ears he felt suddenly a weight of responsibility. It pleased him and flattered him in so far as he was susceptible to flattery, but it pointed out to him also the perils of his situation. If already his name was so significant to the investing public, then he must be cautious of the use of his name. And also, if men and women put their savings into an enterprise because Jan Van Horn participated in it, then, should that enterprise come to disaster, Jan Van Horn would be shouldered with the blame. He did not like that view of the matter.

These matters weighed upon his mind as he walked along the northerly side of Wall Street, past the graveyard and the Presbyterian Church and the new customhouse at the corner of Nassau Street. He paused for a moment to pass the time of day with Garret Storm, who lived in the adjoining house, and nodded to Doctor Yates. Then before him for almost two solid blocks stretched the financial section of the city: the Manhattan Bank, the Merchants Bank, the Bank of America in the old Bayard House, and a half dozen insurance companies. At Pearl Street he cut diagonally across to Dan McCormick's, recently bought by Jan and occupied by him and the Eagle Fire Insurance Company. Here, on the second floor, was the Fort, already becoming famous in the little city as the room in which Jan Van Horn hatched out his eggs. But Jan did not enter. He paused as he saw a tall, spare man, in high hat and tail coat of ornate cut and hue, approaching from the opposite direction. It was Abel Betts, and Abel was riding on the crest of the speculative wave.

Jan saw Betts cross Water Street and turn in at the Tontine Coffee House, and stood with narrowed eyes, peering at the door as it closed behind the back of his enemy. Then he nodded his head with an abrupt jerk, picked his way across the street and himself entered that famous meeting place. Already the common room was thronged with brokers and merchants and sea captains off their craft, for the place served as secondary office to half of financial New York. Jan stood motionless just inside the door until he saw Betts in the far corner in conversation with a broker named Jordan—a man open to Jan's mistrust.

Heads turned as Jan's square figure moved across the room, and gentlemen nudged one another as he approached Betts' chair. Something was in the air! The backer of the American Steamboat Company had come to see Betts, known as the leading speculator in its shares! To this Jan gave no heed. He tapped Betts on the shoulder and, as the man turned his lean, handsome face with its overshrewd eyes, said without preface of greeting:

"We must talk."

Betts' eyes became furtive and the ingratiating smile was wiped from his lips. One might have read hatred mingled with apprehension as he looked up into Jan's ruddy, grave face. During the years the man had lost something of his fear of the young Dutchman—something of his fear, but not all. With the coming of wealth and success he had been able to bolster up his courage and his confidence in himself to hold his own. The old terror of physical chastisement was gone. But hatred remained, and something of contempt for this man who had suffered his wife to be stolen from him without exacting a definite accounting.

"I am talking," Betts said with a touch of insolence.

"Then stop," said Jan, without lifting his voice. "I said to you we must talk. Now."

Betts' blue eyes wavered, became malignant; he made some effort to save his face. "I'll see you pretty soon," he said.

"You'll see me now," Jan replied, still mildly.

"Don't mind me," said Broker Jordan. "Our business can wait."

Jan's gray eyes moved for an instant to Jordan's face. "I am not likely to mind you," he said. "No, I do not mind you; I watch you." He paused an instant. "Come with me, Betts."

Abel got to his feet, towering over Jan by nearly a foot, his lean Yankee face sullen. "Might's well get it over," he said, and followed Jan from the coffee house, across the street and up to that room which had been Jan's first place of business in the city of New York.

"Sit down," said Jan, and Betts obeyed.

"Who d'ye think you are—orderin' me around?" Betts demanded.

"You came," said Jan mildly. The two words expressed a great deal; in them there was open insult, a jeer that smarted and burned. They informed Betts that there had been no force to compel him to come—no force but a will dominant to his own. He had come because he dared not refuse.

"Say what you got to say and be done with it," he said.

"I don't hurry," said Jan. "Hurry makes mistakes. We must talk about the steamboat company. I will tell you what it is first. I think you do not know."

"I know 's well 's anybody," said Betts.

"It is a company to do something," Jan went on without paying attention to Betts' interjection. "It is a company to build ships and to run them on the ocean. It is a company to open up great tracts of country and to make it quicker and cheaper to carry freight and passengers. It must make money for its stockholders, but by earning it. It must earn it by running right and by getting business."

"Jest my idea," said Betts.

"No, that is not your idea," contradicted Jan. "You do not care if there ever is a ship on the sea or ever a passenger carried or a pound of merchandise. All it is to you is a thing with stock to trade in, as you once traded in cattle. You want the stock to go up and you want the stock to go down. You do not want to build anything; all you want is to speculate and to ruin what I build if you can make money that way."

"I got a right to buy and sell," said Betts.

"You have no right to manipulate," said Jan. "If the stock goes up because the company makes money and is prosperous, that is good. Men and women who buy the stock will profit by it. But the stock must not be made to go up by speculators who are not honest, and it must not be made to go down. I will not have this company a seesaw for brokers."

"What you cal'late to do?" asked Betts impudently.

"Tell you," said Jan.

"Wa-al, you've done your tellin'," said Betts. "I cal'late to be able to run my own business—with the help of the Lord. I'm a righteous, God-fearin' man and I don't do nothin' but what squares with my conscience. I never make a move 'thout prayin' over it first, and seems to me a feller's got as much right, in the sight of heaven, to dicker in stocks as he has to dicker in tea."

"Not in my stocks," said Jan. "There's a difference between investment and speculation. When a man or a widow woman buys into a company I'm back of, I want it to be an investment. It is not a game of cards for gamblers."

"Said your say?" asked Betts.

"Yes," said Jan.

"Wa-al," Betts retorted, working himself into a rage, "you can turn loose your dog. I hain't scairt of you nor nobuddy like you. I can hold up my end." Then, in his anger and in a certain confidence born of Jan's mildness, he quite forgot caution: "'Twon't be the first time I got the best of you, Van Horn, nor 'twon't be the first time I took suthin' away from you that you wanted to keep."

Few men had seen Jan Van Horn's cheeks otherwise than ruddy, round and shining like new apples rubbed on a housewife's apron, but Betts saw them turn to gray, and he never forgot the sight. They turned to gray and seemed to lose their rounded contours, to become thin and wasted. It was almost as if the face sought to shrink away from the eyes, leaving them alone visible.

Men have strange thoughts in moments of emergency. Through his terror Betts' thought at that instant was one of astonishment at the strength of Jan Van Horn's fingers as they gripped and crushed his throat—iron fingers, merciless fingers capable of squeezing out life despite his struggles. The memory of those fingers was to remain with him, a nightmare recollection, until the day of his death. Then, suddenly, the pressure was gone, and Betts

(Continued on Page 104)

SPEAK TO YOUR OWN

JOLLY LITTLE JOBBER

•

There is a middleman, or rather middlewoman, in your house who appears on no business chart.

Permit us to present her, your wife. Many of the things you use most often must first pass her inspection and get her okay.

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Right and proper as this may be, there is still a chance that Ipana is the tooth paste for you—and that, under the present purchasing plan, you are not getting it.

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2 If your toothbrush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

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Once you've used Ipana regularly, your teeth will be whiter, your gums will become firm, strong and healthy. Avert "pink tooth brush"!

Please hand the coupon to your wife. She'll do the rest.

To the Jolly Little Jobber:

In your power and wisdom you have selected, for the moment, a tooth paste other than the one that I prefer. Will you please try on my behalf, and have delivered to our bathroom shelf, one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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72 MILE

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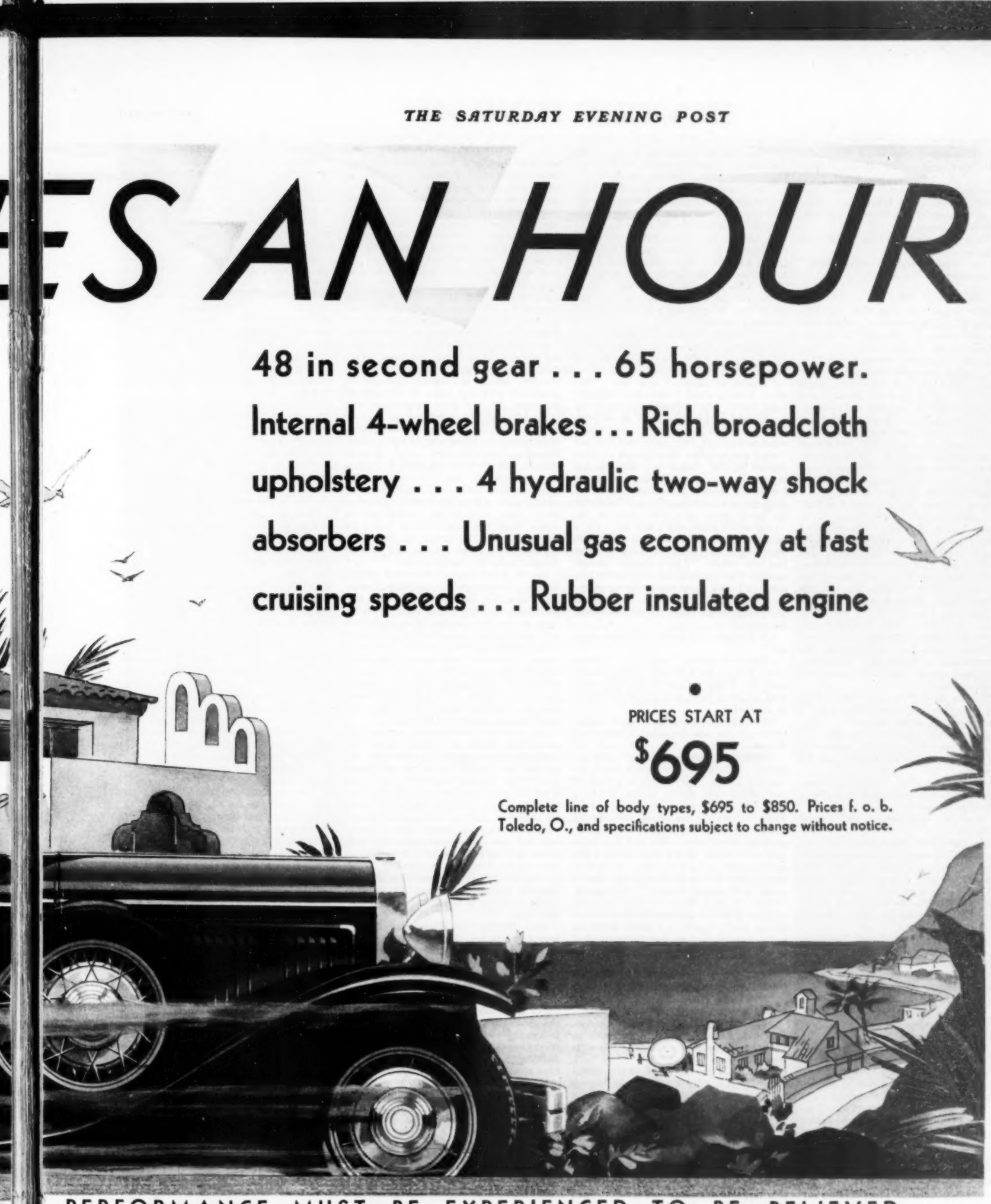


PERFORMANCE MUST BE EXPERIENCED TO BE BELIEVED

EW WILLYS SIX

(Continued from Page 101)

sat strangling and gasping. He heard Jan's voice.

"You are a fool, Betts," said Jan, "but I am not a fool. If I killed you—what? Then it is ended. I do not want it to end, so I do not kill you."

"I'll—I'll bust you for this," Betts said chokingly.

"I am through with you—for today," said Jan mildly. "Go away."

XV

IT WAS about this time that Jan Van Horn became associated in a more intimate way with a Mr. Martin Van Buren, attorney-general of the state. Mr. Van Buren was a youngish-looking man with a high, bulging forehead, curling hair, side whiskers which ended in little tufts, large, kindly eyes and a sardonic mouth, and since the death of Mr. Clinton had elevated himself to a position of political power in the state. In fact, one might not be far from the truth if he termed Mr. Van Buren the first of the great bosses, and he was destined to go farther and climb higher and end with loftier credit than has been the fortune of most of his successors.

During his terms as state senator and attorney-general this young man had shown a talent for organization. The so-called Albany Regency, which controlled the state for twenty years, was his handiwork, and it was due in great measure to his astuteness that the state passed from the hands of the great families of the Hudson into the less worthy, if more efficient, clutch of men whose business was politics.

Upon him Jan Van Horn called late one morning with definite purpose in mind, and after being ushered in and receiving the compliments of the courtly Mr. Van Buren, he disclosed that purpose with characteristic abruptness.

"Mr. Van Buren," he said, "you will be at the top of the politicians of this state; I will be at the top of the bankers."

"Granted for purposes of argument," said Van Buren, with a smile, wondering what this heavy-faced Dutchman could be getting at.

"The time is coming," said Jan, "when politics will need bankers and when bankers will need politicians."

"I think it is here already, sir," agreed Van Buren.

"I am interested in transportation," Jan said. "I am interested in steamships and in this new steam engine to run on rails. With my bank I will help transportation. There will have to be companies and charters. There will have to be important rights granted by the legislature, and protected after they are granted."

"I see," said Mr. Van Buren, "that you have an eye to the future."

"Also," said Jan shrewdly, "New York can demand some day to have a President. Not much longer will the country tolerate the Virginia succession."

"I am quite sure we understand each other," Van Buren said graciously. "The point you wish to make is what, Mr. Van Horn?"

"I furnish the money, you furnish the politics," said Jan bluntly. "You furnish influence among the legislators; I furnish influence among the men of money. The time is almost here when family will no longer count, but the time will never come when money will not count. We will be a country not with an aristocracy of birth as we have had. We are a commercial country where men will grow rich quickly. Who is best to have for a friend today, eh? The patroon or Mr. Astor? There will be many Mr. Astors."

"You read well the signs of the times, sir. What do you propose—an alliance?"

"Yes," said Jan.

"In effect," said Van Buren, with his sly smile, "you wish me to rule the politicians, and yourself to rule me."

"I wish only to know that when I need politics I can get what I need," said Jan. "Not something for nothing, but something for something."

"You are not proposing bribery, Mr. Van Horn?" asked Van Buren, with humorously lifted brows. "Surely not that!"

"Sir," said Jan, "I am proposing what is necessary. I see very bad times coming. I see a new way of doing things and I see a kind of man elected to office who has never been able to hold office before. Already are signs of it. Because soon all men will be let to vote. Also many people come here from foreign lands—and they will vote. Like cattle driven through a gate. There will be demagogues, but they are not so bad. What is bad is that politics will become a business."

"Mr. Van Horn, you interest me," said Van Buren. "You have the seeing eye. I think you are right. And what is your remedy?"

"I have no remedy," said Jan. "But when I see a cloud I take my umbrella. I get ready. I do not make this condition, but I must deal with it. If I do not wish little politicians to meddle with me, then I must meddle with little politicians first, eh? I must not have my plans spoiled. I must protect myself. Other men who are not my friends will use politics against me. So I must use those politics first. I work for great things, tremendous things." He struck his barrel chest twice with clenched fist. "I see and I know, and I will do." For a moment he was quite outside of himself, disclosing himself to an outsider as he never had done before. "I have money—enough money. I do not need more money for myself, but I need much money for my plans. Sir, this land will one day be the greatest and richest in the world. It will reach from sea to sea."

"If England and Spain and France permit."

"They are distant," said Jan. "We are here. Florida we will take. Spain cannot hold it. Texas we will have. We move west as a river flows, and that flood cannot be stopped."

"Even Benton says the Western mountains will be our boundary," said Van Buren.

"Only the ocean can stop us," said Jan grimly. "We will live to see it. It is for that day I plan. It is for fifty or a hundred years that I build. Not for money. Not to be myself rich, but to build and then to build." Again he struck his chest with heavy hand. "I will not be stopped. No. I mean good by this nation. But if I can build only with bribes, then I shall bribe. I will spend money to have my way. If another man spends money to thwart me, then I spend more money than he." He paused. "There are bad times coming, but they will go. It will be a people learning how to govern itself. It will be a people fumbling in the dark, with many bad mistakes. But it will not always be in the dark. This country will learn."

"You are a prophet, sir," said Van Buren, deeply impressed.

"I look and I see. When I see I study what I see, to understand."

"Your reputation, sir, is that of an honorable man, a man whose word is as good as his bond. How do you reconcile this with what you have just said?"

Jan moved his heavy shoulders impatiently. "It is a crime to cut a man with a knife. Yes? But if a carbuncle grows on that man's neck it is no crime to cut it with a knife. My conscience does not hurt if I cut a carbuncle."

Van Buren laughed aloud. "You have made me a proposal," he said. "I accept it. I fancy we shall go far together. Shall we drink a glass of Madeira to our partnership?"

"In which," said Jan heavily, "I am the sleeping partner."

"Sleeping, perhaps," said Van Buren, "but with one eye open."

So came into being that alliance between the boss of the state, destined to be President of his country—not such a bad one as Presidents go—and Jan Van Horn, banker with an itch to be a builder of empire. It was not without value or advantage to both of them.

It is difficult to discover exactly what Jan Van Horn was doing during the next year or two, or Abel Betts. It seemed to be a period of preparation, a lull, and letters and documents are not informing. One may discover in the news columns of that day that Mary Phillipse Van Horn was an active hostess, and the roster of her guests argues that Jan had been accepted by the older, more exclusive society of the city. And one wonders if Jan, growing older now and solidifying, emerging as a personage, enjoyed himself in this rather stilted atmosphere. Unquestionably he was not awed by it, and one can imagine him in theater box or drawing-room or ballroom, heavy limbed, imperturbable, with a habitual gravity which made him seem older than his forty years. His habit of immobility, almost of stolidity, had not degenerated with the years to dullness or heaviness, but had developed instead into a reserve which was impressive. As he walked unsmiling through a room, unhandsome though his figure was, he was notable. Personages seem to wear a sort of aura; there is something in manner, in bearing that confirms it, but even more, there emanates from them and embellishes them an intangible and imponderable irradiation which lesser men do not possess and to which lesser men instinctively bow. In short, Jan was becoming an individual conscious of his own powers, and so able unconsciously to impress others.

We do know that he had been urging Thomas Gibbons and his associate, Cornelius Vanderbilt, that big, hard-fisted, tremendously laboring young man, to resistance to the Fulton-Livingston monopoly and adroitly had compelled the monopoly to ask protection in the courts. This was a victory, but when Chief Justice Kirkpatrick handed down his decision in 1822 in favor of Gibbons, but advised that the matter should be carried to the United States Supreme Court for review, the tocsin of defeat sounded for all men to hear.

Also we find it difficult to keep an eye upon Abel Betts, for Abel kept to the underground passages. He never was one to love the light of day or to court publicity. He becomes wholly visible only when circumstances drag him up out of the murk to defend himself or to attack when his objective could not be reached by sapping. But we may deduce from the context and from subsequent happenings that he was making ready his historic raid upon Jan's far-flung steamboat company. That he married during this period is certain, because during the plague he appears briefly as flying to Greenwich with a wife and child.

Only Martin Van Buren may be discerned clearly, and then only by those who think they see all when the surface comes under their eye. They did not see, however, how he labored with that astute politician, William B. Lewis, and with Benton of Missouri to play hob with established rights and vested successions by securing the nomination of Andrew Jackson for the presidency—whose election may be said to mark the real birth of the republic and the death of the oligarchy which the states had been until that distressing occurrence.

Henry Clay and Mr. Calhoun and John Quincy Adams were having a bad time of it as ushers in a school which suddenly had turned unruly. Van Buren ostensibly stuck to the sinking ship, but one may imagine him in the hold busily boring holes with an auger.

Then came the plague which left all in confusion. Yellow fever broke out in Rector Street, where so low a disease had no business to intrude. Heretofore it had been considered an exclusive possession of the more squalid parts of the town. And the city fled. Houses were abandoned, shops closed, in a general panic. New York became a city of the dead and grass grew between its cobbles—a city left to the stricken, the dead, and to those too poor, too apathetic or too compassionate to seek safety in flight. Of one hundred and thirty-five thousand persons but eight thousand remained. And Greenwich became a sort of boom camp, protected from the miasma by the swamp and meadows which lay between it and the metropolis. The flight commenced in June and reached its height of hysteria in August, when, from dawn until dawn again, heaped carts carried the effects of householders and the stock in trade of merchants to the place of refuge.

In a day and a night Greenwich was transformed; where had been meadows were hastily erected wooden booths or buildings housing grog shops, barber shops, auction rooms, merchants, lotteries, insurance companies; and in New York the watchman picked green beans and melons on the pavement of Liberty Street, and the English actor, Charles Matthews, all but died of fright in self-imposed quarantine aboard the ship which brought him to these shores.

Little Jan, now sixteen, and Claas, thirteen, were with their father when the epidemic broke out, and Mary, with the servants, scurried away with them while Jan remained behind to superintend the removal of his banking offices. It was Mary's first intimate and prolonged contact with her husband's sons, and the experience rather appalled her.

Small Jan, no longer small, had grown to be a slender, handsome boy with effeminate eyes and a discontented face. He had the uncomfortable habit of staring at you, of staring into your eyes if you happened to catch his glance, as if he were afraid to let his own eyes drop. It was the defiant stare of a being who could not meet your eye, but compelled himself to do so for fear of disclosing his shiftiness.

As for Claas, he was like his father, heavier of build, slower of movement, steadier of impulse. With him Mary was at ease, for she felt the solidity of him, and the wholesomeness.

Jan was constantly under her suspicion; instinctively she felt he was up to something constantly—not mere boyish pranks, for her sense of humor would readily have condoned honest mischief, but rather that he was practicing deceit for the mere pleasure of deceiving. She was affronted by his precocities and by the mature appraisal of his eyes, and she wondered if these things were apparent to Jan's vision.

But during this time of terror and flight, of temporary transplanting to the city of refuge, she saw little of Jan. If she had found opportunity, it is doubtful if she would have spoken, because she knew how his hopes were centered upon his boys, especially upon the elder. Again and again he had described to her what they meant to him, not in terms of affection, though he was fond of them, but in terms of descent and distribution. The House! Young Jan was to be the head of the House!

Nor was she jealous, for she was mother to no children; she was not jealous, but she was apprehensive of a great unhappiness, a frightful disappointment to come to her husband. To her he was so simple, so kindly, that she missed, perhaps, seeing the iron and stone of his foundations, and she was alarmed lest he prove unable to withstand such a blow as she foresaw.

One day, coming back to her carriage from a booth, she saw Abel Betts talking to the boys. Only from a distance had she seen him since the days when he had fastened himself upon her father; and somehow the sight of him in conversation with Jan's sons caused her a shiver of apprehension. He turned as she approached and bowed ornately.

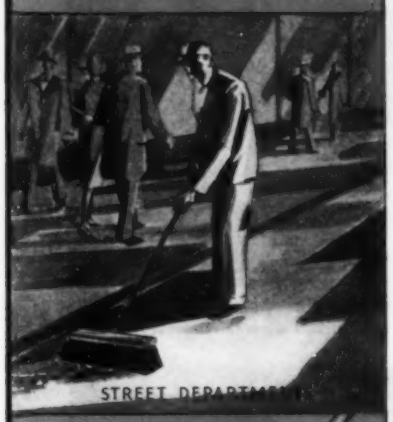
"Mistress Van Horn," he said, "I hope I see you well."

"You do," she said shortly.

"And these here fine boys! Jan's boys, eh? The big one don't favor his father any, does he?"

"He favors his mother," said Mary in her coldest, most patrician voice, "as none should know better than you."

"I don't know what you're insinuatin'," said Betts, "but accordin' to history I didn't ever see his ma till after he was born." (Continued on Page 109)



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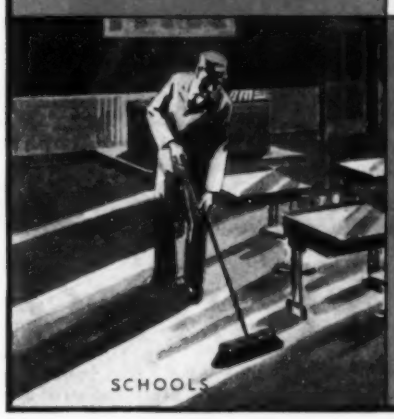


If you live in an old house....

here's a brand-new way—quick; economical—to replace your worn-out rust-clogged water pipes

CHASE

This mark is stamped on all Chase plumbing products.

LOOK OUT FOR SPOTS AND STAINS! *That's what rusty water from worn-out pipes means to dainty lingerie.*

NO DANGER NOW! *Shining copper tubes keep water clean and pure for washing lovely things.*

SLOW-RUNNING water . . . rust-ruined laundry . . . costly, make-shift pipe repairs . . . all the troubles of a rust-clogged water system . . . can now be done away with once for all!

The new Chase Copper Water Tubing makes pipe replacement a quick, easy job for your plumber . . . and a surprisingly reasonable one for you! There's none of the old mess and bother . . . no needless ripping into walls, floors and tiling with bills for new plaster, paint and paper when the work is done!

You see, Chase Copper Water Tubing comes in long flexible lengths that your plumber can bend easily. He simply makes a small opening and runs a length of tubing down through the wall—often leaving the old pipe right where it is.

To pass an obstruction, he just bends the tubing around it. If direction changes, another bend takes care of that. With rigid pipe, fittings would have to take the place of every one of these bends. Your plumber does have to make a few connections, of course, but for these he uses special Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

You can see what this saves you on fittings alone. It saves the plumber's time, too . . . and saves your walls and tiling.

Then you're through with rust-clogged pipes forever, for Chase Copper Water Tubing *cannot* rust. It is 99.9% pure copper. It gives you clear, sparkling water as long as your house stands. The exact cost depends on your particular water system. The best way to find out is to ask your plumber. He can tell you to a penny how reasonably you can have your home modernized with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings.

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters—Chase Bronze Screen Cloth—Chase Plumbing Supplies—Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use

If you're building a new home..

you'll save money in years to come if you decide wisely on this one important detail . . .

This mark is stamped on all Chase plumbing products.

NO small job, is it, building that new home of yours? So many questions to be decided . . . the advantages of so many materials to be weighed and discussed.

Tremendously important, every one of these details! You can't afford to take a single one for granted . . . especially if it's to be completely sealed up inside the walls. Your water system, for example, is one place where you *must* spend wisely . . . or else sometime you're bound to face the trouble and expense of tearing open walls to get at rust-clogged pipes.

That's why an investment in Chase Alpha Brass Pipe *right at the start* is a real saving. A saving of the money that you always spend sooner or later for repairs on rustable pipe. A saving of laundry . . . for there's no rusty water to stain fine linens. And, above all, a saving in the irritation and annoying loss of time from slow-running, dirty water.

You see, Chase Alpha Brass Pipe *cannot* rust . . . will never rust as long as your house stands. And rust is the one real danger that can threaten a water system.

Too expensive? You're mistaken there. There's no great difference in cost between Chase Alpha Brass Pipe and pipe that rusts . . . only about ¼ of a cent more per building dollar. For example: approximately $75 more in a $10,000 house.

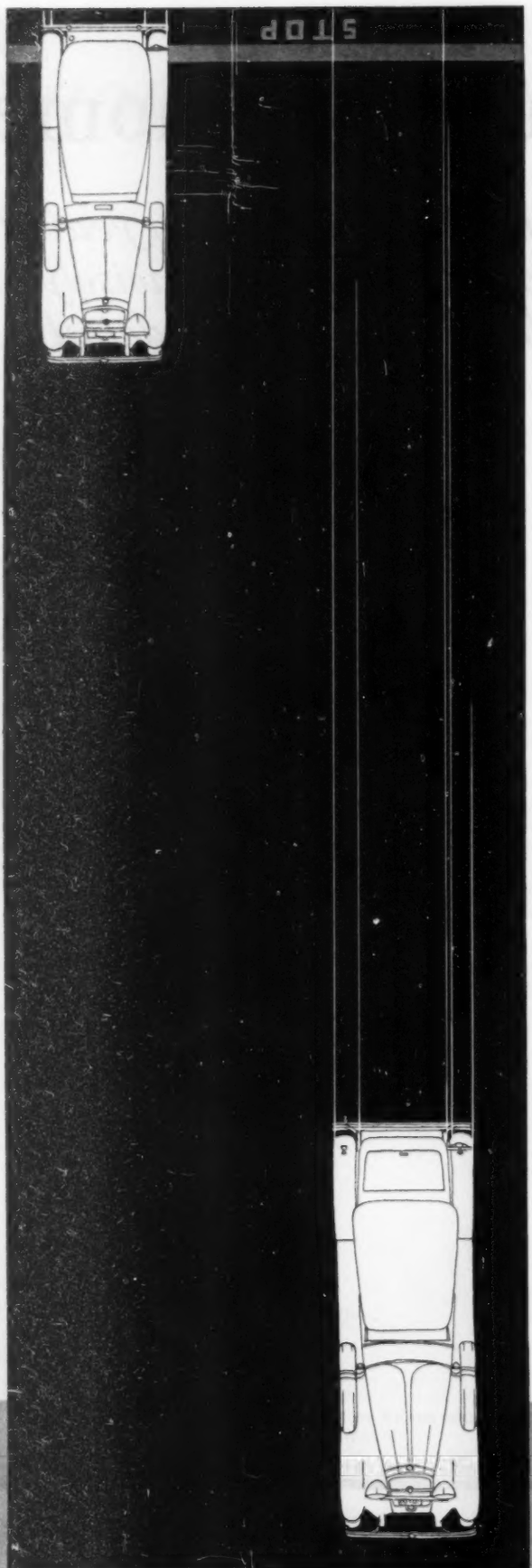
Ask your plumber for an estimate. He knows all about Alpha Pipe. It's made from a special Chase brass that cuts clean, sharp threads and makes leak-proof joints. No fear that he can't get it. Chase Alpha Brass Pipe is available everywhere—and every length is stamped with the name and Chase-mark.

DOZENS OF DETAILS *for your new home! Don't neglect any —even if they're to be hidden behind walls.*

CHASE *Alpha* BRASS PIPE

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

Chase Leaders and Gutters—Chase Bronze Screen Cloth—Chase Plumbing Supplies—Chase Copper and Brass in Sheets, Tubes and Rods for every industrial use



Take two cars of equal size, weight and horse-power. Equip one with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. From a standing start, watch the car with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons snap out in front. That's pistonpep!

PISTONPEP

a vital thing to ask for
a big thing to get

So universal has become the adoption of the modern light alloy piston that today the majority of motor cars possess this engineering refinement. △ △ No matter what you pay for a car nowadays—a low price or a high price—you may enjoy pistonpep which means super performance. △ △ Some years ago a group of pistonologists evolved a new development in automobile pistons named Nelson Bohnalite Pistons. This new piston was made of a lighter alloy called Bohnalite which is 62% lighter than iron but so fabricated that it possesses all of the physical advantages of iron without that excessive weight. △ △ Nelson Bohnalite Pistons, being lighter, require much less driving energy which results in higher standards of engine efficiency. This is pistonpep. △ △ Pistonpep means faster getaway—increased power—smoother operation—longer life and by vibroscopic test, vibration elimination. △ △ For the most satisfactory results in motoring, be sure the car you select comes equipped with Nelson Bohnalite Pistons—a vital thing to ask for—a big thing to get.

BOHN ALUMINUM & BRASS CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
New York Chicago Philadelphia Cleveland Pittsburgh

NELSON
BOHNALITE
PISTONS

(Continued from Page 104)

"You are unspeakable," Mary said. "How can you bear even to see these children? They accuse you."

"I don't cal'late you got any complaint," said Abel, with something very like a leer. "If it hadn't 'a' been for me you wouldn't be Mistress Van Horn." Then his voice changed, became unctuous; his face lengthened. "I been a sinful man," he said, "but I repented in sackcloth and ashes. I've knelt before the throne and been washed in the blood of the lamb. I ain't got any complaint if the world holds things against me, for I found forgiveness above."

"You," said Mary, "are an oily hypocrite. If you ever venture to address me again I will command my coachman to horsewhip you."

"Horsewhip me, eh?" Abel drew back and his eyes narrowed. "I cal'late to carry that in my memory, Mistress Van Horn. I forgive it. I won't bear malice. But I won't forget it. No. Mark my word, ma'am, I won't forget it."

"Drive on," said Mary to the coachman.

Presently young Jan spoke. "Who was that man?" he asked.

"No matter," Mary replied. "Never let me hear that you have spoken to him again or I will call it to your father's attention."

"I didn't like him," said little Claas.

"I did," said Jan impudently.

Mary frowned. "Like calling to like," she thought. And the brightness was gone from her day.

She saw her husband that night for the first time in days, and related the incident to him. He did not rage; he was very quiet, and when he spoke, it was obliquely and not to the main point.

"I am sorry you must ever think of that man," he said.

"He hates you, Jan."

"Yes," he said.

"He has wronged you, and he will never rest until he has done you some great harm."

"He will try," said Jan.

"But doesn't it trouble you—to know you have such an enemy?"

"I am glad," said Jan gravely. "I am waiting." He smiled at her almost gently. "You think I am too patient. I am not too patient."

"I am told he is growing very rich. He has many friends. Isn't he dangerous, Jan?"

"Yes."

"Then you will be careful. I could not bear it if he should hurt you, if he should get the best of you. I could not bear to have him laugh at you."

"He will not laugh," said Jan. "Whatever happens, he will not laugh."

No, she thought, Abel Betts would not laugh at her husband, nor would any man laugh at him. He was not the sort people laugh at. And somehow her apprehension of Abel Betts lessened as she looked up into Jan's round, ruddy face, for there was something there more to be considered than its heaviness and its gravity. There was strength and there was grimness, but more than that. Something glowed. It glowed dimly as from banked fires, but one became aware of the fires, and of the heat contained in them and of the power they could generate. Suddenly she smiled her old pert, impish smile.

"My husband," she asked, "are you a great man? I am too close to you, I think, but sometimes I feel you are a great man."

"I believe I am," said Jan, as one who answers honestly a question asked in good faith, and Mary threw back her lovely head and laughed with whole-hearted gayety. It was a sound Jan loved; he had always loved her laughter and would go far and labor much to cause it.

Presently he said, "So you must not worry about Abel Betts. He is not a great man." At this joke his gray eyes twinkled. "And now tell me, my wife, if the boys are a trouble to you."

"If they were," she said, "I would endure it gladly for your sake. Claas is so like you."

"And Jan?"

"Jan," she said, "is not like you."

"No," said his father thoughtfully, and then: "You do not like Jan?"

"I think," she said, "that some day you should talk to your mother about him. She knew him best."

"He is too like to his mother," said Jan. "I can see weaknesses. They are not good. Perhaps he has been too much with women, so I must take him in hand. This fall, I think, when the plague is over, he must go to the college on Murray Street. They do not call it King's College now, but Columbia."

"You will know best, Jan."

He frowned a moment, and then his brow became smooth and serene again. "He is just a boy. And he is of my blood. I think he will be all right."

"He must be all right," said Mary.

"Aye. He must be all right. Some day he will be head of the House."

Mary kept her thoughts to herself, but in her heart she was saying, "When that day comes God help the House."

XVI

ABEL BETTS was astute at reading the signs. Competent men were estimating that the Erie Canal would be completed in 1825, and before that date Betts planned to execute the coup which would give him possession of the steamboat line which Jan Van Horn had sponsored and which, from the beginning, had been enormously prosperous. In his devious mind resided two objectives: To get into his hands this splendid piece of money-making machinery, and to discredit Jan Van Horn. He is said to have been diligent in prayer at this time, seeking the guidance of heaven in matters with which heaven was unlikely to interest itself.

To a group of his associates and followers—and there were respectable men among them—he stated, in effect, that he had been negotiating through the channel of prayer and had succeeded in perfecting a partnership arrangement with Omnipotence. It was a day when piety, if dressed and displayed, was not without its definite cash value, and when a man who stood in the market place and feared God publicly with might and main required little else to gain for him the trust and esteem of the community.

"I been communin' with God," said Abel, "and watchin' the signs of the times. It looks to me like it was time for us to smash down the jars containin' our lamps, and the walls of Jericho'll crumble. But not with soundin' of trumpets." He looked about at the faces of the little company of gentlemen who had met with him in the Tontine Coffee House and wagged his head. "Blowin' trumpets hain't the way to get no'eres nowadays," he said unctuously, as if he had been in council of war with the Creator and together they had revised plans which were excellent in the day of Joshua but required improvement under the presidency of James Monroe.

"When they get that canal opened up," he went on, "we'll be carryin' ten passengers for one we carry now and ten pounds of freight for every pound." He cleared his throat and, as one might imagine, mounted his barrel, as in his old days of clowning with the circus.

"And who is it right and proper should get the benefit of it? A lot of folks that hain't done a thing to build it up, or those that have sweat blood and planned and looked ahead into the future? Van Horn and those bankers have been a-managin' things unequal. They hain't been honest or fair with us that have labored in the vineyard. No-sirree-bob! They got things rigged so that a feller that owns ten shares of stock gets jest as much profits on a dollar as us that owns thousands of shares and that started the barrel to rollin'. It hain't just and it hain't honest." He looked about him for approbation and found it not lacking.

"So I say it's time for us to gird our loins and smite 'em hip and thigh. Cast down them in high places and elevate the lowly in heart." He leaned forward. "There's millions in it," he said confidentially. "Get control away from them bankers and run the whole shebang to suit ourselves and let the profits go into the pockets of them that's entitled to 'em."

"How do you propose to accomplish this end?" asked Mr. Ebenezer Wilson.

"By goin' into the meetin' of stockholders and electin' a passel of officers and directors that knew not Joseph," said Abel. "By bein' diligent in season and out of season to buy where we can and to make friends where we can't. We got to get us a majority of the stock. Bear in mind that Van Horn and them don't own control, they just got control. If the stockholders was to fall away from 'em, they're left settin' with nothin' much but bonds on their hands."

"A million dollars' worth of bonds," said Ebenezer.

"The's two million dollars' worth of stock," said Abel, "and that's the equal of twenty thousand shares. We got to get our hands onto ten thousand and one shares before the meetin'."

"It is selling at a hundred and twenty-seven dollars a share," said Henry Teller dubiously. "It will require a vast sum of money."

"You can't raise cabbages 'thout plantin' seeds," said Abel, with that air of tremendous wisdom which he was skillful to assume and which clothed his most simple utterance with impressiveness. "You can't reap where you hain't sowed. Borrow, my friends, if you hain't got the cash. It's what banks is for."

So Abel's coterie went upon the open market to buy, and the law of supply and demand did its appropriate part. The stock responded by rising three points the first day and five points the second.

"Keep on buyin'," said Abel. "For every dollar you put in today you'll get out five before the turn of the year."

And as the market rose Abel sold—sold alike to friend and enemy—and banked the cash. His books show that in the next ten days he transferred from the pockets of his followers to his own pockets an amount approximating forty thousand dollars in profits. God was blessing his enterprise. And Jan Van Horn drowsed. He did nothing.

In twenty days the stock touched two hundred, but on the twenty-first day an express arrived from the West with news, and the news brought on a minor panic.

Two of the company's finest river steamers had collided on the Mississippi. One had blown up, the other had sunk, with frightful loss of life. And every holder of stock rushed to sell. Even Abel's coterie, in spite of his spurious urgings to stand fast, dumped their accumulations upon a frightened market. Down and down and down went the stock, and Abel bought.

Then, on the twenty-fifth of the month, arrived another express denying the news carried by the first. It was a canard. There had been no collision, no explosion, no loss of life. The truth of this was confirmed by a brief statement issued by Jan Van Horn. All efforts to locate the first messenger or to trace the false news to its source were unavailing. But the stock rebounded. Abel Betts had more than doubled his holdings without the investment of another penny, and his friends had held the bag.

Jan did nothing. Apprehensive and angry associates flocked to his countingroom to protest, to demand that he take some action to put an end to the speculative orgy. To them all he had one reply:

"If you bought this stock as an investment, keep it. It don't make any difference if it goes up and down. It is the same stock. It will pay the same dividends. If you bought to speculate, it is not my affair."

"But the management, Mr. Van Horn. Abel Betts is boasting openly that he has control and will oust you at the annual meeting."

(Continued on Page 111)

Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking—Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice a week . . . or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

Gives Well-groomed Effect

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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(Continued from Page 109)

"Does he so?" asked Jan. "Well, maybe. Maybe Abel Betts will do better than me."

"But have you no duty to your stockholders?"

"I have a duty, and I know it. I will do it. I have no duty to a stockholder who is a speculator. I do not care."

"The company is getting a bad name."

"You must wait," was all Jan replied to this.

"But the bondholders, Mr. Van Horn. You must protect them."

"The bondholders need no protection. I am the bondholders."

"You? You alone?"

"I have taken over all the bonds, yes."

"Then you are not afraid?"

"I do not get afraid," said Jan.

"But Betts can wreck the company. He is not an honest man."

"I know Betts better than you."

"Then you intend to do nothing?"

"What can I do?" Jan asked. "Must I buy stock for more than it is worth because fools speculate? No. I tell honest men to hold their stock. That is all."

So the word went out that Van Horn had been confronted by a situation which he could not handle—that Abel Betts had proved too shrewd for him, and that control of the company was to pass from his hands, leaving him in the unenviable position of sole owner of its bonds while he had no voice in its management.

Even Mary heard this rumor, and it infuriated her.

"Jan Van Horn," she said in her impetuous way, "what does this mean? Has Abel Betts beaten you as they say?"

"Not yet," said Jan placidly.

"Everybody is saying so. They say he has made millions out of your stock and that he will himself be president after the next meeting."

"He has not made millions, only thousands," said Jan. "You must not be excited. It is not good to be excited."

"Don't you care? Does it mean nothing what people say of you? Does it mean nothing to be outwitted by Abel Betts?"

"That," said Jan stolidly, "would depend."

"Depend upon what?"

"If it was true. I do not care what people say when they only gossip. If a man says I am a fool I do not care unless I am a fool. Maybe it is a good thing for people to believe I am a fool. But if I am a fool in fact, then it would be very bad for people to say I am a fool."

"Jan," she asked suddenly, "would you be glad or sorry if you were to have another child?"

He blinked his gray eyes and bent his head forward to regard her—the gesture of a man who peers over spectacles. But Jan wore no spectacles.

"Why do you ask that?" he countered.

"Would you be jealous for your two sons? Tell me."

"No," he said, "I would not be jealous. I would like it to have another son."

"But would you like it to have a daughter?"

"I do not know about daughters," he said. "I have not thought about that. Sons come into the House. Daughters only marry. The House must be carried on through sons."

"But if I were to have a child and it was not a son?"

"I have been sorry that we had no child," he said simply. "You and I—we are content with each other. You would be surprised if you knew how I sit at my desk and think of you when I should think of business matters. I wonder sometimes why you married with me. I cannot understand that. But I am very glad of it. I cannot make it seem true that you think of me as I think of you. Because I am not beautiful."

"No," she said, "you are not beautiful."

"And I do not speak well to amuse you. I have no graces like young men I see. I am very plain and I work hard."

"You are very plain, Jan," she said, "but I like you plain. And you have not graces, but graces are only pictures hanging on the walls. You cannot understand why I love my husband, but I understand it very well. Therefore ——" she hesitated.

"Therefore?" he asked.

"I am glad we are to have a child, but I know it will be a girl."

Jan got up slowly and walked to her chair. He lifted her hand and played absently with her slender fingers. "This is true?" he asked.

"It is true."

He lifted her hand to his lips, and the gesture was courtly, dignified, somehow impressive. Then, without another word, he turned and walked slowly from the room. Mary watched him go, startled for an instant, wounded. Then she understood, and her eyes smiled. She was beautiful indeed when her eyes smiled.

Financial New York waited for the annual meeting of the steamboat company. Jan's credit had grown great with the years, and it seemed incredible he should be defeated and made a laughingstock. Yet there were many who hoped it was true, because always there are many who derive pleasure from beholding misfortune come to a man of eminence. Perhaps it elevates their own inferiority. They delight to be assured that one to whom they have looked up as a superior is not so superior after all. It gives them a crooked joy to feel the great one can be as foolish as they or as vulnerable as they.

As for Abel Betts, he exulted openly. In the Tontine Coffee House he talked largely.

"This Van Horn," he said, "ordered me not to speculate in his stock. I got a right to speculate if I want to. So I went right ahead and speculated. It was the will of divine Providence I should prosper in them endeavors. And Van Horn, he did nothing about it."

"There's still time," said a friend of Jan's.

"There hain't time for anything. He's a feller I owe a grudge. Stole a bank from me, that's what he did." Abel paused to eject the juice of tobacco copiously. "Whipsawed me out of my bank, and I forgave him like a Christian, but I didn't forget it, not by a jugful. And now I cal'late to give him something to forgive. Jest watch him 'n' see if he's got Christian fortitude when things go against him."

"Jan Van Horn makes no claim to be a Christian," said the same speaker.

"More fool him," said Abel unctuously. "If he set his mind on the hereafter I cal'late he'd be better able to endure the present. Yes-sirree-bob! He hain't laid up treasures in heaven, and the day'll come when he rues it."

"Are you going to oust him all together?"

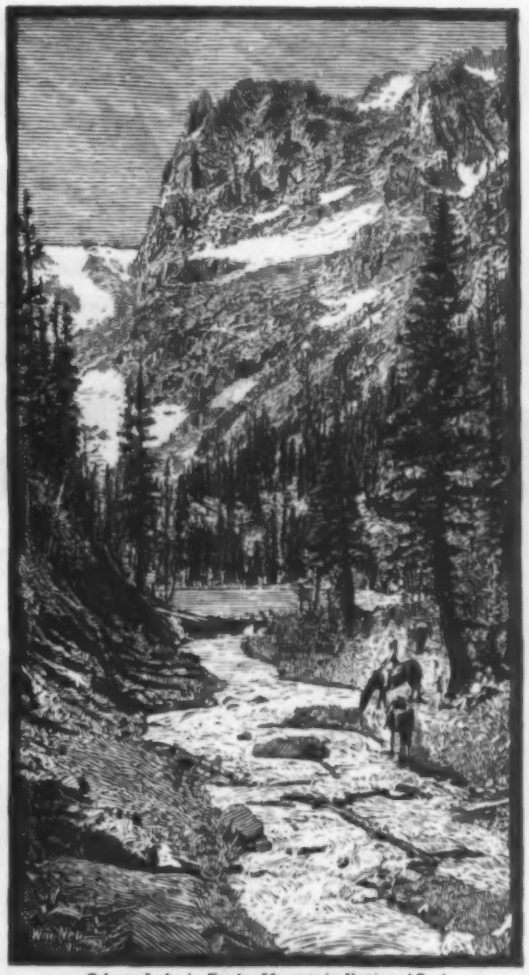
"Root and branch," said Abel. "And the meetin' is next week. Goliath of Gath is goin' headlong before the sling of David."

On the day of the meeting the large room at the rear of Jan Van Horn's countingroom was set with chairs for the stockholders, who began to arrive an hour before the time set in the notice for the agenda to commence. At a quarter before ten the tall, spare figure of Abel Betts emerged from the Tontine across the street and, followed by a troop of his supporters, made its way to the house which had been Daniel McCormick's. He chose to invest himself with an air of dignity and austerity, and to assume postures mindful of Mr. Daniel Webster.

As he entered the room there was a movement which amounted almost to applause, which Abel ignored, for the part he played today was one of inscrutability. He took a seat well forward and became very erect and immobile. There is no doubt he was a personage; perhaps this country has seen none to equal him, and one wonders what he might have accomplished in his devious, tricky way in a later generation, when opportunities were wider for the display of his peculiar talents.

Almost on the hour of ten Jan descended from the Fort with Mr. Teller, who occupied the office of president, and Mr. Paulus

(Continued on Page 113)



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AIR-COOLED

FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 111)

Richard, the secretary. Jan himself held the position of treasurer.

The meeting was opened in silence, preliminaries disposed of and reports read until the order of business became the election of officers for the ensuing year. The secretary read the names of the gentlemen on the contesting tickets, tellers were appointed and the voting opened.

Abel Betts arose, chin back, large mouth set in appropriate solemnity.

"Gentlemen all," he said, "the castin' of ballots is nothin' but a formality, but we got to go through with it. When I vote the votes I got in my hand here, the shoutin's over."

The president rapped with his gavel, but Abel disregarded him, for he must dramatize and enjoy his moment of triumph.

"The's twenty thousand votes all told. This bundle in my hand represents eleven thousand four hundred and sixty-six of 'em. And, gentlemen all, I cal'late we can look forward to a change in the runnin' of this company, divine Providence guidin' us into better and more prosperous ways."

It was done. To boast of a fact before the event is something, but no man can prophesy what may happen before the cup meets the lip. To accomplish that fact is quite another thing. Abel had accomplished his fact. He had secured and was now casting the votes of a majority of the stockholders in the company brought into being by Jan Van Horn's genius and energy. In an hour the news would travel through the town. The man in the street would be saying that Betts had given Van Horn his come-uppance and that Van Horn wasn't such great shakes after all.

Abel deposited his votes and a sardonic smile twisted his mouth as Jan leaned across from his chair to perform the same act in silence.

"The tellers will count the votes," said the president, and the three gentlemen who were intrusted with that function retired to a table at the side for their superfluous labor. Conversation burst out on all sides; a dozen men clustered about Abel Betts, shaking him by the hand and slapping him on his back.

But no man approached Jan Van Horn with extended hand of felicitation or low voice of sympathy. He sat motionless, heavy, impassive. What thoughts went on behind his big gray eyes might not be read. In so far as his face was indicative of his emotions, it was blank. He did not even turn his head as the tellers arose with their tabulation and stepped to the table of the secretary, who took the sheet from their hand and arose.

"Gentlemen, the stockholders," he said, "the vote has been counted. The result is as follows." He paused and Abel Betts whispered behind his hand that "Paulus was swallerin' a bitter dose." "Votes cast," continued Mr. Richard, "for the opposition ticket number 11,466." Applause interrupted him, the gavel fell, and he was able again to make himself heard: "Votes cast for the present officers and directors 18,207." There was a sudden pause, the silence of shock, as if every man in the room had missed a heartbeat. "Giving a majority," said Mr. Richard, "of 6741 votes to the present incumbents, who are hereby declared reëlected."

Betts was on his feet, his lanky arms seesawing the air, his voice, raucous, amazed, alarmed, arising in undignified protest. For once he forgot to act. He was not imposing. He was flustered and ludicrous.

"I protest," he shouted. "The's thimble-riggin' here. There hain't any such number of votes. You get some honest counters or the'll be a fuss around here. You ——"

"The gentleman may count the votes himself if he desires," said the secretary quietly.

"There hain't but twenty thousand, and I cast more'n half of them."

"Mr. Betts is in error," said the secretary. "There are outstanding at the moment thirty thousand shares of stock. Mr. Betts may assure himself by examining the stock book which is before me."

"There hain't. There can't be. Unless they been issued illegal."

"They have been issued with perfect legality, sir—with perfect legality. If, sir, you desire to contest this election in the courts, we shall welcome the attempt. The facts are these: When the company was formed twenty thousand shares of stock were issued and one million dollars' worth of bonds. The provision with respect to these bonds, duly registered in the resolution and printed upon the securities themselves, was that, at the option of the holders, they might be exchanged at any time for ordinary stock in the company at the rate of one share for each one hundred dollars. Mr. Van Horn, the sole holder of the bonds, has exercised this privilege and today has duly voted his stock, as he is legally entitled to do."

Betts stood as one stunned. Perhaps for the first time in his voluble life words failed him. Victory, which had been so certain, was snatched from his hands; revenge, which had tasted so sweet, vanished from his lips. He stood humiliated in the house of his enemy—the enemy he had ventured to regard with scorn and whose intelligence and ability he had made a laughingstock among his friends. For a moment he stood so, bewildered, futile, almost pitiful in his rage and his astounded shame. Then, thrusting his way through the friends who fell away from his path, he rushed from the room.

Jan Van Horn sat immobile. To him must go the credit for inventing this device. Here is the first recorded instance of its appearance in the financial world. Even now it was scarcely understood by the gentlemen to whom it had been so startlingly revealed. Jan sat for a moment regarding the room impassively, then he got slowly to his feet and withdrew.

The stockholders lingered to whisper and to bicker and to wallow in their amazement. Van Horn had done it again. No wonder the man could steal a bank! That was the saying that passed about. Why, the fellow could get away with the Capitol in Washington if he had half a mind to! It was admiration, the admiration of little men for an astuteness incomprehensible to them—and to the mind of the little man astuteness is a synonym for chicanery. Abel Betts had been tricked! That was their saying, and it was an interpretation of events which was to cling to Jan Van Horn's skirts throughout life. He, whose sole ambition was to build solidly, to create, to erect and to make firm, was embellished by the crowd with the motley habiliments of the trickster. This man, reared in the school of Anneke Van Horn, was given a name which would have bowed Anneke's head in shame. There are those who insist even today that it was justly bestowed. Perhaps. It is that all men may judge fairly that this record, impartial, derived from unimpeachable sources, is placed before the world.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

REPORTERS

(Continued from Page 44)

New York haven't been adequately handled, with some exceptions, in that time. Cities are not being reported by local reporters any more.

This criticism does not apply to correspondents who use the telegraph, domestic or foreign. I think telegraph news, generally speaking, is better handled than it ever was.

What has happened to the old-time reporter?

Why has he disappeared—except in the case of a minority of veterans who have lasted through from the old days—degenerating into a mere messenger boy who brings in prepared statements to the rewrite men and copy readers?

There are probably many causes; too many causes, working together, for me to attempt to analyze in a brief article such as this. But I think I am able to see one factor pretty clearly. The thing goes back to the day the big war broke in 1914.

With the advent of the war, space on the front page and throughout the paper was suddenly grabbed by cable news. For years, increasingly and steadily, more and more telegraph news poured into all the newspaper offices. It was the hottest stuff in the history of the world. America entered the war. Cable news got hotter and hotter. There was less and less attention paid everywhere to local stories. Europe became a local story, in fact, in every household in the world.

When the Armistice came, and the peace, the same condition continued. America suddenly found herself, for the first time, intimately connected with the rest of the world, in a sense that had never existed previously. Between 1914 and 1921 the old tradition of the local reporter all but died. It has never revived entirely; the men who could have carried it ahead are now on desk jobs; the new crop of reporters were never exposed to it. News, to them, is something that comes into the office over the telegraph wires or from the typewriters of private secretaries. They've never sweat and dug for it, and they don't know how.

The best reporters nowadays are all correspondents filing their stuff for the wires. They work for news associations, or they investigate for weekly and even monthly magazines. When I want to follow a big story these days and really understand what it is all about, I wait for the magazines. They are more apt to carry the inside news than the papers.

Incidentally, during this same period, some hundreds of daily newspapers have passed out of existence in the United States—I don't know exactly how many. If I were a good reporter I'd find out the exact figures. I am aware that many of these dailies have quit because of the increased cost of labor and material, and because of the fact that chains of newspapers, operating at a lesser overhead, have crowded out of existence many individual sheets not able to compete. There are some notable exceptions to this reportorial slump. But I think a good many sheets have failed because they weren't giving the public the local news. Special features are all right, syndicated columns and departments of various sorts—they do them well nowadays, and they make good trimming and bring some circulation—but, after all, the backbone of the newspaper business is the news.

I see newspapers everywhere that are specializing on this, that and the other thing. I think it would be a wonderful thing to see a paper pop up somewhere that specialized on reporting the news.

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HAPPY LANDINGS

(Continued from Page 34)

but she couldn't let him go. If she let him go, she might not have another chance to tell him the atrocious thing that she had done. She couldn't leave him open to a stab in the dark from a man who, for one thing, might not be averse to stabbing him. She thought: "I've got to tell him. This may be my only chance. He's got to know."

She said, "Jed, will you come over here and sit down with me for just a moment? I want to tell you something."

He said, "Sorry, but I'm in rather a hurry. Meeting a man for luncheon."

He might or might not have been telling the truth. Determination not to have any talk with her was the only obvious thing about him.

Eve said, "There's something I want to explain." As always, the wrong word in a moment of crisis. She added hurriedly, "Not what you're thinking!"

Traill said, "Explanations are pretty futile, if you don't mind my saying so. As a rule, they don't make things any clearer." He held his gray felt hat in his left hand, and if Eve hadn't happened to see, in a chance downward look, that his long, sunburned fingers were almost clenched upon it, she might not have had the courage to go on. She thought: "He's nothing like so cool as he sounds."

She said, "Jed, if I tell you I'm in great trouble, that you can help me if you will ——"

She thought: "You are a rotten little crook, Eve, but that may get him."

It did. He said slowly, with a look altered from its stony calm by the merest flicker of an eyelid, the slightest twitching of a lip: "Anything I can do, of course ——"

"He'd be like that in his grave," Eve thought miserably. "Nothing can break him of the old Southern courtesy. Anything to help a woman in distress; anything for a moth-eaten tradition. No feeling behind it. Never mind. Anyhow, he'll listen now!"

He listened. He followed Eve to a couch which stood against the farthest wall. He sat down beside her and waited in a polite but impassive silence to hear with what great trouble she might be contending.

Eve said imploringly, "Jed, if you'd only be human, just for a minute!"

He said, "Is that all?"

He angered her so that it was easier, then, to go on with what she had to tell him. She said: "After you'd gone last night I had a quarrel with Mr. Timberlake."

"Not on my account, I hope," said Traill pleasantly.

She thought: "I'd die before I'd tell him any more of that." She went on doggedly, "I lost my temper."

Traill said, half rising, "That's always a misfortune, of course, but I can't quite see ——"

Eve put her hand on his arm and he sat down again. Only, as once before, he didn't so much as look at her hand. So she took it back. She said, "Yes, it does concern you—listen, please—because when I lost my temper, it was over something disparaging he said about you."

"Very good of you to take up the cudgels," said Traill, "but I can look out for myself, thanks."

Eve's eyes fell upon her wrist watch. In two or three minutes more, she knew Timberlake would be coming. She locked her hands together in her lap, she stiffened her jaw, she said: "Jed, you've got to know this: I told him about your flying."

"That was very kind of you," said Traill. "Between you and Sutherland, who, I understand, carried the glad tidings to National Players, I seem to be well press-agented."

Eve said, in a small, sick voice: "I mean, I told him why you're not flying any more."

She thought: "Nothing worse than this can ever happen to me. This is the most hideous humiliation I could ever know." She forced her eyes up to his face, found it livid beneath its tan, found his strange wry mouth set in a heartbreaking rigor of fury and surprise, found his eyes narrowed to black slits.

"You did that?" he said with an appalling quietude. "You told Timberlake?"

Eve said, "I couldn't bear the things he said about you."

Traill said, "What difference does it make what a common ham says about me? Will you tell me that?"

Timberlake had said, "I don't give a good so-and-so what that second-rate ham thinks about anything." Eve, remembering, was conscious of a chuckle somewhere off stage.

She said, "The instant I did it, I knew what a horrible fool I'd been. It's no good trying to tell you I'm sorry. You know——"

Traill said nothing at all, only looked at her curiously, with a kind of incredulous speculation in his glance. All at once he laughed, a harsh and unmirthful sound.

"After all," he said, "I have only myself to blame." Rising, he turned the phrase coolly enough, but Eve saw a muscle twitching in his left cheek, saw him swallow hard before he spoke. "In the first place," he said, "I should not have confided such a personal matter to you"—she put up a hand, but the blow fell—"a comparative stranger." He added: "I think, if you don't mind now, I'll be running along."

She put the ragged remnants of pride remaining to her in her pocket. "Jed," she said, with all the humbleness and gentleness she could muster—"Jed, what am I, now?"

"A complete stranger, I think," said Traill. He bowed and walked away.

She thought: "He can't do it. He'll turn." She prayed to a blind anonymous force: "Let him turn, once; make him look back. I can't live with myself and know what I've done to him while he was trusting me." Not as a woman and a man now, just as two human beings she saw herself and him—betrayer and betrayed. Human beings should be decenter than that. Or what's life for? She thought for one moment, with the breath almost out of her body, that he was turning. He stopped; some man had stopped him. He went on again without looking back. She watched him out of sight on his way to the elevators at the back of the lobby. She thought his shoulders stooped a little. She thought he walked like a very tired man.

Less than a week after the day on which Eve had talked with Traill in the lobby of the Roosevelt, and had luncheon with Timberlake in the dining room of the same place, Timberlake called her one morning and told her to meet him at three that afternoon at National Players.

"The chief wants to see you," he said.

"Me!" said Eve, disbelieving. "He wants to see me?"

"Miss Adams in person. Wear that green thing, with a couple of fresh gardenias—see what I mean? Romance is on the rebound," said Timberlake deeply. "Feminity returns to the scene of its crime. I want the chief to see you're the most ridiculously romantic, the most lusciously feminine thing he's got on the lot."

Eve said, "He's seen me already, you know"—doubtfully. She could never be sure that Timberlake was not laughing at her. In his most caressing moment, mockery flexed a claw.

He said now, more seriously, "I know he has, but there's a particular reason for the conference today."

"Is it about What Luck?" asked Eve.

"We've got to change that name before it's released—but that's the picture."

"I'll bet you change the ending too," said Eve, with a chuckle on her own part. "I'll bet the chief will never stand for killing off Lieutenant Noel; he knows the vast movie audience is too tender-hearted to see a lover die."

"Oh, Noel will be salvaged, I dare say," said Timberlake. He added so casually that Eve thought for the first moment she hadn't heard him aright: "Looks now as if Traill might get Noel."

"What did you say?" asked Eve in a strained voice.

"Not if I have anything to say about it, of course," said Timberlake. "But you know how the directors are when they get off with an idea, and that bunch in the office have been yapping about Traill's fan mail. The idea seems to be that we've got to give him a chance. He may be a singing Valentino; then again he may not," said Timberlake. "Anyhow, I'll see you in the chief's office at three."

The pattern unrolling like a magic carpet! "If I hadn't lost my head and told Timberlake," she thought; "if Jed hadn't lost his head and told me, that night on the train—this wouldn't be happening now. On the surface, he's just one more actor, or, a little deeper, one more flyer. He might have got by like that forever. 'Most men lead lives of quiet desperation.' I uncovered Jed's inner life—that's what I did! No one has a right to do that to anyone else. And now there's nothing I can do that won't make it worse for him." She put on the green thing to meet Timberlake at three o'clock. It was the frock she had worn on the ship at San Pedro, when Traill had said to her: "I don't think I've ever seen you in green before." Well, he would see her in green again, maybe. If he were to play Lieutenant Noel —— "But he can't!" thought Eve wretchedly. "How can he, and how's he ever going to tell them?"

She had a vague notion of going to the chief alone and telling him about Traill's not flying. She knew, before the notion was fully born, that she had done damage enough without that. Eventually, she walked onto the National Players lot at three exactly, and Timberlake, getting out of his roadster as she entered the gate, caught up to her and put his hand on her arm.

"How are you?" he said. "You're looking pretty sweet!" She went with him down a long walk, between gay clumps of foxgloves and Canterbury bells.

The chief's office was high-ceilinged, with splendid oaken rafters. The windows were all but mullioned. And the wine-colored velvet of curtains and cushions might have been, though it probably was not, sixteenth century.

The chief himself, sitting in a tall chair of carved dark oak, behind a no less than baronial table, was twentieth century, unmistakably. He was clean-shaven, with gleaming, dark eyes and fine, well-kept hands, which from time to time played with a paper knife. Knives will out, in such hands. But his smile was delightful.

"You've heard, I dare say, from Mr. Timberlake here," said the chief blandly, "what we're planning for you, Miss Adams?"

Eve said, "I'm very happy you think I can do it. It's a wonderful part."

"Mr. Timberlake says it's your part," said the chief, "and that's enough for National Players." He added, looking at his watch, "I sent word to Mr. Traill that I should like him to meet us here this afternoon." At which a buzzer signaled and the chief spoke briefly into an instrument, saying: "Send him in."

Eve looked out of the window till Traill came into the room. She knew Timberlake was watching her, so she kept a faint, pleased smile on her mouth with considerable effort.

"Have you definitely settled ——" asked Timberlake of the chief.

"Practically," said the chief to Timberlake.

Eve thought: "Men don't need a lot of words—when they have power."

She had not seen Traill since that day in the Roosevelt. He had not called her; she had not expected that he would.

He came into the high-ceilinged room in a dark-gray suit with a black tie; he had the gray felt hat in his hand, but he held it more lightly. Eve felt a sudden crazy pride

(Continued on Page 118)

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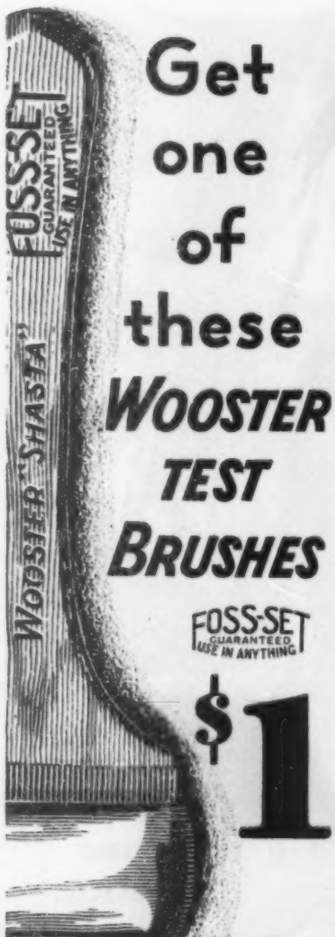

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(Continued from Page 116)

leap in her that he showed no especial deference to either the chief or Timberlake. Merely nodded to one and said to the other, with his inescapable touch of old-fashioned courtesy, "You wanted to see me? Sorry to be a little late. I was detained." Then he saw Eve.

The chief said, "You know Miss Adams?"

And Traill bowed again, and sat down.

The chief said: "I have an appointment in half an hour, so we won't waste any time." He offered cigarettes from a box on his desk. Timberlake took one.

Traill said, "Thanks. I'll smoke these if you don't mind"—and took a pack from his pocket.

"Mr. Traill," said the chief, "we have something pleasant to say to you."

"Yes?" said Traill, and: "Thanks, very much!" His mouth drew down at one corner slightly.

The chief said, "National Players is getting ready to do a talking picture from a play called What Luck, which ran in New York something less than a year ago."

Eve thought, with a sharp flicker of amusement, "Didn't run very far." But she knew a play didn't have to run far to be a talking picture.

"Miss Adams," said the chief with ever-increasing urbanity, "is slated to do the girl. . . . I don't know if you ever saw the play ——"

"I think I recall the plot," said Traill quietly.

Eve thought, "What does he mean by that?" She couldn't tell from his face or his voice if he meant anything beyond a mere statement of facts.

"The plot's the least part of it," said Timberlake. "The emotional quality is what we're out for."

"I believe the girl was in love with an aviator," said Traill. "War story, wasn't it?"

"Not too much war," said the chief, tapping with the paper knife on the back of one well-muscled hand and smiling amiably. "We don't want to overdo the war thing; people are still a trifle bored by it. . . . As Mr. Timberlake says, this is a great emotional story—wonderful opportunities for the girl and, in almost the same degree, for the aviator. I've been told, Mr. Traill, that you were in France during the war, as a flyer."

Eve thought, "This is punishment enough for anything I ever did." She felt Timberlake's eyes on her, and smiled.

Traill said, "I was in France for three years."

Timberlake said, "That's quite a record!"

Traill replied, "Pretty well ancient history."

The chief tacked abruptly, knocking the ash from his cigarette: "You've done pretty well here, so far, Mr. Traill. Now we feel it's about time to give you a chance at something better." He demanded abruptly: "How'd you like to play Lieutenant Noel in What Luck?"

Eve thought, "Timberlake did this!" She felt the high-ceilinged room close in on her. She thought: "Oh, God—what'll Jed do?"—a curious variation of her habitual formula.

Before Traill could speak, though she saw him lean forward in his chair as if to do so, grinding out his cigarette in an ash tray on the edge of the desk, Timberlake said quickly: "You mean, of course, chief, to have someone double for Mr. Traill in the air—as usual."

Eve felt her heart ease itself in a long, smothered sigh. She said, before she thought, in a passion of relief, at what seemed such a simple and natural way out of a brutal tangle: "That is usual, isn't it? To have someone double for the flying?" Traill turned an extraordinary look on her, as if he saw her for the first time and turned away.

Timberlake went on urgently, with a wave of one square-fingered, hairy hand: "Don't you honestly think, chief—in view of Mr. Traill's rather unusual voice, the effect he's been having on his public . . . as you know, we haven't got a stronger reaction to any male personality in years ——"

"I'm not looking for reactions of that sort," Traill interrupted stiffly.

"Don't be foolish, my dear fellow." Timberlake smiled that down with more than a touch of amused condescension. "When you've got what you apparently have ——" He shifted skillfully away from the discussion of whatever it was Traill had, leaving the air heavy with implication: "Chief, you've seen the letters that have been coming in! Well, what's the good of risking a find like Traill's voice, when we've got any number of men—several, at any rate—stunt flyers, who'd be only too glad of this job. That crash scene at the end of the play is big stuff. Tom Field would simply lap it up."

The chief said slowly, "A double is usual, of course."

"I should hope so!" said Timberlake. "You can get a dozen good stunt flyers where you find one man out of thousands with that peculiar amorous moan that Traill throws into his voice."

"I'm not a damned cat, you know," said Traill with quiet savagery. He had flushed darkly. Timberlake smiled in the friendliest way.

"Who was it called Mascagni's Siciliana 'the sublimated howling of a back-fence tomcat'? You've got plenty of precedent, old chap."

The chief clicked his paper knife sharply on the table.

"You're knocking down a straw man, Mike," he objected. "I hadn't considered asking Mr. Traill to fly in the picture. As I say, we expect to use a double."

"I'm glad to hear it. You had me worried," said Timberlake genially. Traill's face was a bronzed, black-eyed mask.

"Of course," the chief continued slowly, "the minute the publicity department gets hold of the fact that Mr. Traill has been a flyer ——"

Timberlake said, grinning: "Len Thomas'd *sauté* his grandmother to get a good story. I know it."

"In any event," said the chief, once more drawing out his watch, "we'll let you see what you can do with the lieutenant, Mr. Traill. I understand we've got a theme song for this picture that's the best thing our boys have yet turned out. We expect you to sweep the country with it."

Timberlake stood up. "Traill ought to be a hit in the part," he said warmly. "And you know what I think of Miss Adams' work. We'll knock 'em cold this time, chief, sure enough!"

Eve stood up slowly. She thought: "He ought to speak, he ought to say something. It's turned out all right, and Timberlake did it for him."

Then she caught a glint deep in Timberlake's eyes, looking from her to Traill—laughter! The devil's guffaw she had heard through a closed door that night on the desert. She wanted to reach out her hand; she wanted to shake Traill out of the black-browed lethargy he sat in. She could have screamed to him to get up on his feet like a man . . . when suddenly the chief was rising, and at last Traill stood up too.

He cleared his throat. He said, in a slightly husky voice: "Thanks very much for the part. I'll do what I can with it."

"I was sure he would, chief," said Timberlake, grinning slightly above a fresh cigarette.

"I'd like to make one condition," said Traill.

Actors didn't commonly make conditions with the chief, but he smiled indulgently. "We'll see what we can do about it."

Traill said, "I don't care to work with a double. I'll take the part as it stands." He added briefly: "Or not at all."

The chief, startled into a frank show of irritation, retorted: "Well, that's very fine, Mr. Traill, but how about your voice? As Timberlake says, are we to take chances on that? Financially considered, you know, there's a pretty big risk. . . ."

Timberlake said, "Use your head, Traill. Your voice is your best asset."

Traill said, "There's no risk necessary, so long as you take the crash scene last." He added: "I'd like very much to get the part."

There was an almost imperceptible stir of muscle about the corners of his mouth. His eyes were inky-black under brows slightly scowling.

"Well?" said the chief to Timberlake. Timberlake only shrugged—the cynic devil, for once, perhaps, taken aback.

"After all," Traill pointed out politely, "it's my own neck I'm risking."

The chief said, "Ah, but we take the risk of losing your voice for other pictures!"

"Sorry," said Traill, "but except for this part, I should be getting out of pictures in any case."

He waited, while the chief and Timberlake looked at each other in a long moment. Almost audible discussion passed between them.

"I expect you know what you're doing," said the chief at length, with a gleaming smile. "All right, Mr. Traill. As you say, it's your neck!"

"Thanks very much," said Traill.

A buzzer hummed.

"Then that," said the chief with an air of satisfaction, "is settled! I hope, Timberlake, you'll give us everything you've got, in this picture."

Timberlake said, "I expect to make it my masterpiece. . . . Come along, Miss Adams!" He kept Eve's arm in his hand, a warm strong hold, going out of the room. Traill passed them in the corridor, walking with an unhurried step. "Afternoon," he said as he passed—to both, presumably.

Timberlake looked after him, with his odd, intent stare of appraisal, of listening for overtones, seeing through surfaces.

"Eve, my darling," he said, "I'm telling you. There goes a fool with possibilities!"

XXII

WHAT LUCK went into rehearsal the day after the conference in the chief's office. In two weeks Timberlake announced that he was ready to shoot. He told Eve she hadn't quite got into her scenes with Traill the things he conceded would probably come in the actual making of the picture. For Traill he had nothing but the kindliest commendation, subtly laced with praise of his work in the theme song which was to sweep the country. It wasn't a bad lyric as theme songs go. It had words which were not too mawkish, a certain haunting quality in the tune. Eve used to take home with her, day after day, the vision of Traill's face, dark hair brushed back above dark, narrowed eyes, that strained involuntary smile, singing.

When Timberlake praised Traill's singing, the thin sunburned face tightened into a mask. But the quality of the singing persisted. Eve wondered if Traill himself could eliminate—had he so desired it—the strange, stirring undertones about which women were writing him letters.

One day Timberlake said offhandedly: "Len Thomas has what he considers a great idea, Traill. He wants to bill you as the Voice with Sex Appeal."

Traill stood a moment in black silence; then walked away without answering. Eve thought, from the look in his eyes, he would have cursed Timberlake or struck him.

"I like to watch him batten himself down like that," said Timberlake, chuckling. "Shows he's got something in reserve. If he has, I'll get it out of him in this picture as sure as the Lord made little apples."

Surely, Eve thought, the Lord had made at least one little apple, to man's undoing. The picture was well under way when she had a letter from Sutherland offering her a part in a new play by a fairly well-known Englishman, which a fairly well-known American producer was now contemplating, and which Sutherland had been slated to direct. "Come back to Erin!" wrote Sutherland. "Leave the aforementioned husks or what have you—in so many words, darling, come out of the kitchen! There's a seat on Broadway waiting for you."

(Continued on Page 120)

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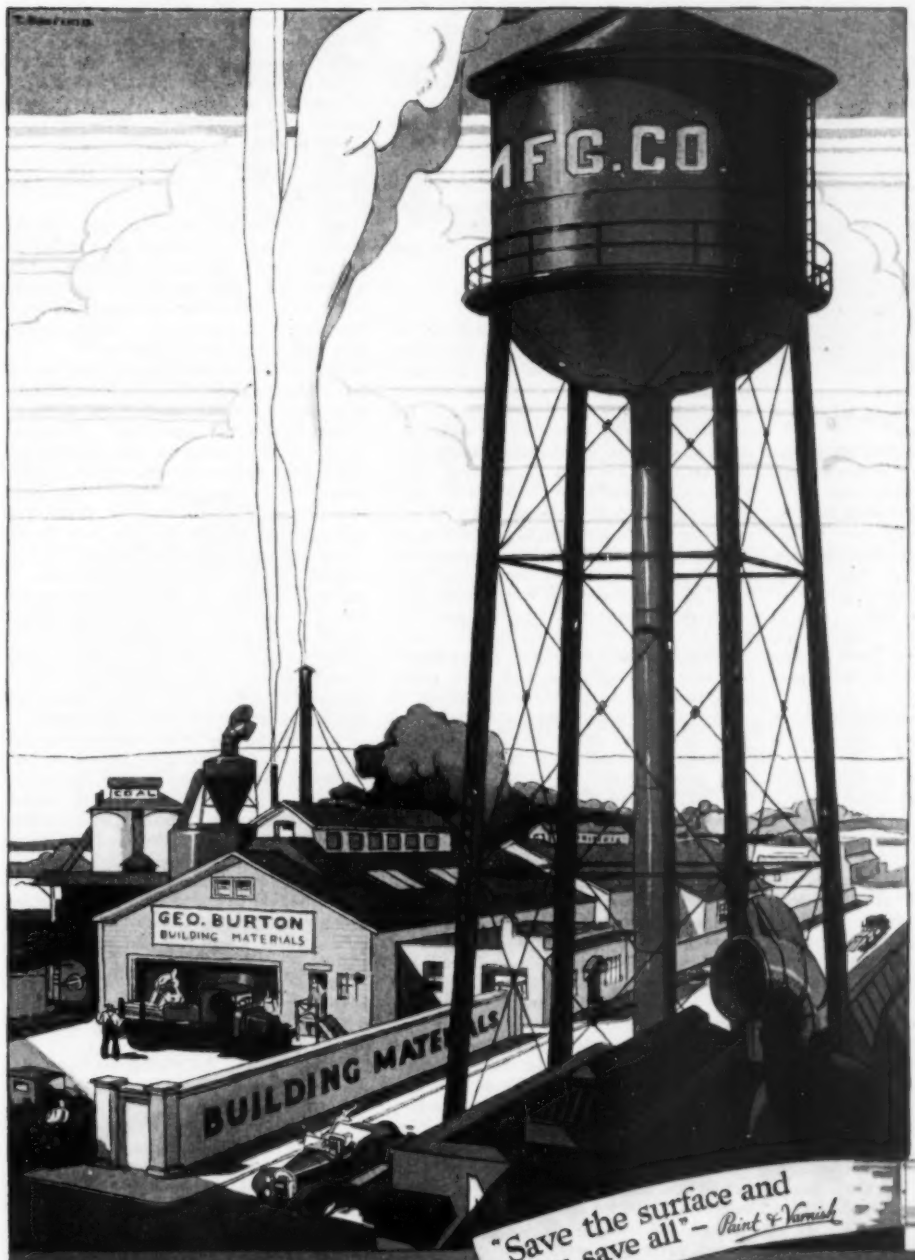

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BEAUTY • PRESERVATION

(Continued from Page 118)

Eve wrote back that the kitchen bouquet was too strong for her. "Even if I weren't under contract for this picture," she wrote, "I'm crazy about the work. The shameful truth is, I like to do talkies. Shoot if you will, but I like working for the camera. On the stage you can be pretty average certain that beyond the fifth row of the orchestra nobody knows what you're doing with your face, unless you blow your nose, or stick out your tongue, or do something radical. In a studio, there isn't a flicker of an eyelash, there isn't a twist of the mouth that doesn't say something to a whole theater full of people. I'm closer to my audience, and I like it. Whatever I've got—if anything—this way I have a bigger chance to use it. And I have a bigger chance with my voice. I can use all my force—again, if any—to say what I mean at close range. After all, Jimmy, in our stuff, in any stuff, from the Garden of Eden down to the Winter Garden, what we poor fools sell is ourselves. Our personalities. Maybe we sell 'em for love, maybe we sell 'em for money, but anything you really want out of life you've got to buy with yourself. That's my story, and I stay with it! Well, just at the moment, it seems to me, I can do better here than there. Don't be cross with me, darling, and don't get me wrong—as it occurs to me at this juncture you may—when I say we sell ourselves, I mean, psychologically speaking. No rough stuff."

She stopped just there to consider whether selling one's soul wasn't equally bad business with selling one's body—even though less precarious socially—and while she was considering, Lillian came in upon her.

Lillian had a large wedge of chocolate layer cake in one hand and a fresh peach of voluptuous proportions in the other. She had recently had herself clipped like a blond female Samson, in preparation for the part of a good-hearted chorus girl in a new revue coming on, and when she attained the thirty pounds of additional weight for which she was now enjoyably training, her head with its wind-blown bob would very likely be charming. Just at the instant her lack of fluff about the ears gave her an oddly plucked look.

"How's everything?" she inquired, dropping upon the couch which stood against the sitting-room wall and putting her feet up with a sigh of relief.

Eve said everything was blooming. She typed an envelope with Sutherland's address and turned away from the machine with a sigh on her own account.

"Tired?" asked Lillian, getting peach juice on her blouse and cursing gently.

Eve said it had been a long day and that the scene they were shooting—the London girl's reunion with Noel in a hospital in France—hadn't gone any too well; that Timberlake had been difficult.

"Up to the hospital stuff now, are you?" said Lillian. "Shooting pretty fast, isn't he?"

"He goes like a Juggernaut," said Eve, "once he's started. I never saw another human being with such drive!"

"How's Traill?" asked Lillian interestedly. "Getting away with it?"

"Oh, he's all right," said Eve, "I suppose."

"Is he pretty hot in uniform?" asked Lillian.

"He knows how to wear one, naturally," said Eve.

"The old crooning going over all right?" suggested Lillian.

"All right, I suppose," said Eve.

"Why don't he ever come here any more?" said Lillian. She slanted a shrewd eyelid.

"How do I know?" said Eve, licking a stamp, with her back to the couch.

"That night at the club lost you quite a lot, darling, didn't it?" said Lillian. "Carman and Traill at one blow."

Eve said, "If I never saw Jack Carman again, I'd survive."

"Yeah, but you used to like Traill."

"I still like Traill."

"Yet you don't find it so soft, working with him. Why's that?"

"Do you have to know?" asked Eve frostily.

Lillian said: "I can tell something's got you worried. When I see my girl friend losing sleep, naturally I want to know if there's anything I can do about it."

"How do you know I'm losing sleep?" Eve demanded, smiling faintly. Lillian was so absurdly likable, worrying over her girl friend.

"Because I've heard you creaking around the last couple o' nights. You woke me up two-three times."

"I'm sorry. I was too tired to sleep. You remember I had night work all the first part of the week."

"Yeah, but what's on your mind?" insisted Lillian. She finished the peach and bit into the chocolate cake.

Eve surrendered abruptly. She thought: "Why not? Maybe she could help me." She said: "Lillian, I'm worried sick over this picture. It's not going the way it ought to."

She had not written that to Sutherland. She would never admit to Sutherland that she had failed. Where Sutherland was concerned, she would keep her chin up till she went under.

"Traill?" said Lillian.

Eve said, "Traill's all right. He's good enough. I'm the one. I can't seem to get into the part."

"Oh, yeah?" said Lillian. But she patted the couch beside her, and Eve walked over and sat down with a sudden shamefaced feeling of relief that now she could talk, could put her frantic uncertainties into words for a sympathetic ear.

She said: "I can't seem to get the feeling—you know? It's a very moving sort of part, and I'm just dead wood. I'm rotten, Lillian, and that's the truth. I feel it myself. I know Timberlake feels it. I know he's disappointed in me, and it makes me panicky. Here I am, with the biggest chance I've had yet, with a director who believes in me, who's willing to push me ——".

"As far as you'll go," said Lillian. "Sure, he's willing—willing and waiting."

"Well," said Eve, "it looks to me as if I were getting ready for a flop."

She put her hands up over her eyes, pressing the eyelids with the tips of her fingers till inner darkness swam about her. She had not before put into words, even for herself, that a flop was what she was fearing. Of course she had known from the first days of rehearsal that Timberlake was feeling about in her rendition of the part for something she hadn't yet shown him.

She said recklessly, "I can't seem to let myself go. I'm cold as a frog. The way I'm doing that girl, she has no more color than a dead fish!"

"Well, if you see where you're not putting yourself over," said Lillian, "why can't you ——"

Eve cut her short, "I see, all right! Nobody knows better than I do, but, Lillian—maybe this sounds crazy to you—I can't get myself out. I'm like somebody locked in."

She locked her hands together around her knees. She thought: "What's the use? I'm not telling her the real truth. I'm not telling her that I dash myself up on Jed time after time, and he lets me slip back as . . . if he were a cliff and I were the sea. We don't hold. I only break against him; not even a wave in the end—just foam." She thought in tired desperation: "There must be ways you can release emotion by yourself. After all—as Noel he looks all right, he sounds all right. I'm the only one knows he isn't making contact with me—that he doesn't want contact."

Lillian said, pursing her lips and frowning thoughtfully: "They say the great Nora always thinks of a Pekingese she had that died."

"Lillian, you're incredible!" said Eve, reluctantly laughing.

"No foolin'," said Lillian seriously. "Didn't you mean your sob stuff wasn't getting over?"

"Getting over? It's a wash-out! If I don't do better than I've done so far, Timberlake ought to let me out, and I'm not so sure but what he will!"

Lillian said: "All right then! Didn't you ever lose anything or anybody you wanted?" She went on while Eve, listening, sat frozen: "That's the way to work it; get yourself all steamed up, remembering ——"

"That's obscene," said Eve, quite low—but she knew by the leap of her heart ——

"Maybe not just a Pekingese," said Lillian reasonably.

"Perhaps not just that," said Eve.

Lillian said: "The point is, if you're not getting any kick out of Traill, so that you can work yourself into a pash that way, you've got to imagine somebody else in his place. Gosh, Eve, I know you have it pretty soft now, but you must have had a sock in the eye sometime!"

"Oh, yes," said Eve. . . . "I expect you're right, Lillian. I haven't been using my imagination."

"Abso-lutely!" said Lillian. "The old imagination is what does it—that and a good director—which is what you've certainly got. You can't beat Timberlake."

"I'm finding that out," said Eve. She sat and stared across the room. Dusk was gathering. The corners of the room were vague. There was a bowl of red roses on the table. Eddie had preferred a rose to be red.

Moonlight and roses, bring wonderful mem'ries of you.

She could almost hear Eddie whistling . . . waiting for her to go out somewhere with him . . . she could almost hear his laugh. She hadn't heard his laugh in a long time.

"You take my tip," said Lillian. "Pick out the toughest break you ever got, and concentrate. The old tears'll come!"

"It won't be hard," said Eve, "to pick out the toughest break."

XXIII

"GOOD-BY, my darling," said Eve. She put her hands on Traill's shoulders. She felt his arms go round her. His arms had gone round her so many times already that night, she slid involuntarily into the physical attitude—weight on her right foot, shoulders against Traill's chest, hands slipping up behind his head. Thank God, there was no sticky stuff on his hair. It felt crisp and dry and live to her fingers. In the surrounding silence in which the scene was going forward, she felt her breath come with difficulty. She spoke her lines through dry lips. In her own ears her voice was flat and colorless, without timbre. She said, "I wish you didn't have to go back!"

Traill laughed tenderly. "Now, now!" he said. "Thought you had more nerve. Keep the old chin up! Whose girl are you?"

Eve said, "Yours, as long as we both live! As long as we both—live!" she cried. "Yours, yours, yours! . . . Oh, if I could only go with you!"

"Cut!" snapped Timberlake, with the scene a good five minutes to run. Eve stood out of Traill's arms. She didn't have to move far, because he released her at the first sound of Timberlake's voice. Lights went off. Noise came on. A script girl crackled a notebook. The man in the mixing booth opened his door and came out of his glass-inclosed hut.

"Sound O. K.," he said grumpily. It was after midnight and he had been working since before eight o'clock.

Timberlake said with merciless coolness, "Sound may be O. K., but the thing's rotten. If you're too tired to go on, Eve, perhaps another time ——" His courtesy chilled her to the bone. It had a knife edge of cruelty.

She tried to smile, answering him, "I'm not in the least tired. Sorry if I wasn't good. Will you let me try it again?"

Timberlake said, "You're saying good-by to your lover, you know."

"I know," said Eve doggedly.

"I thought," he said, "that might have slipped your mind."

One of the light men rushed over with an expression of acute dismay on his face. He conferred with Timberlake for a moment in urgent undertones. Presently Timberlake turned back to the set—the London girl's dressing room with its mirror and its dressing table; its frowsy frocks hanging on the wall.

"Get a little rest," he said. "There's a light out of commission. Maybe ten minutes." He walked over to Eve where she stood miserably fingering an end of her ragtag chiffons.

"Why don't you go over and sit down somewhere?" he suggested. "I'll have you called. . . . What's the matter, Eve? I swear, I don't know what to make of you! You wanted the part, you know!" Menace in that last.

"I want it still," said Eve tonelessly.

"Well, you might show some reason, then," said Timberlake, "why it should have been handed to you. For Heaven's sake, don't cry now," he added with brutal impersonality, ". . . wait till it'll get you somewhere!"

Traill had walked away. Sat slumped in a chair, just off the set, arms folded, waiting.

Eve turned, away from Traill, away from Timberlake, away from the world that was in Timberlake's person at that moment saying to her, "You might show some reason why you continue to live. Since your work was your reason for keeping on when Eddie died, and since your work, it now seems, is no good anyhow!" She felt the world bludgeoning her into the corner Timberlake had indicated. "Why don't you go and sit down somewhere? Why don't you crawl off and hide yourself?"

She thought: "This is hysterical rot. I must keep going. I know I'm flopping, but I've got to keep on."

She walked over to a far corner of the studio, where a big wicker chair stood behind a screen. She felt Timberlake watching her go. She thought: "He knows where to find me when he's ready for me." Shadows encompassed her—stage carpenters and electricians, script girls . . . prop men; the walls of the set jutted darkly out of shadow; lights flung cubes and angles of brilliance across a shadow sea.

Eve thought: "I'm tired." Dropping into the chair. Closing her eyes. Letting her hands lie along the arms of the chair. Traill's wings had bruised her cheek. She lifted two fingers to the place. Let them drop again. She thought: "He's back in his Dismal Swamp, where he was when I first met him. He thinks I shoved him back. I go into his arms; he closes his soul against me. I'm making love to a man who almost hates me! I can't get away with it. No woman could! He short circuits the current. I know it! What can I do? There's nothing, nothing ——" Lying back in the half dark, something began to struggle up in her against her wish, against her will even—a wild cry for help—a cry she had sworn to herself she would not utter. "That's obscene," she had said to Lillian. But she had known in that moment where she would turn . . . when she came to feel the wall at her back . . . when the muddy waters of the last ditch began to curl about her feet. "Pick out the toughest break you ever got," Lillian had said, "and concentrate." And Eve had said, "That's obscene."

But she was praying now. A prayer was coming to birth in her. Hands beating on a closed door. Knees bleeding on sharp stones.

"Help me . . . wherever you are . . . help me! Don't let me crash like this. Eddie—Eddie—Eddie . . . you know you loved me! Wherever you are . . . come back and help me! Eddie . . . help me!"

She strained behind closed eyes to see him; her ears ached to sense the deviltry of his laughter, gone so long, gone so far. Now she could neither see him nor hear him. Straining every conscious fiber did not bring back even the feel of him, gallant and gay. He had worn a small rakish mustache on a good-looking lip; his eyes had been a greenish hazel. There had been a

(Continued on Page 125)

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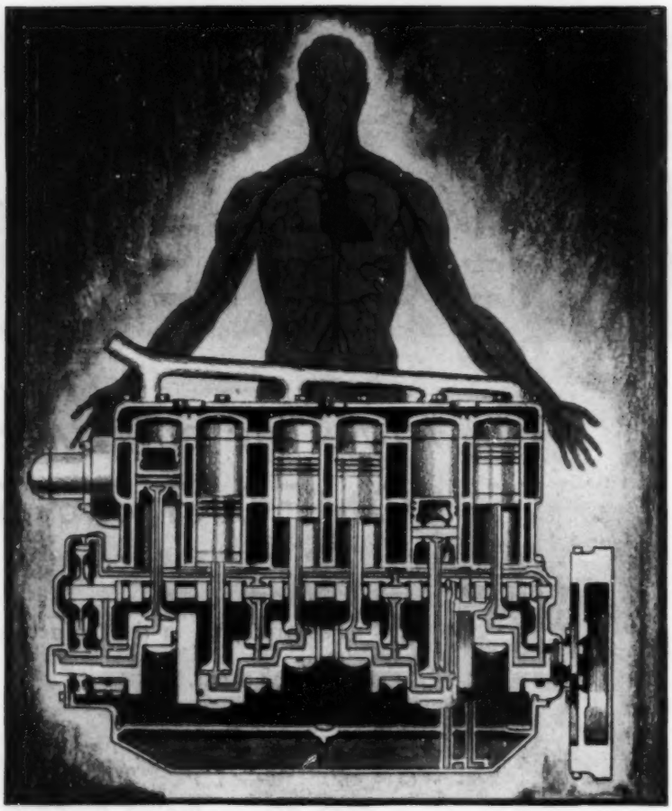

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(Continued from Page 120)

cleft in his chin. He had had a cowlick. His brown hair never lay smooth. All she had of him now, she might have had of a portrait on a wall. "Eddie . . . I can't reach you. You wouldn't want me to flop, would you? Help me . . . help me . . . help me!"

She was lying back with her eyes closed, hands nervelessly linked in her lap, when she heard someone coming toward her. She sat up and jerked her mouth into a smile, put a hand to her hair.

"Miss Adams, Mr. Timberlake says if you'll come back on the set now."

Timberlake was waiting for her, standing beside the London girl's dressing table. The lights, not yet full, threw deep cruel shadows beneath his eyes, molded his mouth heavily. Traill stood before him, waiting; one hand sunk in his trousers pocket; eyes quietly attentive; no more.

Eve said, "All ready, Mr. Timberlake," with an edgy dogged brightness. Nothing back of it but desperation.

"Get a rest?" asked Timberlake. He glanced at her sharply.

"Oh, much better!" said Eve, unreal as a rose on a stage balcony.

"Freshen her make-up a little," said Timberlake to a blond young man with an eager look, and a black-lacquered box in one hand. Eve felt the furry impact of powder puff on cheek and chin. Her maid, appearing on the instant, held a mirror for her. The hairdresser, also materializing swiftly, adjusted a wave of shining bronze hair.

"Now, you two!" said Timberlake to Traill and Eve curtly. He waved the maid and the hairdresser away. The make-up man disappeared in a jump.

Eve thought, "We two." It went through her head like a skirl of crazy laughter. "One and one," she thought, "do make two. No matter how far apart."

Timberlake was saying: "In case your minds need refreshing, on this scene we're about to shoot for the fourth time tonight, you're going back to the front, Traill, after a three days' leave. You keep up a certain coolness, so as not to distress your girl too much. Put a little more tension into your stuff and it'll get over. You're pretty fair." He turned on Eve suddenly, savagely. His red-brown eyes burned into her lifted look. His voice dropped to a note that vibrated through her as a violin string, snarling, shakes crystal.

"Listen, and get this!" he said: "He's leaving you. He's going back to the front. He's going up in a plane."

It was on that, Eve, seeking cover from Timberlake, met Traill's eyes, and the thing turned real.

"They're going to get him," said Timberlake. Eve's blood chilled. A long shiver began, at the center of her existence, spread in her, shook her very gently, but terribly. Once before she had lain on a bed, face down, and shivered like that, feeling the fingers of death at her heart; there had been a newspaper. . . . Timberlake was saying: "Maybe you'll never see him again." Traill's eyes were bottomless dark, a muscle twitched in his left cheek. . . . "Maybe this is the last time he'll ever kiss you!" Was there disgust in those eyes, or only infinite, pitiless cold? "Maybe those wings of his are going to buckle; he's going to crash," Timberlake's voice was rising; his clenched fist lifted. "Cry for him, break your heart for him, if you've got one! Maybe, when you say good-by now—you're sending him to his death!" . . . He dropped his fist suddenly. Suddenly, without turning, he waved an imperator's hand at the light men. "That's the girl!" he said. "You'll get it!" There were tears on Eve's face.

"Quiet, everybody!" said Timberlake, slashing like a saber.

Out in the dark, somebody cried, "All set?"

"All set!"

"O. K.!"

"Quiet, please!"

Voices wailing in a strange tongue. All that was real to Eve was Traill's face above the khaki collar of his uniform, wings glinting on the collar. "His wings are going to buckle ——" She put up her hand to her throat. . . .

"All right, girl," said Timberlake; a rich caressing whisper.

" . . . synchronize!"

" . . . motors!"

Nobody in the world but Traill and Eve, a dressing table and a mirror, a wall behind his head—his dark head against a rough white wall.

"Stand by, everybody!" . . . Would the voices never stop?

"Red light!"

"All right, Mr. Timberlake!"

"All right," Timberlake's voice, keyed low, tautly quiet. "Camera!"

* * * * * * * *

"Cut!" shouted Timberlake.

Lights went off. Noise came on. Still clinging in Traill's arms, Eve cried her soul out. Someone brought a chair. A script girl ran for a glass of water. Timberlake came with tigerish quickness. He clamped a hand on Eve's shoulder.

"Steady, girl!" Eve clung the closer in Traill's hold. "Easy, Eve!" said Timberlake. She clung the fiercer and the harder. It was not until Traill loosened his arms, leaving her free—setting her away from him, even—that her sobbing gasped itself out. One endless moment more she hung on him; she flung back her head and looked up into his face to meet the ultimate blow.

Traill was smiling. His birth-smile, or deliberate—only he could have told. Eve straightened up. She put a hand to her hair, lifted her chin, opened her lips twice, soundlessly, before voice came, as she was turning to Timberlake.

"Not so bad," she said, "was it?"

Timberlake said, "You're right—not so bad!"—royally exuberant. He added to his little world at large: "All right, boys and girls, you can go for the night."

Having got what he wanted.

XXIV

FOR several days after the taking of the good-by scene, Eve didn't go to the studio. Timberlake sent her word she'd earned a rest. She rather thought he was trying to obviate for her the awkwardness of her breakdown, Traill's withdrawal. But Lillian disabused her mind of that humiliating inference.

Lillian told her: "It's all over the lot that Timberlake says you're the best emotional actress in Hollywood. The dope is you'll be starred."

"Rot," said Eve, but she picked up courage to wonder if, after all, no one had guessed ——

"Jo-Jo Blaine—she's Timberlake's pet script girl, isn't she?" said Lillian. Eve identified Jo-Jo Blaine. "Well," said Lillian, "she told Jack Carman—I saw him at the club at lunch today—that she never hoped to see a prettier piece of sob stuff, and she's worked with some of the biggest. Gosh, Eve," said Lillian, in conclusion, "I wish you'd tell me how you do it! Old Lady Luck just licks your heels."

Eve thought, when Lillian had gone off to night rehearsal and she was once more alone on the couch in the sitting room: "What does anybody know of anybody else's life? When I came out here I thought I was at the end of my rope. Since I've been here I've found and lost—the thing I was born for—and all Lillian sees is, I keep my job." She hadn't much room for doubt as to what she'd lost. "All very well," she thought, "to talk about the way people could clear up misunderstandings if they'd just say one honest word. I said all the honest words I knew to Jed—on the set; I'll never try again. There's such a thing as self-respect, however threadbare."

She was brooding over the inadequacy of self-respect as sole diet, when, an hour later, Timberlake came up the walk and stood in the doorway looking at her.

He said without preamble: "I saw Lillian at the studio, and she told me you were grouching here by yourself, so I dropped over to check up on you."

"Don't you ever work?" asked Eve, putting out a languid hand, smiling politely.

"Well, you sound natural enough," said Timberlake. He threw his hat on the table, came over and sat down on the couch beside Eve.

"How'd you like to see the rushes on that scene we shot the other night?"

"I don't know," said Eve. "Are they any good?" At least she was keeping a bold face.

"Swellest stuff this year," said Timberlake.

Eve took the cigarette he offered her. Her hand shook as he gave her a light, and she felt that he saw it. He steadied her fingers against his own.

"Really?" she drawled, leaning back.

Timberlake said, "You wouldn't kid me, would you, lady?" He said: "It just about saved your neck, darling."

"Ye-e-es?" said Eve innocently. "Was I as bad as all that?"

"Quit stalling," said Timberlake, holding her in deep, speculative scrutiny, "and I'll tell you what's going to happen to you—that interests you, I suppose."

"I'm sorry," said Eve quietly. "I mean, sorry I stalled." She thought: "If you want to get by, my good girl ——"

"Well," said Timberlake, "by a little intelligent cutting and by building up to that good-by in your dressing room, I think we've got a picture."

"I thought I was rotten, up to that."

"You weren't so rotten as I made you think you were. You were merely rotten compared to what I expected of you."

"You made me darned unhappy for no good reason, if I wasn't rotten."

"I told you, some time ago," said Timberlake, "I'd get you out of your shell."

Eve sat and looked at him, rage mounting within her. When he smiled, slowly and pleasurably, she felt that she could have struck him across the mouth.

"It's nothing to you what I go through with to earn my living, is it?" she cried, goaded out of her surface calm.

"You'll earn a living before I get through with you," said Timberlake, "that'll go beyond your wildest dreams."

"I haven't any wild dreams."

"Don't lie," he told her with surprising gentleness. "Your life is in your face—only dreamers get hurt like that." When she winced away from him, he laughed. "Don't be a fool! It isn't what you do that matters; it's what it does to you! Haven't I taught you anything at all? Have a little courage! Are you going to live and die in the rut you were born in? Don't you want to know what's over the hill? Are you afraid you haven't got the stuff in you for exploring?"

"What is going to happen to me?" asked Eve very distinctly. She thought: "He's hoiding the carrot before the nose of the donkey. I wonder how often he's done it before?"

Timberlake said, "Want to talk business, do you? You may be right; the other can wait." He blew an extraordinarily perfect smoke wreath, watched it fray out into nothingness. "If you go over in this picture," he said, "as I think you will—I may be able to get you starred."

"Starred," said Eve faintly. She thought: "There is a certain charm in carrots!"

"You were lovely to look at," said Timberlake dispassionately, "all along. I'd like to have had your scenes with Traill a little hotter, but that one scene would make any picture."

"As good as all that?" asked Eve. She felt her eyelids burning.

"It was life," said Timberlake. "That's what our stuff wants. Not theater—life! When we can reproduce life we've got a new art. It's all I ask."

"Not much, of course," said Eve.

"You'll give it to me!" said Timberlake.

Eve thought: "I never know if he's talking to me as a woman or me as an actress. He knows that. What frightens me is—I want to be what he sees in me. I want to be all I'm capable of being; not just one

(Continued on Page 127)

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(Continued from Page 125)

window in my house lit, the others dark. I want to live to my capacity!"

Without knowing it, she had sat looking at him for some moments. Looking into his deep, strange eyes, where a reddish spark flickered always. Now the spark grew suddenly like a lens opening in the eye of a camera.

He said her name in a low voice. He took her unresisting hands and crushed them in one of his. His other arm went out . . . and she had not stopped him. She was very nearly magicked into his hold—magicked by the flame of life in him. . . . But a window blew shut. Wind rising. And she slid to her feet, tardily aware of storm, without and within.

Timberlake knew his moments—when they came and when they passed. He had no reason to doubt that they would come again.

"I'll clear out and let you go to bed," he said, as if he had never laid a hand on her. "While I remember, if you'd like to see it, Traill's making his crash scene tomorrow between eleven and twelve o'clock."

Eve said, "Tomorrow"—and stopped, dry-lipped.

She had known it would come, of course; one day or another. The pattern unrolled itself inevitably. One didn't escape.

She said, "How long has he known?" Was he sitting in a room somewhere alone, waiting?

"I believe Sickle was to call him up tonight," said Timberlake. Sickle was aviation director for National Players. "Traill's crashing a Spad in a dead-stick landing in No Man's Land. You remember the script?" When Eve didn't answer, he supplied a supposed lack of memory on her part with casual brevity: "Noel's engine quits on him over Germany. He glides over the Hun trenches, but can't quite make it to his own lines; so he sets her down between a shell hole and barbed-wire entanglement."

"With any luck!" said Eve in a thin, artificial voice. She thought: "He'd hate me to discuss him with Timberlake." She thought: "He hates me anyhow!" At that she said: "Well, good night"—and managed a laugh of sorts.

XXV

LEN THOMAS had not been idle. When Eve got out of Timberlake's car on the edge of No Man's Land next day, she thought there must be no one left in Hollywood. Traill's Roman holiday had drawn the populace.

And to what a scene for jaunting! Acres of shell holes, pitting the ground, wide as church doors and deep as wells—no question of their serving adequately! Acres of barbed wire scarring the ravaged earth. Eve heard a man say as she passed him: "Coupla' hundred men worked every day for a month" . . . to produce, she supposed, this accuracy of devastation. She caught other conversational fragments as well: "Four to one he gets his!"

"Aw, use your head! These guys know their stuff!"

"Oh, yeah? . . . D' y' see where the head cameraman is? D' y' see that barbed wire strung on posts straight in front of him? That's where Traill's supposed to hit! Barbed wire at a hundred miles an hour!"

Timberlake, beside her, drew her on. He must have heard, too, because he explained easily: "Where he crashes, the posts are made of wood that'll break at a touch, and strung with light rope."

Eve said: "What are those men to one side of the cameras? One has an ax." She felt her teeth slightly chattering. She thought: "If I'm not quiet he won't let me stay." She steadied herself grimly.

"Oh, those?" said Timberlake. There was a man with an enormous pair of cutters, another with a big saw, others with pliers, hatchets, hammers; three men carrying large fire extinguishers.

"I see!" said Eve.

"Merely in case of emergency," said Timberlake. "It's a customary precaution."

"There's an ambulance over there," said Eve.

Timberlake said, "Haven't you ever been on a flying field in your life? If you had you'd know there's always an ambulance." He showed a touch of impatience; assumed, Eve thought, to cover his own nervousness.

She said, "Two nurses and a doctor."

Timberlake said, "What d'you expect in an ambulance—a couple of chorus girls and a hoofer?" But he put his hand through her arm and drew her along close beside him. "Take it easy, girl," he said. "I expect Traill will pull off a great show. They've got twenty cameras on him!"

Eve thought: "Nobody hearing us would ever dream what he knows, and I know—that between us we're committing murder. It amounts to that."

Under the cloudless noonday sky, she saw people waiting to see a man killed. Men with axes, men with hammers and saws. Assistant executioners—that was how she saw them.

"Where's the plane?" asked Eve.

Timberlake pointed it out. "Just beyond the trenches. It's warming up now."

Eve strained misting eyes. "Do you see Traill anywhere?"

"Too far for that," said Timberlake.

She thought: "Too far for anything any more!" She followed Timberlake to a place directly in line with the spot where the Spad was to crash, near the head cameraman's parallel. People were standing all about. Len Thomas was there, and Sickle. After a while Len Thomas came over to speak to her.

"Well," he said with a slightly nervous laugh, "well, well! Isn't it great? Little did I think, when I met this chap in Providence . . . one day he'd be staging a show like this for National Players! Boy, think of the publicity!"

"Either way," said Eve, and watched the laugh die in his pale eyes slowly. It was while she was looking at Thomas that she caught the drone of a plane. A muted shout went up from the crowd. Against blue deeps of sky, Eve watched the Spad banking and climbing. Just the shock of seeing it, knowing who sat at the controls —— "I'm rotten inside. I'm afraid to get into the air." She put a hand up over her heart to still the pain of its beating. He had got into the air safely—that, at least.

Past the trenches slowly, and over No Man's Land.

"He's about eight hundred feet up"—that was Sickle. Eve caught his nasal staccato. After another endless instant: "He's dropped his goggles!"

She stammered, gripping Timberlake's arm fiercely. "Why? . . . So as not to get glass in his eyes?" She thought: "It isn't just—can he fly now. Maybe he's chosen this way out! Maybe he's flying blind ——"

"He dropped his goggles for a signal," said Timberlake quickly, seeing Eve's face. He covered her fingers with his own and she withdrew hers, almost without knowing that she did so. She thought: "I could have spoken . . . if Jed never forgave me for it . . . I could have told them the truth, and they wouldn't have let him do it."

PHOTO, FROM ASHEVILLE, N. C., CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Someone said: "There goes the red flag now—on the tower, see? All set."

"Answering Traill's signal," said Timberlake coolly. But his hand had been dry and hot. Eve thought: "Timberlake knows we could have told and stopped him. If the plane crashed where it should . . . it'd take Timberlake and me with it."

Alone in an infinity of sky . . . a plane and a man. Thousands of staring fools waiting to see him die. Jeb Stuart, maybe, waiting, higher up, for a man to ride at his bridle rein—a man!

"He's coming too fast!" Sickle was yelling almost in Eve's ear. "I told him, 'Allow two hundred feet for your crack-up.'" Swooping out of the sky, sun on his wings, roaring along not ten feet from the ground. "You fool!" yelled Sickle wildly. "Too low! . . . too low! . . . You —— flyin' fool!"

A sound like a universal groan arose from the crowd—a shuddering, exultant sigh of expectation.

Eve shut her eyes, lived a thousand years in a dark hell, and opened them as the Spad struck the ground with a sickening, rending crash. It bounced, struck again, and went over on its back in a shroud of dust. Through the dust, a burst of flame, a smear of smoke ——

"Eddie!" screamed Eve, or thought she screamed—a raucous gasp.

"He's thrown clear!" said Sickle hoarsely. "Get to him—quick!"

Traill was lying on the ground just beyond a wicked tangle of barbed wire, not six feet from a yawning shell hole. Doctor and nurses ran to get to him, but Eve ran faster. Fighting off Timberlake's hold like a madwoman. As she ran, she whimpered: "Oh, Eddie! . . . Oh, Jed! . . . Eddie, help me! Help me!"

She came to her knees beside Traill, and Timberlake, close behind her, held back the others with a muttered word. Traill's eyes were closed. There was blood on his face and in his hair from a deep cut above one eye. Stooping, Timberlake put a hand on Eve's shoulder. "Easy, girl!" Eve never heard him. She was neither seeing nor hearing anyone in the world but Traill—Eddie, perhaps, somewhere, out of the world. She was talking to Traill in a hushed, breathless way, as if life had been suddenly emptied of everything but herself and him:

"You know I wanted to go with you, don't you? . . . You know I knew this was going to happen."

Timberlake held the doctors and the nurses back. He interposed himself between Eve's crouching form and the eyes of the morbidly curious. He stooped close to her; his eyes never left her face. He devoured her every word. Eve neither knew nor cared who heard her.

She went on talking to Traill in a sobbing monotone, hugging one of his limp hands against her heart: "I'd have been glad to go, instead of you. . . . You know that now, don't you? There's nothing left; there's nothing any more now, ever. . . ." All at once she broke out in a wild, terrible cry: "My heart—my heart, I've killed you!"

At which Traill opened his eyes, blinking dully under bloody brows, and said "Hell, no!" with curious distinctness. With the hand she had been holding against her heart he weakly pushed Eve away from him.

It became apparent, presently, that it was to Timberlake, leaning over Eve's shoulder, Traill had something to say.

With a flash of white teeth in a drawn, pale face, with dark eyes glinting in outrageously arrogant amusement, grinning, no less, into the face of Timberlake's warm solicitude. Eve thought: "Wot-n-Life Traill!" In that instant of his renascence she could have worshiped him. Silencing on Timberlake's lips the hearty "Great stuff, old man! Great st——" Traill delivered himself briefly in a deep, if feeble, drawl.

He said, "You . . . I sure crashed your ship."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE LONGEST WAY ROUND

(Continued from Page 17)

him. He was the red-haired boy who had rescued from the wind and my hand Myrtle's green woolen scarf. A fiddler on a ship's orchestra! No wonder Giorgio's proud Roman face had shown a deep disgust.

The young men played, they rocked, they smiled. At intervals, smiling, they chanted, and the girls on the boat danced, looking at them. Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit, who had placed herself beside me, looked at them too—resentfully.

"I wish," she said, "that attractive young men weren't so invariably American and poor."

"Oh, are they, really?" I protested with considerable irony.

"Yes. And I kind of wish that folks that are not socially important weren't always so nice and so sort of easy to look at. Now, take me," went on the astonishing creature: "I'm nice. You know I'm nice. I've been that way for forty years. But it don't cut any ice in Ingroport. And Myrtle now—isn't she just too lovely?"

She was dressed in floating green, drifting nymphlike; her perfect, small face visible above her partner's shoulder.

"You're just aching to dance, aren't you, Sir Philip? Maybe you could cut in on Myrtle if you're spry."

"My name, madam," I said, "is not Sir Philip Bradley-Graham."

"Oh," she stared blankly; then her eyes, her whole face lighted up. "Why, then the funny little man's Sir Philip." I gave her no encouragement. "And you're Mr. Adee Groom-Borden. You're an Amurrican."

"I am an Amerry-can," I corrected.

"Well, isn't that just dandy!" she beamed. "An Amurrican, in spite of everything. That's going to be a big help to me and Ephraim and Myrt, Mr. Gordon-Broom."

"Groom-Borden, please. . . . And, may I ask," I began, "in what possible respect my being ——"

But here Myrtle came to a stop before us, dismissed her partner, Sir Philip, with a gay and deft finality, and sat down on the arm of her mother's chair.

"Mother," she said, "isn't he a lamb?"

"Who, lovey?"

"Michael Croney. And how he can play! He's promised to dance with me on the deck tonight when he's through. Think of it—moonlight, and a great, wide, empty deck, and Mike all to myself!"

"Myrtle dearest, this is Mr. Gor—no, Mr. Groom-Borden."

"Uh-hum. I know it. I told you he wasn't an Englishman. I always know."

"May I ask," I began, a trifle stung by her absurd air of careless omniscience, "by what signs ——"

"Oh," she said, "no Englishman ever looks so British as your make-up comes to. Besides, you know, all us New-Worlders resemble wild animals and all the Europeans look like the domestic animals."

"Not really, Miss Gubbit! And to what wild animal do you trace my ——"

"Ram," she said. "Rocky Mountain ram. Very striking. An Englishman is always—oh, but always, as Giorgio would say—sheep. Sometimes a beautiful sheep, but always sheep. Unless he's a dog, you know. Don't you remember Lord Pawchester, mother, when I was presented at St. James's? He's the dog type. . . . All right, Sir Philip. One more. If you can dodge the Rumanian."

"Dearie," sighed Mrs. Gubbit, catching her daughter by the hand as she was turning away, "you're not forgetting, are you? We've only a few days left. Poppa gave us this trip just on one condition, dearie."

"Oh, mother dear, I know. I know. What am I doing now? Come along, young Bradley-Graham; I wish you had a shorter name or a longer title. The dog wags the tail."

I remained where I was, beside Mrs. Gubbit, out of loyalty to my unfortunate friends, so dependent upon me, so helpless. I felt that it might be genuinely important for the cause I had espoused to learn why, being an Amurrican, I could be of aid to "me and Ephraim and Myrtle," who, by all the hokus-pokus and abracadabra of society, had actually, it would seem, been presented at St. James's. To test this, "I am acquainted with Lord Pawchester," I said.

Genevra Gubbit showed small interest. "Are you now? That's nice," she responded vaguely. "Not much good," she added. "No intention of coming to the States. So few of that sort seem to be coming over. Literatoors, yes, to lecture, but none of the nobility we got acquainted with. What good's a lecturer to me and Eph and Myrtle?"

I could not understand her drift. Genuinely troubled, she was, and evidently expecting me to understand the trouble. Perhaps the Gubbits' stay in Europe had been too brief for matrimonial purposes. I decided upon this interpretation, and was about to act upon it, when my neighbor ejaculated, in a tone of such genuine interest and pleasure that I was at once attentive:

"Oh, say, Eph's new ad must be out! That's the October House Guest. Excuse me!"

She darted from her chair, dodged past some bewildered couples, and I saw her bending over a magazine which had just been returned by someone to a table against the salon wall. "Eph's new ad." Now my faint elusive memory bestirred itself. Gubbit's. What? I was on my way to the elbow of Gubbit's interested wife, determined to look over her shoulder at the ad, when Myrtle intervened. She was too quick for my intention. As she danced past that table where her mother bent, deftly, rhythmically she paused in her balancing and shut the pages under her mother's hand. A most expressive look she bent upon that injudicious mother. Mrs. Gubbit first started, then blinked, then blushed, and, dropping her treasure as though it stung her finger tips, she trotted hurriedly away, to place herself, recalled to duty, firmly at the elbow of Lady Bradley-Graham. Her Ladyship—as it amuses me sometimes to call her—was coldly observant of Myrtle and her partner. She was beginning, I was glad to assure myself, to be aware of Phil's infatuation and to be concerned over it.

I waited until Myrtle was on the far side of the crowded room, then swiftly I took possession of the House Guest and hurried with it to my stateroom.

The thorough patience of my search was presently rewarded, and that night I slept well.

Next morning, before breakfast, I laid, open and carefully marked, upon Lady Bradley-Graham's deck chair, where it could not possibly escape her attention, a copy of the House Guest.

When I reached deck again, several hours later, I found Mrs. Gubbit sitting, red-faced and upright, at Lady Bradley-Graham's elbow. Sir Philip's mother was examining the advertisement. I was delighted. I got myself into the chair on the British matron's other side.

Presently, always courageous and direct, the owner of that equine countenance turned it upon Genevra.

"That your husband's concoction, Mrs. Gubbit?"

Genevra answered roundly, and I could not but respect her loyal candor. "You mean the Rubbit? Yes, ma'am. You can see by the picture what ease it would give a sufferer. You got the picture there, haven't you? Let me show you some of the points."

"Interestin'," said Lady Bradley-Graham, and with a cruelty which seemed to me almost too refined she allowed the little woman to draw closer. I heard murmurs: "Neatly put up in little packages for travelers" and "Nobody ever has had a mite of trouble again, once they use it regularly."

"Lots of money in it, I fancy," said Lady Bradley-Graham.

"Millions," replied the wife of the famous Gubbit, who had given Rubbit to an anxious world.

"I must tell Philip about this," said Lady Bradley-Graham, impatiently throwing off her wraps and looking wildly about the deck for Phil.

He moped not very far away—alone. Giorgio was playing at quoits with Myrtle on the upper deck. Phil had the air of chidden boyishness which I had learned to identify as the aftermath of some maternal chastisement. Last night, after the dancing, no doubt, Lady Bradley-Graham had called him into her stateroom and had warned him efficiently against the machinations of the Gubbits.

Now she strode toward him, her strong knees striking against her tweed skirt at every step, waving the House Guest like some triumphant banner. Proof of her wisdom. Proof of her acumen. Proof of her foresight. She would now show Sir Philip that picture of the contrasted patients—one wrinkled with misery, the other soothed and made sprightly by Gubbit's Rubbit—and he himself would shudder back from the contamination.

I saw him straighten, throwing away his cigar, and half sullenly bend his head above the page his mother had presented to his observation. Poor Genevra was watching them. I pitied her. I found I could not bear to see the withering of pride in her defenseless face. I rose and wandered aimlessly away.

When I came back to my friends I found them all—Philip, his mother and Giorgio—gathered about Genevra Gubbit's chair. There rose from the small group a beelike, eager humming. Myrtle stood apart, high-headed, pale and scornful. And, "What a relief—what a relief this will be! How it will change the life of Il Principe!" Giorgio was fluting.

I did not understand. I do not even now, as I look back, altogether understand. Perhaps I shall never understand. But from that morning, from the very hour of their introduction to Myrtle's guarded secret, dated the intimacy between Lady Bradley-Graham and Mrs. Ephraim Gubbit. From that moment of horrid revelation began the all-pervading cordiality toward the Gubbit family. I can only wonder at the fine otherworldliness, the great-hearted magnanimity of Lady Bradley-Graham.

From now on, indeed, Sir Philip and Giorgio pressed their courtship openly, with ardor. "All over the boat," as Mrs. Gubbit had once said of her Myrtle, did they woo and flatter and pursue the dark-eyed nymph of Ingroport. While between her, thus aristocratically surrounded, and Michael Croney rose, day by day, a wall of chill estrangement and reserve.

So puzzled was I, so bewildered, that I was glad to overhear—even though I blush to admit it—a few words of conversation between Genevra and her daughter. It happened in the deserted smoking room one early afternoon. I lounged there behind one of the partitions that divide bench from bench. Beyond this barrier rose the sound of soft sobbing—Myrtle confiding to her mother.

"Damn Mrs. Kepplethwaite!" sobbed Myrtle.

I knew the name, and I was startled.

Terror was in Genevra's expostulating voice: "Hush, darling! Hush, my precious! You don't know what you say."

"I tell you I love Michael, and you talk to me about that tiresome Mrs. Kepplethwaite."

"Dear love," said Genevra, "you know what life in Ingroport has been and what it will be for us unless we can win over Mrs. Kepplethwaite. There is no other way, lovey. In Amurrica we're just a total loss. What good will Michael Croney do us in Ingroport, my pet?"

"Oh, mother, must we always live in Ingroport?"

"Indeed, my darling, it was father's birthplace and, having made his pile, his heart is just set on getting a real position there. It's more for your sake than his own. And it isn't as if we were asking you to marry any of them. It's not so much to do for poppa, is it, in return for all he does for us, just to annex some striking visitors? Surely you care that much for poppa."

"I almost wish I didn't," said Myrtle, blowing her nose with a sound, mysteriously conveyed, of desperation. "Michael is such a darling—and so proud. And the time's so short. Oh, why couldn't he have been one of these casual English earls?"

"My poor, poor darling!"

I found myself whole-heartedly on the side of Myrtle's romance. I imagined that she had repulsed the fiddler at Mrs. Gubbit's bidding and that both young hearts were bleeding. Cupid's aid was needed on board the Asterisk. I was about to rise when, quite amazingly, Genevra Gubbit spoke:

"If only I knew whether these Bradley-Grahams were really good enough, Myrtle. And this Giorgio Tatusto person."

"Why don't you ask the Ram?" suggested Myrtle. "He's honest, although, oh, so strong and simple!"

I was more angry now than mystified. I walked noisily away. Genevra came to me at once and sat down beside me where I nursed my indignation in my chair.

"I'm afraid you overheard us, Mr. Bradley-Groom." She had still this irritating way of confusing the two hyphenated names. "Myrtle is mighty fresh sometimes, but she doesn't mean any harm. And, Mr. Graham-Borden, I do want to ask you about these people."

"These people?" I forgot my offense in an augmentation of bewilderment.

"Your nice friends, I mean. Now, can you tell me what they amount to socially?"

"But, Mrs. Gubbit, you are asking me? Sir Philip's father is a baron. Giorgio Tatusto is of the ducal house of the Amazi-Holi."

"Oh, yes, the Eyetalian. But I do think an English title is a lot more convincing to the folks at home. Of course I don't know the first thing about them myself. They all look about alike to me, but you wouldn't believe, Mr. Groomly-Brad, what a difference it makes in certain quarters. Why, Mrs. Jamieson had a prince stopping with her at Ingroport, and he just cut no ice at all with Mrs. Kepplethwaite. Would she receive him? I'll tell the world she would not."

"This Mrs. Kepplethwaite ——"

"Is Mrs. Ravenus Kepplethwaite, you see."

"Mr. Jay Jay Ravenus Kepplethwaite's wife, the former Miss Katrina Spuyten-duyvil-Lawrence?"

"The same!" cried Mrs. Gubbit, and for an instant we were drawn close by a mutual glow. I had uttered a great name greatly. Genevra broke the spell: "We've never got asked to her house yet," said Genevra brokenly. "And there's no chance for us to get on in Amurrica unless we can import something really genuine to get us an ontray. It seems like on the other side they're not so particular. Nobody over there seems to mind the absorber. We don't have a mite of trouble meeting distangay folks everywhere."

I rose and, pensive, paced the deck. The woman's ambition seemed suddenly to me a tragically noble one. Mrs. Ravenus Kepplethwaite of New York and Ingroport! To scale that height, with the famous Gubbit concoction tied to one's back—the very gesture was magnificent! I began, in this new and searching light, to analyze the pretensions of Giorgio and the Bradley-Grahams. In Ingroport—the Ingroport of Mrs. Kepplethwaite—Tatusto would hardly be taken

(Continued on Page 133)

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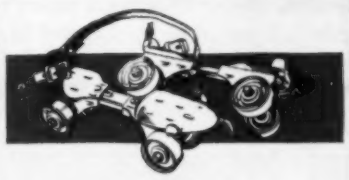

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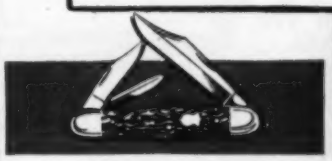

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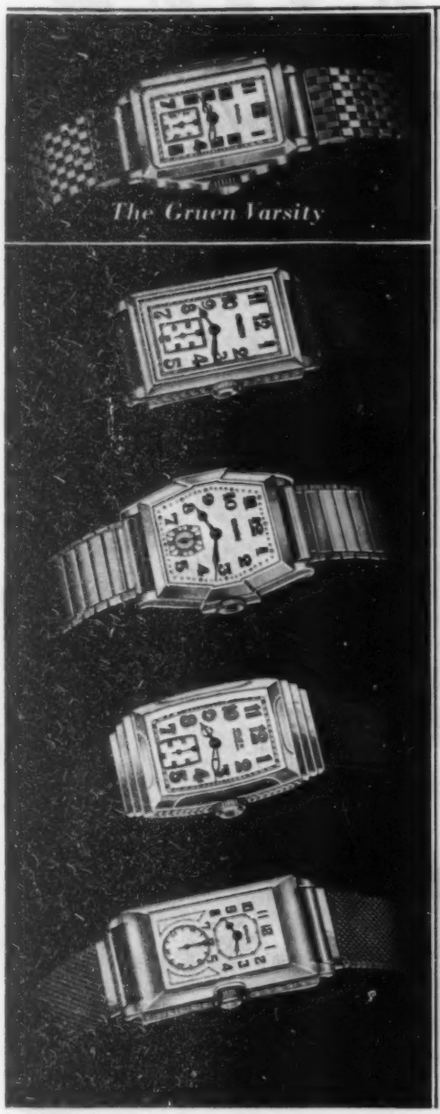

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Particularly is this true of the graduation gift. Here is youth's most important occasion. Show that you too recognize its importance. Honor it with the gift of kings and princes—*a Gruen Guild Watch of highest accuracy.*

You will find Gruen Guild Watches only at jewelers of high standing in your community, jewelers whose name on the gift box adds to the prestige of the watch itself.

The Gruen jeweler nearest you is listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under the heading "Gruen Guild Watches." He can show you these and other Gruen Guild Watches to suit the needs of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50.

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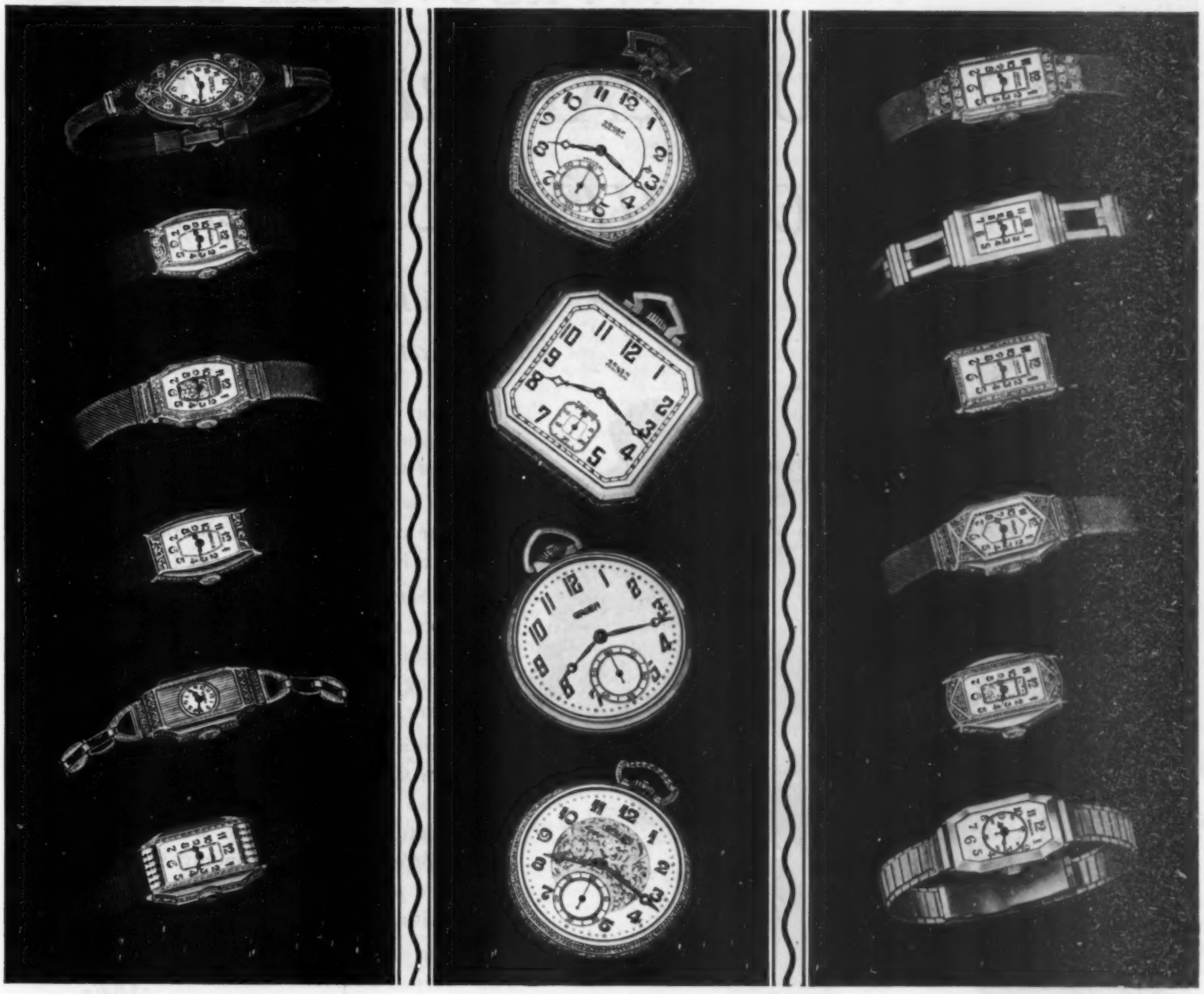

Top, Mode du Bijou Wristlet, 14 kt. solid gold case set with 10 diamonds, and gold mesh cord. 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $250*

Second, Gruen Cartouche, 14 kt. solid gold case set with 4 diamonds, $110. Other diamond-set designs, from $60

Next in order, a 14 kt. solid gold Cartouche and mesh bracelet at $80—and a smart Gruen Ribbon Wristlet at the moderate price of $53. A new link bracelet ensemble, complete at $55. Bottom, another new Gruen Wristlet, $40

At top, Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, "The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement." 21-jewel PRECISION *movement, $100. Others from $75*

Oxford Square. 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $65*

Two round Gruen pocket watches of modern design, both fitted with reliable 15-jewel movements, $32.50, and bottom, $27.50

Every Gruen Watch is fitted with 15, 17, 19, or 21 ruby jewels—never less!

Mode du Bijou. 18 diamonds set in 14 kt. solid gold case and mesh bracelet. 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $300*

A new Gruen Cartouche with 14 kt. solid gold case and gold filled adjustable link bracelet in harmonious design, $67.50

Crown-Guard Cartouche. 14 kt. solid gold case, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $85*

Two designs typical of the endless choice in Gruen wristlets are those pictured next in order, at $55 and $35

Gruen Nurse's Cartouche, with second hand for pulse reading, and adjustable bracelet, $46

Gruen Guild Watches

Time Hill Guild Workshops,
Cincinnati, Ohio

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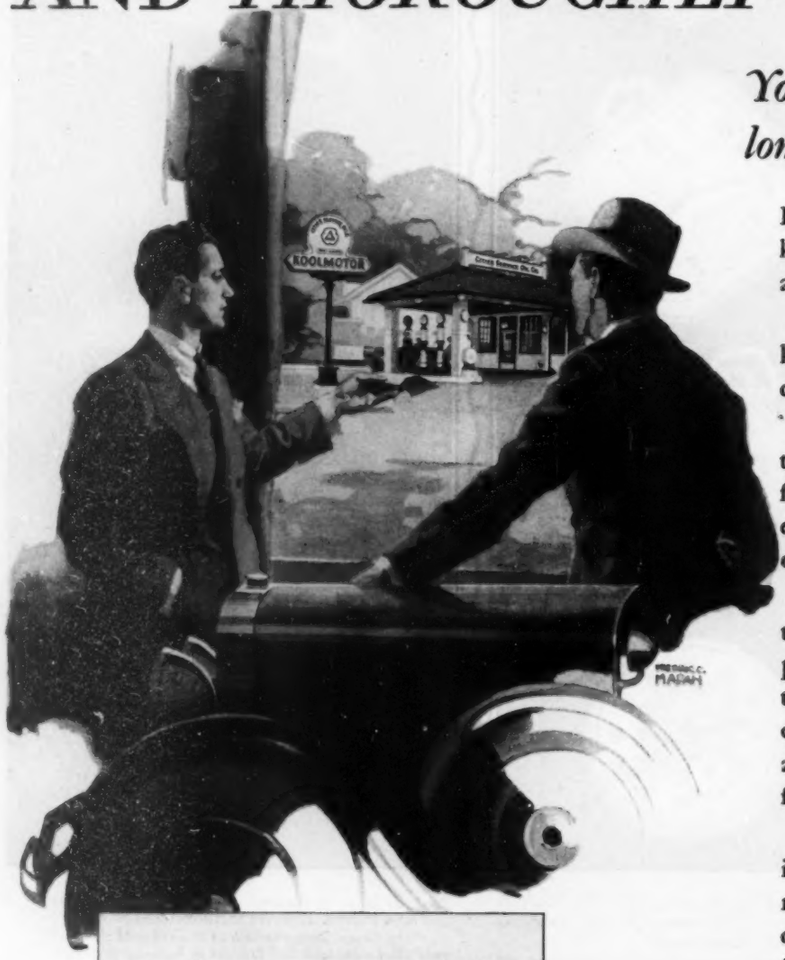

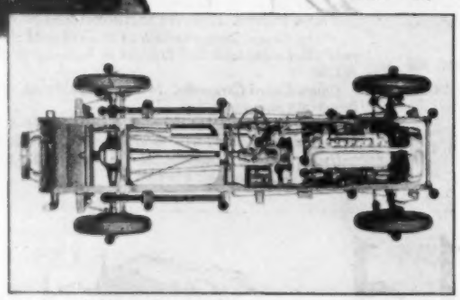

Unseen ... hidden underneath your car are over 50 vital lubrication points that govern its performance. You can afford to use Cities Service Oil and Grease generously on these important parts because the cost of lubricating your car represents only 3 cents out of every dollar you spend for operation and maintenance.

Your manufacturer's advice for long life and satisfactory operation

Lubrication is the life-blood of your car—it keeps it young and powerful—it determines the amount of service and satisfaction you receive.

That is why your manufacturer urges you to keep your car regularly and thoroughly lubricated with high quality products.

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In addition to meeting exhaustive laboratory tests, Cities Service Oils and Greases are put to the most conclusive of all tests—the test of actual service. They are checked for quality, protection and economy 4,000 times a day in a *practical* proving ground—the giant fleet of Cities Service automotive vehicles.

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 128)

seriously. Though comparatively ancient, it was a papal title. As for the Bradley-Grahams, a baronet, in his way, was well enough. He'd do in England. But Mrs. Kepplethwaite's Ingroport? I contemplated little Sir Philip, hopping cheerily along at Myrtle's elbow. To carry off a mere baronetcy would need, for Mrs. Kepplethwaite, something more impressive than just this.

Myrtle, passing, caught at my arm.

"Come along, Mr. Groom-Borden!" she cried. "You know, a Rocky Mountain ram is a very handsome animal, so why be crusty?"

Unbending, for her touch had a certain magnetism, I laughed and joined them.

Michael, playing his violin at the awninged end of the deck, watched us with blue and somber eyes. Poor fellow! I thought of Mrs. Kepplethwaite and I surrendered. Not Cupid himself could sport with a situation as grim as this in which the Gubbits found themselves. "No, wistful red-haired fiddler," I mused, "your cause is a lost one. Better renounce desire and discipline passion." Youth must be taught its hard lesson in real worldliness, be the sting what it may. To Croney's very apparent sufferings my heart hardened itself. He was too utterly unworthy of our Mrs. Kepplethwaite. Yes, I was on the side of Genevra's ambition. My Americanism had become too strong for me.

That night I witnessed the climax of our Asterisk drama—the last night of the voyage—on a smooth sea under the small, calm, western stars.

Genevra, with the captain's permission, gave us a party on the stern; a small party—the Bradley-Grahams, Giorgio, the Gubbits and myself. Cruelly enough, Genevra had hired young Croney to play his violin. I wondered at first that his pride allowed him to accept. Later, seeing how his eyes devoured Myrtle with their mute farewells, I understood. To be near her on this last unhappy night!

Lady Bradley-Graham, daily more magnanimous, was obviously working to give Phil his chance. I pitied her, ignorant of the fortress that rose, unseen, before her—the frowning towers of Kepplethwaitism. While the three young people sang together to Michael's music, while Giorgio, Philip and Croney gazed at Myrtle, who gazed back at the ship's phosphorescent wake, Lady Bradley-Graham abruptly drew Genevra to a place apart.

"I want to ask you," was her pretext, "about the scale of American tipping." Their voices withdrew, became a murmur. Giorgio, too, then swiftly rose.

"Adee," he said, "step over there. I weesh—I weesh to show you—to show you jailee feesh."

As we peered over the edge of the deck he became agonizingly articulate, pinching my arm.

"We tossed, my fren'. We tossed a coin for first chance—how you say?—first crack at Mees Myrtle. To propose marriage. It is what Pheel is doing now. You can hear heem eef you will strain every nerve to listen—ze English voice of passion!"

"I shouldn't think of listening!" I cried. "But it seems to me Croney's nearness might be a disadvantage." For he was still playing, just back of Myrtle, outlined against the moon.

"Oh, ze feedler? He is of ze class zat does not matter. Mees Myrtle, to be sure, is in a furee wiz him."

"Oh, no, Giorgio, she is merely putting him into his place."

"You are mistake, Adee. It ees Croney zat has done ze placing. Once, twice, t'ree times he has snub' her. Tonight, on ze deck, when Mees Myrtle has gone below, Pheel and I, we are goin' to murder him."

"Giorgio!"

"Wiz our feests. And some keeks from me. Pheel, he will knock him down—zis is what I propose—and sit upon him, and I weel do ze rest. I sink," said the noble Roman softly—"I sink I weel break his fiddle arm, perhaps."

I felt cold, and conscious of the salt taste on my mouth. Sir Philip was a small, slight man, but muscular, and had been trained in boxing. Giorgio was very powerful physically. Young Croney had his work cut out for him.

"I am now to geef Pheel zirty minutes. If he is a accep', he will whistle Funiculi, Funicula. If he is turn' down, he will sing ze well-known air from Marta. And he will wizdraw to wait in ambush for Croney, where, after I am accep' by Mees Myrtle, I will join him. It weel be done—ze Mees Myrtle part of it—before midnight. I weel mak excuse, leave Croney playin'. We weel hide. Mees Myrtle, then—she weel go down queek. Croney will follow, an'—an' then," sighed Giorgio happily, "I weel break his arm."

"It's not good sportsmanship, two against one," I said.

"It is not sporting," quoth Giorgio proudly; "it ees puneshment."

He had me there—the true aristocratic attitude. One does not fight with a fiddler, one merely chastises his presumption. Croney had been rude to Giorgio's lady; he was to be beaten. This was of a simplicity. But I was very nervous, extremely apprehensive. Suspense dried and cooled my tongue. I could see Michael in dark, slim outline. His music had grown wistful and mocking. Suddenly to our ears above his serenade came a queer howling:

"'Tis the la-ast rose of summer, left bloomin' alone!" Phil was moving away along the deck. Tuneless, rose his anthem of rejection: "All her lo-ovely companions are withered and gone!"

And forth sprang Giorgio, elated, sure now of his own victory.

The older women had completely disappeared from sight and hearing, gone in for pencils and paper, doubtless, to aid them in their discussion as to the scale of American tipping.

But, although unurged and ignored, I remained. I was concerned for my young countryman. I could not swallow the thought of his chastisement, this arm-breaking scheme of which I knew Sir Philip must be entirely ignorant. I thought that I would warn Michael. He could, before midnight and while Giorgio wooed, safely creep away.

Therefore, while the Italian voice of passion thundered unavoidably upon my ears, telling Miss Myrtle of his "lof," his "lof," I tiptoed about and placed myself in the shadow of a great coil of rope at Michael's elbow.

"Don't stop playing," I whispered—he was in the full swing of O Sole Mio—and his face was exceedingly faunish, not to say Puckish, by the light of the moon, "but move gradually away."

He obeyed. Beyond the pile of rope I told him of the plot against his person.

"Thanks," he said cordially. "Glad to hear it. Will you stay up and fight?"

"Oh, but really, I'd advise nothing of the sort, Croney. You have been rude, it seems, to Miss Gubbit."

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

His music—he was playing automatically—faltered to a pause. He hung his head.

"I deserve a thrashing—that's the fact, Groom-Borden. But I won't take it at the hands of those two fellows. I've been a rotter, though, and that's the truth of the matter."

"I should have thought that it would be Miss Gubbit who would be the logical——"

"Bless her heart!" He did not listen to me. "It was she who told me about it, too—the Rubbit!"

"What do you mean, Croney?"

"The Rubbit. I couldn't—I'd like to kick myself now, when it's too late—I couldn't seem to swallow it." He made an actual gulp. "It's down now, long ago. God bless her! Go on back and wait for me, or go below if you don't want to scuffle. Giorgio has got his by now. She was just beginning to ease him down when you came up to me."

"Music!" called Myrtle tauntingly. The young man flushed, grinned at me, and again burst forth with O Sole Mio, as he moved back within earshot of Tatusto's faltering courtship.

As for me, I left them to get help—someone in authority. In this way I nearly missed the conflict altogether.

When the two uniformed men and I came running back to the far end of the upper deck we found Giorgio, Philip and young Croney hard at it. Almost at once, though, I made out that the battle had changed its first proportions. Phil and the American had joined forces and were both fighting against Giorgio Tatusto, who looked, by moonlight, fairly fiendish.

"You bloody blackguard!" snorted Phil. "Try to break a man's arm, would you?"

We pulled them apart. Giorgio wept.

"Geev me," he prayed his captors—"geev me, for the lof of heaven, the opportunity just to peench him once."

In the bright sunlight of next morning we stood all together on the deck, watching the city of strange towers drift toward us behind its wheeling gulls.

We were making our farewells. Myrtle, pale and penitent, invited the Bradley-Grahams and Giorgio to visit the Gubbit home at Ingroport.

To Michael Croney, holding out a brave, forgiving hand, she humbly spoke: "I wish you'd come and see us, too, Michael? Will you?"

He gripped the hand. His glowing face besought her pardon, signaled his complete surrender.

"I'll see you, Myrtle. I'm often at Ingroport. My aunt lives there."

I felt Genevra shrink—another social handicap. "Your aunt?" she stammered.

"Mrs. Ravenus Kepplethwaite. Maybe you know her," Michael answered carelessly. "She adopted me, but we had a row. One reason why I'm playing my way about this summer. Over the name, you see. She wants me to call myself Michael Kepplethwaite, and I'm darned if I'll give up the Croney. I got a wireless from her just now. She's come round. She's a pretty good sort, you'll find, at heart—Aunt Kat."

Genevra's face recalled to me a line of poetry: "I run. I run. I am gathered to thy breast."

In the taxi, as we left the dock—Sir Phil craning out of the window, murmuring, "Lots of Myrtles, judgin' by the legs, Adee"—Lady Bradley-Graham made a suggestion.

"I've a fancy to meet that Kepplethwaite woman," she said. "She seems to be some sort of a somebody. Can you arrange it for me?"

I answered frankly. "Lady Bradley-Graham," I said, "I hardly know. But Mrs. Gubbit seems to be a friendly little woman, and perhaps through Michael Croney-Kepplethwaite it might—— I make no promises, remember, but it might eventually be arranged." To soften the situation for them I added gently, "I have always wanted to meet Mrs. Ravenus Kepplethwaite myself."

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In addition to the usual mechanical overhaul of your car, have the ignition system checked—from the battery to the spark plugs . . . The purpose of the ignition system is to deliver a uniform spark to each cylinder. No matter how perfect the mechanical overhaul, your car cannot operate satisfactorily unless the ignition system, including spark plugs, is in perfect condition . . . Hence the advisability of instructing your service garage to install a complete new set of plugs, so that you may enjoy maximum benefit and satisfaction from the whole overhaul job.

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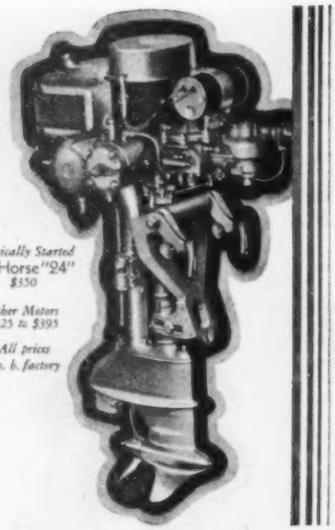

Electrically Started Sea-Horse "24" $350

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Motor on Water at Motor Car Speed

*These Electrically Started Outboards take you anywhere—*LOGS, ROCKS, SNAGS, SHOALS*—nothing can stop their tilting propellers*

YES, cutting the waves at motor car speed, not only in waters already navigable, but through shoals, lakes, and winding streams, too full of obstructions or too shallow for inboard motor boats to venture.

All these are now unlocked to camping, fishing, cruising and exploration by these new fast, invincible craft—Johnson Complete Outboard Motor Boats—powered by silent Sea-Horse Motors.

This year they introduce non-stall electric starting, with auxiliary rope-starting and Release Charger for such emergencies as a run-down battery. The Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust discharges fumes and noise below the surface.

Plan now—start soon—to follow leafy shores through lazy days when the sun pours out its richest ultra-violet, administering youth and health, and sealing it in with tan.

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Propellers Tilt Over Obstructions and Remain Intact

Unlike the stationary propeller of an inboard motor boat, the Johnson Sea-Horse on striking obstructions, tilts and passes on. A vital advantage over a stationary propeller easily disabled by log or rock, leaving the boat to drift hazardously before wind and wave.

But there are other strong reasons to explain the widespread preference for Johnson Outboard Motor Boats; including low price from $260.00 to $1,065.00, complete with famous Sea-Horse motors. All prices f. o. b. factory.

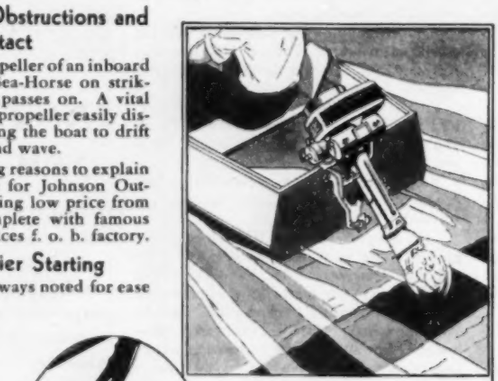
New Motors, Easier Starting

Johnson Sea-Horses—always noted for ease and certainty of starting—this year are again far out ahead.

Electric starting is optional on Sea-Horses "32," "24," and "16." The "24" is entirely new—a Class C motor for racers, cruisers and runabouts. All are equipped with the famous Vacturi Carburetor that increases speed by 200 to 300 r. p. m., and reduces fuel consumption by 20% to 30%.

Sea-Horses "4" and "12" are also new. They are the first high-speed twin-cylinder motors with alternately firing cylinders. This doubles the number and intensity of the sparks at a single pull of the rope. Hence these smaller motors start as easy as spinning a top. They're next to vibrationless, even at a slow crawl. They have Underwater Exhaust and Full Pivot Steering—so you can maneuver quickly or reverse instantly.

Sea-Horse motors are undisputed speed champions. Again this year they hold more official 1930 records than all other makes combined. They won over 450 victories in regattas last year alone.



Propeller tilts automatically on striking obstructions and passes over them. Permits navigation in shallow waters, avoids disablements in deep waters.

All Controls at Finger Tips

Pull a button and the motor starts electrically without engaging clutch or gears. Starter makes motor nonstalling at all speeds no matter how slow. Also charges battery and supplies lights.

These Boats Need No Care in Storage or Use

While fully as fast or faster, and quite as luxurious as inboard boats of comparable size, these Johnson Matched Units of new Sealite construction require none of their care. They are seamless, watertight, non-warping.

They require no calking or bailing. And they're guaranteed to outlast comparable boats of usual construction.

35% Stronger

Due to a Great Discovery

Johnson Sealite is due to a compound produced by industrial chemists to solidify like celluloid on Johnson hulls. It forms a thick, nonporous, light-weight sheathing that is practically inseparable from the hull—in effect, two boats fused into one.

It is 35% stronger than ordinary wood construction as shown in shattering tests by W. N. Sawdon, professor of experimental engineering, Cornell. Sealite absorbs no water: thus in water-service weighs only half as much, size for size, as usual wood boats.

Aquaflyer—Newest and Finest Craft

Among these Johnson Matched Units is a new type craft—The Johnson Aquaflyer. It starts, steers, and throttles like a motor car—combines the speed, beauty and carrying capacity of a costly inboard—yet gives incomparable advantages of the Sea-Horse outboard motor with its tilting propeller. This is concealed in a covered hatch in the stern. That gives the interior 30% more usable room—equal in the 20-ft. Johnson Family Runabout to that in a 26-ft. inboard. Moreover, sport clothes are not exposed to engine and engine grease.

Because the motor weighs only half as much as an inboard, and requires no engine base, it effects great weight reduction and corresponding increase in speed.

For example, the Johnson 17½-ft. Sealite Aquaflyer De Luxe will do up to 27 m. p. h. Even the 20-ft. Runabout of Johnson's Prestite Philippine mahogany [Bataan] has a true speed of 22 m. p. h.

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2 Propeller tilts automatically over obstructions.
3 Steered by power-driven propeller.
4 Water-cooled Underwater Exhaust.
5 Aquaflyer motor concealed and silenced.
6 Cleaner, quieter, larger usable interior space.
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8 Motors easily removed by two wing nuts. Easy to understand and service.
9 No drive shafts or leaky stuffing boxes.
10 Steering Wheel and controls at driving seat.
11 Rotary Valve distributes full charges.
12 Vacturi carburetor saves 20% to 30% of fuel and increases power.
13 Luxurious upholstery, streamline fittings.
14 Hulls of new-day Prestite and Sealite construction.

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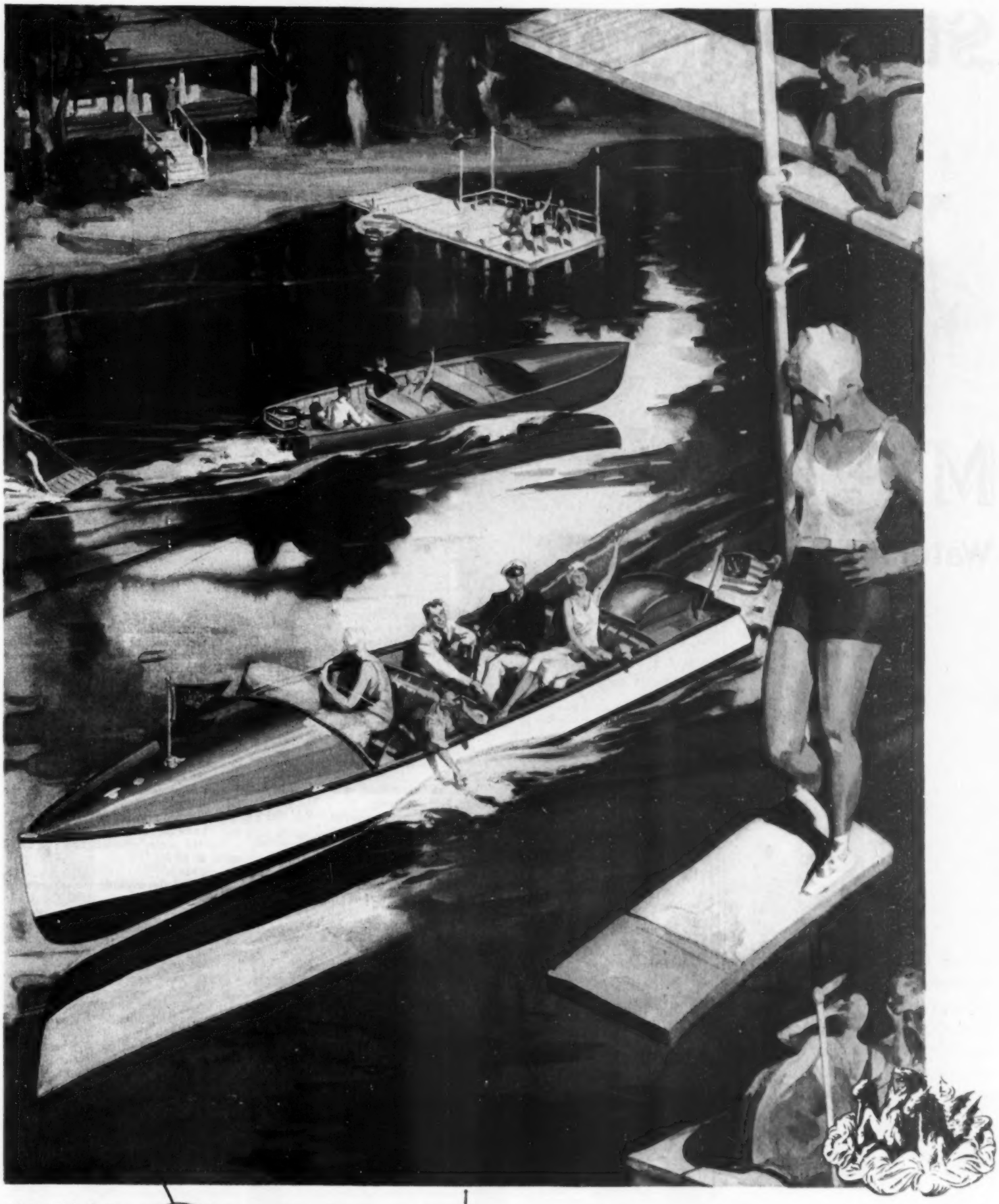
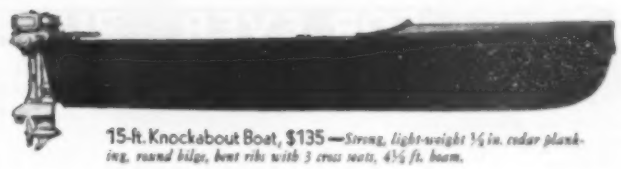
Matched UNITS

SEA-HORSE MOTORS & BOATS



Johnson 20-ft. Aquaflyer Family Runabout *in the foreground. With electric-starting Sea-Horse "32" —$1065. In the distance, Johnson 15-ft. Utility B Boat. Complete with Sea-Horse "12," $470.*

17½-ft. De Luxe Aquaflyer—*Sealite construction, double cockpits, two upholstered cross seats; with electric-starting motors, $925 to $995 complete.*



15-ft. Knockabout Boat, $135—*Strong, light-weight ⅜ in. cedar planking, round bilge, bent ribs with 3 cross seats, 4½ ft. beam.*

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BACK in 1870, a vigorous young mechanic, in a tiny shop, building and repairing pumps and farm implements. Then—the invention of an improved pump!

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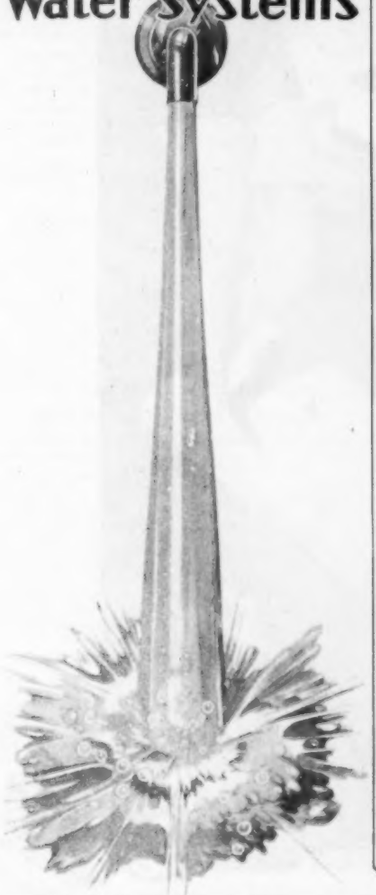

THE picture above shows only part of the present tremendous MYERS factory—largest of its kind in the United States. Still building pumps! But from that original hand water pump, invented to please a few farmers, there has been developed the largest line of pumps in the world, including *the most complete assortment* of modern Water Systems offered by any manufacturer.

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MAN AFRAID

(Continued from Page 9)

that pistol; and he sat trembling while the train stopped and started again. When they were once more under way he listened in horror while his captors devised a working arrangement to meet the situation into which Simon's coming had precipitated them.

They had made Simon sit next the window. Then the younger man put on a black silk scarf like a sling, and rested his right hand in this scarf. The pistol was in this hand, concealed by the black folds. He sat down beside Simon and the pistol pointed across the front of his body at the terrified young man.

When the conductors came to take up the tickets, Simon stared straight ahead, and the young man with his arm in a sling sat beside him, while the other man dealt with the train officials. They had only two tickets, he explained cheerfully; but his friend here—he nodded toward Simon—had decided at the last moment to come along. He paid a cash fare to Chicago with another fifty-dollar bill. The conductors withdrew and the man bolted the door again.

Then he sat down, facing Simon, and he looked at Simon intently. He was not a pleasant man. There was a mustache like a black smudge across his upper lip, and Simon did not like mustaches. This man asked Simon harshly:

"Now, what's the game?"

"I brought back your change," Simon stammered. "That's all." The money was still in his hand, and he extended it toward his questioner.

The other ignored the money. His lip twisted. "Come clean!" he directed. "Come clean!"

"Eh?" Simon protested.

"I said, what's the game?"

"Why, you gave me a fifty-dollar bill," Simon urged. "And I ——"

"Not me," Black Mustache corrected scornfully. "I didn't give it to you. It was that simp there!"

The younger man by Simon's side said mildly: "Whose idea was it, ducking in the drug store, anyway? He was sizing me up! I had to get him out of the way."

"I brought back your money," Simon said again.

"Just an honest man, eh?" Black Mustache asked derisively.

"Why, yes," Simon pleaded. "Yes, that's all!"

"I think you're a liar," said the older man vividly. "Who knows you came?"

"Nobody," said Simon.

"Now isn't that too bad!" Black Mustache commented; and he grinned. "Now isn't that too bad!"

And Simon shivered at that grin.

But the younger man, there by Simon's side, shook his head. "No, Ed," he remarked. "I've gone this far with you. We've got the stuff." His eyes rested on the soft leather bag under the other's hand. "But I don't stand for anything else. I don't want to burn."

"I'll burn before I rot in jail," said Black Mustache.

Before the other could reply, the train slowed for Newtonville; and Simon started to his feet. But the mild young man beside him—and he did not in this moment seem so mild—said softly:

"Sit down, buddy. I don't want to hurt you; but I don't mind if I do."

Simon stood shuddering like a frightened horse. He had been till now so full of terror that he could not think. But when the train stopped at this familiar station he had remembered Alice. She might telephone the drug store during the evening. Certainly she would expect him home on the eleven-forty-two. He had to be there, dared not fail.

But the gun jabbed him in the ribs, and he sat down; stayed silent while the train was at a standstill, waited till it went on once more.

Then he said pleadingly: "I've got to go back. There's no one in the store. And I've got to get home by midnight."

"Why?" asked Black Mustache.

"My wife will worry!" said Simon desperately. He became voluble. "You see, she's always afraid I'll run after other women. I wouldn't. There aren't any other women but her. But she thinks that, so I have to be careful all the ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Black Mustache. He looked toward his ally. "Listen," he urged intently. "We're all right so far. They won't find out a thing about it at the bank till tomorrow morning. We've got that much start. But this sap crabs the show. He's seen us; he can spill the works. I say, curtains for him!"

"I've got to get home," Simon cried. He was thinking in terms of time-tables. "Listen, I'll get off at Worcester and catch the eight-four back."

"Say," Black Mustache assured him malignantly, "you won't catch no train at Worcester, fellow!"

And the younger man amended this. "The best break you can get, buddy, is to wake up in Chicago tomorrow," he told Simon. "Now keep still."

His tone was calm; it was almost friendly. Yet Simon found it had a curiously chilling quality. He sat still; but time-tables came tumbling through his distracted head.

"We've got to let the porter make up the berths," the younger man pointed out. "That's the first thing." He rang, and when the porter presently appeared, this young man held Simon with his eyes, while Black Mustache said briefly:

"Fix us up as soon as you can, porter."

"Yes, sir," the porter agreed. "Upper and couch, sir?"

Black Mustache nodded.

"I'll take care of you right away," the porter promised.

He departed to fetch linen, and Black Mustache asked, with a nod toward Simon:

"What'll we do with him while the porter's in here? Take him in the smoking compartment?"

"Yes," said the mild young man. He looked at Simon. "But you won't talk much, buddy. You won't talk at all. Because my arm's still broke, see."

And he showed Simon the gun, in the black silk sling.

"I just want to get off and go home," said Simon helplessly.

But the porter returned; and he dared speak no more.

They had the smoking compartment to themselves; they returned by and by to find the drawing-room prepared for their occupancy. Black Mustache locked the door; and he said to the mild young man:

"All right, they won't bother us till morning now."

"We'll be in Worcester in ten minutes," Simon pleaded.

Black Mustache ignored him. "I say we finish him, and drop off somewhere and beat it."

The younger man ran his hands over Simon's pockets. "He isn't heeled!" he said then; and to Simon: "Get up there!"

So Simon climbed into the upper berth; and he thought of Alice, and his brow was wet. He began desperately to seek some device by which he could escape. If he submitted to the will of these two deadly men he might come to Chicago alive; to resist was likely to have serious consequences. But even if he survived, Alice would never believe the fantastic story he must tell; so his thoughts went racing.

There was a penknife in his pocket. A drowning man snatches at straws. Simon opened the tiny blade and hid the knife under his pillow. If the worst happened, it might serve some useful end.

On the couch below him, the men discussed his fate. Black Mustache still favored

(Continued on Page 138)

"That's sweet—the gas tank's empty!"

"I suppose the next thing will be a blowout, and no spare."

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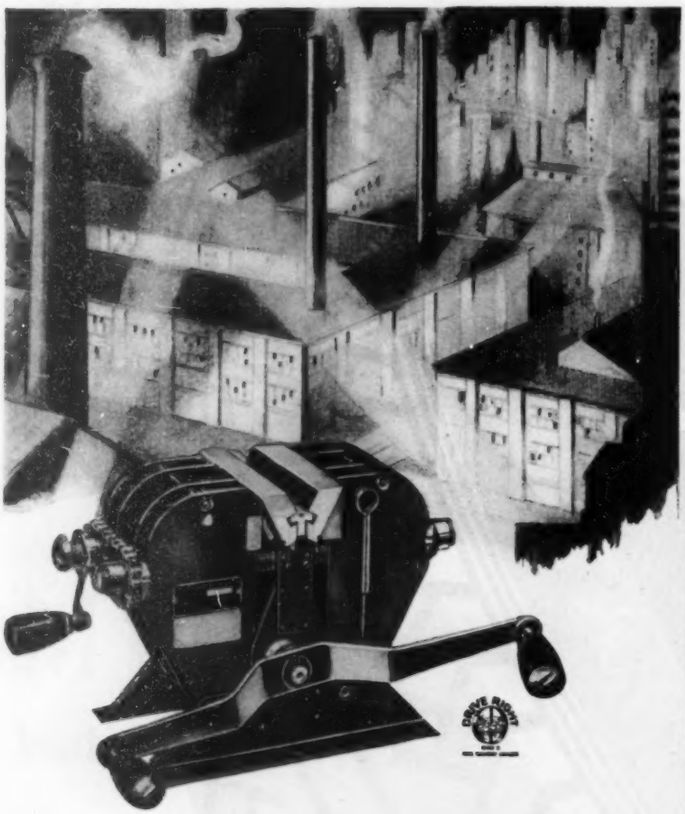

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(Continued from Page 136)

simple murder; but the mild young man overruled him.

"Here's what we'll do," he said at last positively. "I won't stand for anything else."

"You've got one vote," Black Mustache grimly reminded him.

"And one gun," said the younger man in the gentlest tones. "And I'm that much ahead of you. I say—here's what we'll do."

This was his plan. They would tie Simon securely, with a towel to close his mouth. They themselves would alight at Albany, leaving Simon gagged and bound in the upper berth. And the porter would be instructed that Simon was not to be waked in the morning.

"That way," the younger man pointed out, "they won't find him till they hit Chicago, and we'll have time enough to get across the line, the way we planned. Jim will be at the station in Albany with the car. And that's that!"

"Let's take him with us," Black Mustache urged. "Take him for a ride. We can throw him off a bridge some place."

"I've told you what we'll do," the other reminded him. "Of course, if he makes a break, that's different. But as long as he behaves, that's good enough!"

And with a warning glance at Simon, he opened the door and called the porter in.

"This gentleman and I have had to change our plans," he explained, indicating Black Mustache. "We're getting off at Albany. But Mr. Jones—" he nodded toward Simon, lying very still in the upper berth—"Mr. Jones is going on to Chicago." He spoke to Simon directly. "You want to sleep late in the morning, don't you, Jones? Don't want to be waked, do you?"

"No," said Simon huskily. "Let me sleep. Late as I can."

"Yes, sir," the porter agreed.

When they were again alone, the younger man spoke to Simon.

"Now let's have your hat, and coat, and pants," he directed briefly.

Simon sat up in the berth and took them off as he was bid. "Hang the overcoat up," he begged. "And the coat too. Alice doesn't like it if my clothes are mussed."

"Why, we're pleased to oblige," the young man assented with a smile. He draped the coats over the hanger by the door; and as Simon kicked off his shoes and drew off his trousers, the young man thrust the shoes under the edge of the couch, folded the trousers and put them in the baggage rack. But before he did so, he removed the belt from its loops.

"Now," he directed, "stick your feet out here."

Simon looked at the watch on his wrist. The train was slowing down for Worcester. He shuddered; but there might still be time to get back from Springfield. He must get back; he dared not fail.

He was thinking about trains and timetables while the young man bound his ankles together with the belt, and strapped them firmly. At the other's direction he rolled on his side and offered his wrists to be secured. His captor climbed half into the berth to affix the towel that would serve as a gag; and Simon bit hard on the rough fabric forced between his teeth.

"There," said the young man, when his arrangements were complete. "You're getting a break! Call yourself lucky, and be a nice boy."

He even pulled up the blankets and tucked Simon snugly in. Then he and Black Mustache sat down on the couch below, and stayed there in low-voiced conversation while the train stopped at Worcester and went on.

Simon, lying on his side in the upper berth so that he could look down on them where they sat, was in the grip of a horrible despair. His bonds were tight, the towel muffled his mouth and hindered his breathing, and his posture was incredibly awkward and uncomfortable; but he was unconscious of his pains. His thoughts were misery enough. He might not get home for days; his father would discover that the store had gone untended, and Alice——He dared not think what Alice would do. He lay in a dismal grief, curled into a ball like a puppy which is cold in its sleep; and below him the two men talked calmly of black and hideous things.

The trussed captive in the upper berth heard without attending to their words some of the things they said. They were, he gathered, trusted employes of one of the Boston banks who had served loyally for years, waiting the right and proper moment for the coup just consummated. Now the thing was done, their escape accomplished, their prospective flight assured; and there was enough in the soft black bag to make them rich for years.

So much Simon understood, but he did not greatly care. He would have given all the money in the little bag to be safe back in the store.

That which at last turned his thoughts in a more practical direction was a little thing. He lay on his right side, his hands behind him; and he moved his arms now and then to ease the pain of their cramped position. Once when he did this, his hands escaped from under the edge of the blanket and touched the steel plate that formed the side of the berth and at the same time the side of the car. The steel was cool and soothing to the touch; Simon stroked it absently.

And his fingers came in contact with a projection there.

He felt it gingerly, recognized its nature. It was a bell button; to press it would no doubt summon the porter. So long as he could reach the bell he was not wholly lost. And he took quick hope, and began, with a sudden lucidity, to plan and to devise.

He forgot to be afraid, in this new activity. The bell would summon the porter; even with his bound hands, he could press the button. But the porter could do nothing for him now. He must first help himself; and he could do so much more if he were free. He wrenched at his bonds, tentatively; but his thoughts were searching. And suddenly they found something.

His thoughts found the knife under his pillow.

He lay quite still, considering the possibilities, staring blankly. He turned over, so that his captors might not see his face and guess his thoughts; and he thus lay facing the blank wall of the berth, where hung the hammock designed to contain a traveler's clothes. His fingers had found the bell button; his thoughts had found the knife; his eyes found the hammock!

And in a moment Simon's plan was formed.

The first step to its accomplishment was to secure the knife. It was under the pillow, here beneath his head, not three inches from his ear; yet it seemed at first very far away. Moving gingerly lest he alarm the men who sat just below him, he tried to lift his cramped hands far enough to reach the knife; but the effort was a hopeless one. He resorted to indirection. He burrowed with his head under the pillow, found the knife with his chin, dragged it downward toward his chest, pushed it farther down.

This took time; but the men were not alarmed. When Simon was sure of this, he turned over on his other side, his bound hands behind him; and instantly his fingers touched the smooth pearl handle of the penknife there.

From that contact a flood of power ran through Simon's whole body; but upon its heels came a surge of fear. For the men stood up, and the mild young man looked at Simon. Simon stared back at him, quaking.

The young man grinned. "Go to sleep, buddy," he directed. "You've got all night. I'll tuck you in when we say bye-bye."

He and Black Mustache proceeded to take off their shoes; they lay down, Black Mustache on the couch, the younger man on the berth below Simon. They would rest a while, till it was time to leave the train at Albany.

(Continued on Page 141)

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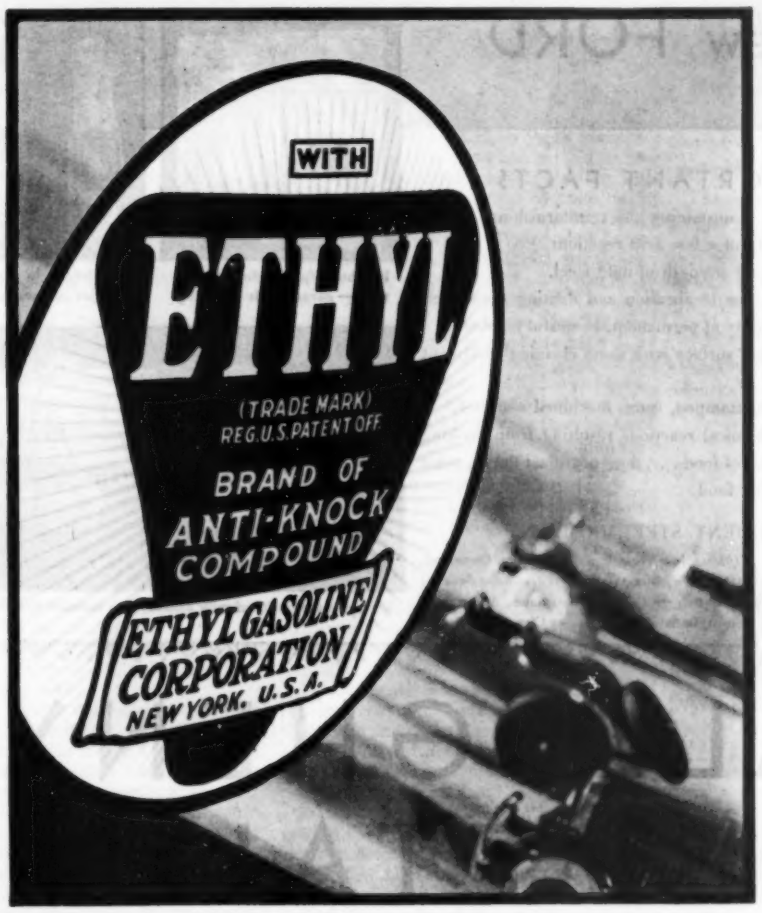

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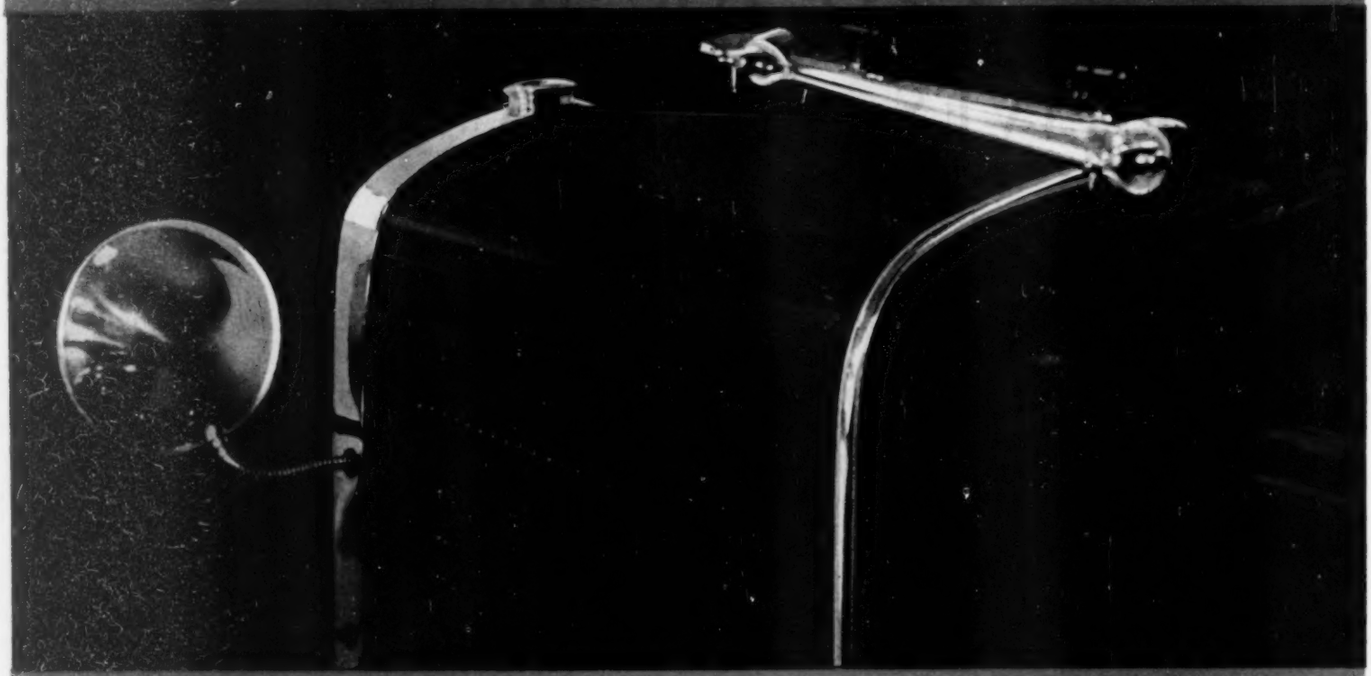

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ALLEGHENY METAL

(Continued from Page 138)

When the mild young man turned off the light, leaving the drawing-room in almost total darkness, Simon's eyes shone with delight. He saw triumph waiting for his hand.

Some forty-five minutes later, as the train began to slow down in the outer yards at Springfield, the porter on duty in that particular car heard his bell buzz; he looked at the indicator and saw that the button had been pressed in the upper berth in Drawing-Room A.

There would be time to answer the call before the train stopped, so he went along the curtained aisle between the made-up berths, and pushed the button on the door of the drawing-room. He heard the buzzer sound inside; but for a moment there was no response. The porter rang again.

After a momentary interval, someone called in a cautious voice: "Who's there?"

"You rung for the porter, sir," said the man at the door.

The man inside started to reply; but his words seemed to be cut off. There was a moment's silence, and a movement as though the man might be coming to open the door, and then a tumbling sound. And suddenly a vast confusion, a shot, and a sharp cry.

The porter backed off with some precipitation. He ran headlong to fetch the conductor. There was something going on in Drawing-Room A.

What was going on in Drawing-Room A was this. In that dark interior, illumined only by the dim crack of light beneath the curtain on the window that opened into the corridor, Black Mustache had been lying awake on the couch, while the mild young man slept lightly in the lower berth. Black Mustache was considering the advisability of rising, while his companion slept, to remove all fear of what the captive in the upper berth might later have to say. Only the possibility that the mild young man might wake and resent his action made him hesitate.

While he weighed this murderous project pro and con, someone came to the door of the drawing-room and pressed the button; the buzzer sounded sharply, and Black Mustache sat up in a sudden strict alarm. He sat up and stared at the door, quite forgetting Simon now.

The buzzer rang again, and Black Mustache got lightly to his feet; he touched the elbow of the mild young man, who half rose, fumbling for the weapon by his side. And Black Mustache leaned toward the door.

He called: "Who's there?"

Someone had rung for the porter, it appeared. But Black Mustache said harshly: "No, we ——"

And as he spoke he was already turning toward the upper berth, ready to do destruction there.

But before he could finish what he wished to say, something happened to him. He gasped and was silent, snatching desperately at his throat. Out of the darkness of the upper berth there had dropped around his neck a light, running noose of stout cord, which instantly tightened in a cruel grip and would not easily be loosened. He snatched at it; but it had bitten so deep into his flesh that his fingers found no hold. He tottered and stumbled, and the mild young man in the lower berth ejaculated: "What's the matter, Ed?"

Black Mustache, by way of reply, fell to his knees on the floor, still fighting at that deadly, choking cord.

The mild young man understood that something was seriously wrong, and he scrambled out of the berth, the gun in his hand. He stood up and looked into the black cavern of the upper berth, where their captive was bestowed. But before he could see anything, he saw a million stars; for something lashed him across the open eyes. The darkness was so complete that his eyes had no warning; the lids had not time to close. The mild young man screamed with pain, and his hands clenched, and the gun exploded, and then another stinging blow in the face made him recoil so that he fell sidewise and down in a heap upon the struggling bulk that was Black Mustache.

Outside the drawing-room, feet were stumbling up the aisle of the car.

Something dropped from the upper berth to the couch, to the floor. This was young Simon Gary, the man who was afraid. Simon snatched his pants and jumped into them. He fumbled for his shoes, and found them; found also the mild young man's abandoned gun. He thrust his feet into the shoes; and with the gun in his hand he pulled open the door of the drawing-room.

The conductor was there, and a passenger or two, and a gray-faced porter in the background. As Simon opened the door, the train stopped in the Springfield station with a lurch which threw Simon into their arms. He pressed the pistol into the conductor's hands.

"Bank robbers!" he cried. "Hold them! I'll get a cop!"

And he raced along the aisle.

While they were still bewildered, he had disappeared; but there was enough to occupy them here. It was the conductor who turned on the light in the drawing-room, the gun ready in his hand. But the two men in the little apartment were thoroughly subdued. Black Mustache had freed that noose about his neck at last; but he was still gasping for breath. The mild young man was babbling in an awful pain.

Besides these two human beings, there were three things in the drawing-room which the conductor did find interesting. There was a small black bag full of bills of moderate denominations, the whole running to a staggering sum. But there was also a whip like a knout, which had been made by cutting off one end of the clothes hammock in the upper berth, leaving eight or nine inches of dangling cords. And there was a noose made of hammock cord, which had been laboriously braided into a three-ply strand, with a running knot which tightened when the noose was drawn, and held it stubbornly.

Not till the conductor had inspected all these matters did he look about to discover the recklessly daring hero who with no other weapon than a Pullman hammock had overcome two bank robbers and a gun; but by that time Simon was gone!

Simon had departed in haste, because the train to Boston which he hoped to catch must be already in the station. He knew his time-tables. From the car platform he saw the other train on a near-by track, and he jumped from the Pullman vestibule across the fence which divided west from eastbound tracks, and boarded the other train as it began to move. He dropped into a seat there like a man reprieved.

There was still the chance that his absence from the store might have been discovered; but aside from that one possibility, he had nothing to fear. He had even saved his belt, the belt which had fastened his ankles. When his hands were free, he had unbuckled the belt and buckled it round his waist again; because Alice would blame him if he lost so necessary an article.

Once aboard the train for home, he gave no thought to what was done; his thoughts cast ahead to what there was yet to do. He alighted at Newtonville at eleven thirty-one; and he waited till the eleven-forty-two from town should arrive. By that train Alice would expect him home; when it had come and gone he trudged up the street happily.

He let himself into the house and left his hat and coat and went upstairs. He undressed in the dark; for Alice did not like her sleep disturbed. But when he got into bed, she roused enough to ask:

"What time is it, dear?"

"Two minutes of twelve," he told her gently.

"You came straight home, didn't you?" She sighed approvingly, and touched his arm, and went to sleep again.

And Simon relaxed by her side, unutterably relieved. He had reached home on time; he need no longer be afraid.

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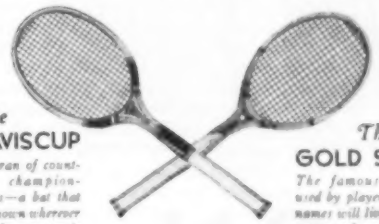

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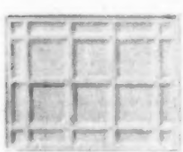

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IN SUNNY CRIME LAND

(Continued from Page 5)

superiority. It will be worth their while, because I shall presently have something to suggest that I believe will be of enormous value to all practitioners of this, our now leading industry. Dwell, then, briefly on the fruitful item of disguise. Do not the English get by with it where we couldn't? Could one of you make your compatriot readers believe that a central-office man wearing a false beard wouldn't be spotted a block away? Yet those lads of the Yard—never has one had his disguise penetrated. Never has the keenest-eyed creature of the underworld discovered that he wears a beard, eyebrows and a wig, his only by right of purchase. The C.I.D. man will enter a cab as a chartered accountant with badly trimmed side whiskers, clad in a suit of rumpled tweeds, and three blocks on he can debark as a smooth-faced young curate in horn rims; as Sir Henry Dubbson, Bart., in the flawless morning attire of a Bart.; as an unshaven plumber with his bag of tools—except those he forgot—or as a portly tradesman from the Midlands with a walrus mustache, of dissolute habits and bent on evil courses for his day in town. You know how far he'd get on Broadway with that stuff.

Case: The most-wanted criminal in London, known as the Ringer, has the Yard flat on its back. A bad lot, the Ringer; escaped from Dartmoor after doing in a warder; back in London to finish some odds and ends of homicide he has been forced to put off. The Yard knows every line of his evil face; he's been photographed from as many angles as Mary Pickford, and the prints came out well too. But he's slick, this chap. Conforming to the very rigid etiquette in such affairs, he sends a notice to one of his intended bits of work, who thereupon has his place garrisoned. No good, of course. The Ringer slices into one victim at the very entrance to the Yard and later knifes the man he'd warned in a locked room filled with C.I.D. men—chief inspectors, lieutenants, sergeants, plain constables and a police surgeon—knifes him when the lights unaccountably go out, and apparently isn't there when they flash on again a moment later. Dashed clever, what? And the only clew is that one of those in the room had lately come from Australia.

The Yard Men in a Fog

Ha! Acting Divisional Police Surgeon Doctor Lomand, a pleasant fellow, but impractical; always talking about the romance of crime detection; especially has he been active in this chase of the Ringer. But he has come from Australia! The Yard hasn't yet learned what this means, but we know. So the man we have basely been led, for two hundred pages, to think the Ringer—one of the Yard boys disguised for no apparent reason—comes through the secret door and snaps "Hands up!" at the police surgeon. The book now says, "Lomand's hands went up with a slow smile." Try it on your own hands sometime. Then "they peeled off the gray wig, revealing a head covered with close-cut brown hair." Yes, sir; that Ringer had been hobnobbing with the men looking for him and they hadn't even noticed that he wore a wig.

Of course, it's the fog. You can get by with those things in a fog where you wouldn't last a minute in our bally American sunlight. I think a jolly scene would be to have a dozen of the Yard boys meet at some low-class pub, each thoroughly disguised—curates, city men, taproom assistants, carters, barristers, retired drysalters, and so on—and just as each one was about to arrest all the others, have them all flip off their disguises. Wouldn't that give them a hearty laugh and something to talk about during the long winter evenings?

As to poisons and narcotics, we still lag behind. Against the strong chemical solution that instantly quite does for granite, or the narcotic that for six weeks caused Hellaber M. Frejus to forget his name and his Honolulu copper mines, pit the "arrow poison" that helped someone do a neat little job in the maze at Jalmer Park. One tiny drop under the human hide—it kills instantly. They crumple, just like that. This case was pulled with an air gun. An aunt or someone says glibly, "Oh, yes; one of the arrow poisons; they're on the market, you know." That is, you are asked to believe that you can buy this stuff as easily as you could buy a spot of prussic acid for Cousin Tolliver.

Under the Strawberry Trees

But not with us. Go down to the Owl Drug Store and try. Or demand a dash of another drug, constantly in use by the C.I.D.'s, "a few drops of which will turn the eyeballs yellow for twenty-four hours," thus affording a complete disguise with nothing hairy needed. Or inquire for this one: The crook enters the lady's hotel bedroom while she is at dinner and on her pillow "pours a few drops of liquid from a phial." The lady, after dining and dancing, returns to her room five hours later, lays her head on that same pillow and is instantly drugged to unconsciousness. Rather some chemical, as we say in the States. Then a lady whose husband has never understood her, paints the wall paper of his bedroom with "an arsenic solution," proceeding at once to Scotland for the grouse shooting and an alibi. How far below par is our own arsenic!

And consider how loosely our medical men determine the time of death. Our own man, called to the scene, can usually determine whether the thing is fresh or stale, if you know what I mean; beyond this he rarely commits himself. But his British colleague—listen: Sir Eustace Peachblow has been hand-carved in his library—they really should have spotty rugs in all British libraries. Across the hall the guests have been playing a redoubled bid of five no trumps. Meadows goes to the library door with the nightly pitcher of Scotch and finds the mess. There is always a doctor at the bridge table, and he goes in—after the eleventh trick is safe. "He has been dead between eight and nine minutes," says Doctor Bazash, closing his watch firmly. As easy as that. Or, out in the belted spinney they find a missing house guest that no one had thought to ask about for a long time, because he simply would make a suit bid without outside strength. One quick survey and the medical chap says, "Ah, I see. He was done in a week ago come Tuesday at 7:30 P.M. But, bless my soul, no! It was seven, exactly. I was near forgetting my watch is twenty minutes fast." They never fail.

Then there are bank notes. Any English bank note you may get—you can be sure some busybody has the number of it. And their trees. Just here I read—this book also $2.50—"The pair strolled from the sun-drenched tennis court and loitered among the strawberry trees, which are alien in England." Even their alien stuff is better than ours.

And before we leave the poisons too far back, let me mention this: Chester Arbuthnot knows his heart is crocking on him—a clogged valve that gives him "a scant year to live." Not caring much what he does, he mixes into a mystery story and gets stabbed through the heart. But wait a moment; don't be in such a hurry. The murderous blade didn't do a thing but dissect out that clogged heart valve and free it from all obstruction; further, the blade was poisoned, "but the poison acted as an antiseptic." The poor poison became rattled, probably; forgot what it was there for. Anyway, Chester's heart—the last news I had of him—was "as sound as a guinea." Wasn't that a darling poison! Nothing like it on this side.

Come we now to another British—I had almost said superiority, but call it an advantage, in the crudest sense, in the practice of this branch of beautiful letters. Not without certain painful qualms do I further specify. Put it brutally—beverage alcohol; the ease and constancy with which the devilish stuff is pouched in the human stomach. I dare even say there are some of us beguiled into reading British crime stories, where the liquor is good, from this essentially low motive; stories that otherwise wouldn't keep us awake after ten o'clock. Strike the drink from British book murders and you weaken the entire fabric. It falls to pieces. And everybody drinks. A C.I.D. man has "a tumbler of grog" or a whisky-and-soda "at his elbow" every time he sits down. If it isn't there, he keeps on standing up. I have met but one of the boys who never touched liquor, and he wasn't so bright. He was the lieutenant who didn't know the Ringer was wearing a wig.

So, since we ourselves can take it or let it alone, suppose we have a few merely in an investigative spirit. Cocktails, once as alien to England as strawberry trees, are still chiefly to be had among "that fast set up West" or in "a secluded corner of the club lounge," or at the smart chambers of Reggie Someone—the kind of boy who always begins, "I say, look here, you chaps!" Not so often do they penetrate to Veronal Hall or Sefton Manor or even to Chetwynd Lodge, near Chobham, in Surrey. In those places we shall mostly have whisky-and-soda, old brown sherry, a sound vintage port, a '99 Lafitte, a '98 Heidsick and a liqueur brandy. And no one ever soshed; no one ever high, if you understand. The most they ever get is a bit liverish.

A Wet Investigation

It begins all over again once the body is found. Arthur Francis, having discovered old Sir John with a dreadful night's work done to him in the locked library—really done in by a "hydraulic mechanism" hidden back of the mantel in the time of the third earl, the spring of which has been secretly pressed by Yvonne, supposed French governess, but a tool of the Big Four—but that's neither here nor there. Arthur flees to the sideboard and "helps himself to a stiff drink." Then comes Doctor Bazash from across the Park, to say, looking at his repeater, "He's been dead between fourteen and fifteen minutes; not less than fourteen, not more than fifteen. There's something queer about this." So he goes and has a stiff drink of his own, in which Arthur Francis joins him "with a trembling hand." Arrives Inspector Bloote—he being down there for his vacation, to do some painting. He is probably as good a painter as any policeman in the world, only he never gets a real vacation, because someone is always bumped off the second day of it. And with Bloote comes his assistant, Horace Morgan; neither of them has ever refused a drink in his life. Arthur "brims a glass" for Bloote, while Horace Morgan, back of a screen, takes "a long pull at his flask." Then, after the preliminary investigation, Birdseed fetches them each "a baby soda with some quite decent cognac," and they go down to the local police station, where Horace, in his private room, "sets out some refreshments." Refreshments! Ha-ha!

They proceed to reconstruct the crime—damply. They agree that Sir John was a poisonous old blighter, but begin to show a friendly interest in the case after a few tots of "a self-whisky, not a blend," which Horace Morgan has set out. They admit it's a rum go—and speaking of rum! They sit a long time, discussing this and other cases—the Yellow Jasmine affair, the Quayle-Peavey matter, the Gairlie rubies, the Tiddlecum pearls, the Bughalter agates and the still unsolved mystery of Lady Gloontz's world-famous garnet necklace.

(Continued on Page 145)

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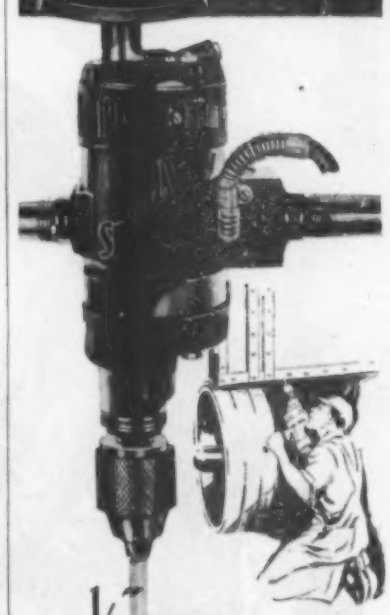

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(Continued from Page 143)

All padding, of course, but could you get such sloppy padding in West Eighty-fourth Street, New York? And at dinner at the Hall, we of course get into the better-class wines, with the Wellington cognac and some spots of old curaçao after the vintage port that is even more vintage than any yet offered. Whisky-and-soda afterward, naturally, with the Partaga cigars, '94. Vintage cigars! . . . And only last week there was a fer-de-lance fed on strong drink for years. When that wine-maddened reptile got well oiled he was mean. No good-natured stage along the way, where he'd tell stories or want to sing tenor with the boys. Of course, he was one of those that should never touch the stuff. Personally I have never cared for the fer-de-lance either in or out of his cups, but imagine what the poor thing would have to put up with over here.

So the next morning poor weak Arthur Francis is charged with the murder of Sir John, simply because he has "a look of weak cunning," and is shut in the local gaol—one of those gaols that have been in the family for centuries—where he would die of thirst, but for good old Horace Morgan, who brings him a stiff tot of spirits every now and then, or sometimes oftener; Horace not for one moment believing in the young master's guilt.

But now we shall leave the high-class stuff to follow clews that take us where we get only bitter beer at pubs, or gin and Its. All those C. I. D. boys seem gin-conscious. Once Bloote was knocked silly by a hired hand of the Big Four and they "forced gin between his set lips." Forced! You know. But you can't down Bloote. Half an hour later he was buying "six penn'orth of gin cold" in a low-class buffet bar at Oxton, and next he is in an oyster bar ordering "half a score of best natives" and a mug of ale. You'd think drink would let him down proper, but little you know the Yard. He and Horace Morgan are at it the next day, Bloote ordering prawns and a pint of bitter, and Horace taking quince cheese with gin and bitters. Horace "could never fancy prawns," the book says.

Time for Just One More

They have now "settled down to some stiff routine work," and that night are at one of those delightful inns after a clew—The Mustard and Cress, I think. They have a grilled undercut and some three-star chianti. They are serious now, both slated for promotion if they can land this murderer fellow. Still, they mustn't go too fast; they can't drink everything at once. Bloote warns, "don't ever bang away at the first rabbit that bolts out of the hole," while Horace says he'll lay his head agin a brass farthing that young Master Arthur Francis never done it. Later they have a go of buttered crumpets and a few glasses of "a rough Tyrol wine." Bloote remarks that he has tasted worse. It seems not improbable, knowing Bloote as we do. Yet, even after all this, Bloote and Horace both have "that hard gleam in the eye which betokens the born hunter of men when the scent is keen." So remember that before you start kidding.

You know how it goes after this. None of them is ever too hurried for another quick one, too pressed to partake of "a hasty glass." Now and then we find a facetious angle—"Reggie was already doing things with a decanter and siphon." Subtle, what?

This same Reggie, by the way, and three of his pals, once started to motor to a ruined abbey for a reason that has escaped me; possibly to run down the fiend who ruined it. Anyway, by clear count they had, before starting, each sunk twelve drinks, beginning at the club and finishing at Reggie's chambers. Reggie drove. Along the road they were halted by the master crook disguised as a policeman, while his confederate "crept under a front mudguard and tampered with a wheel," so that the wheel fell off presently and the party was marooned without a drop to drink except what they had in their flasks. But that unseen confederate tampering with a wheel in broad day so it would fall off! Wasn't he the tampering cut-up? Probably the fog. There really is one book that ought to be worth money because in it someone drank "a mug of Devonshire cider." Only once though. It seemed to throw the whole story out of key.

I ask you to note but one other point before leaving this more or less offensive aspect of our subject. No good mincing words—all those whisky-and-sodas are consumed without a speck of ice. Scotch and lukewarm seltzer? Ugh! Even ugh, ugh! And once, at Shovelford Manse in the dead of night, a crook countess—part French, of course—was caught downstairs trying to get the formula from the baronet's desk, and there was the very deuce and all to pay. The countess pretended to be faint and asked for a cocktail and, believe it or not, someone went to the sideboard and brought her one instantly. If you doubt it, I can show you the book. And yet those people do have ice at times, because another one says that Sir Eric Plooch got his by someone slipping it into the "glass of iced barley water on his night table." So it's all their own fault.

Crime-Story Conventions

However, let us stagger on to the real purpose of this meeting, which is to urge my fellows in the writing game to locate all their mystery stories not on Riverside Drive or West Something Street, New York, or a deserted hunting lodge in the Maine woods, or an imitation English place on Long Island, but right on that tight little isle—and no wonder! [Laughter.] The suggestion will come to many of you as wild, impractical, unpatriotic. But let us be above petty chauvinism, let us not be meanly parochial. Your countrymen pay the royalties. Of British royalties you don't draw enough now to buy your carbon sheets. And put ice in such drinks as demand it. That one item will give you an edge on every transatlantic rival. In your first couple of volumes have ice all over the place; make them stumble over buckets of it in the hall; have such slathers of it that British readers won't marvel incredulously when you drop a small fragment of it into a highball. Then go on to enjoy all the other advantages which I have shown to be yours the moment you have changed your locale.

Incidentally, when you may need, as sometimes happens, an American character, you can make his dialect fairly plausible. We now find in the British story "Jonathan Q. Squiggins, a New York capitalist" who will inevitably say, at a hot spot in the narrative, "Wa'al naow, I'll be good and tarnal gosh-horned ef ye kin pull the wool over my eyes in thet thar fashing, young-fellow-me-lad. Ye won't find this here skeesicks from the Blue Grass of old Kaintucky in a beastly funk, even if ye hev got the drop on him. What I mean to say, ye'll find this here longhorn pretty tarnal smooth goods, on my word, now." You could fix that up in places, couldn't you? Those chaps are writing for the U. S. market, so write the same stories and write them better. It's not such a rancid idea as it may at first sound. A half dozen British yarns will give you all the topography you need, the manner of speech and the procedure after the body is found. You'll be amazed how easy it is.

There are a few basic specifications to be mastered—conventions which have standardized the British crime story. A child can learn them. First, no one above the rank of baronet can be murdered. We all know that. Second, a lady criminal must be part French. Third, if the criminal is at all interesting, he or she, when finally brought to bay, must have a chance at the cyanide carried in the ring. Once, lately, it was in a glass eye that the Yard boys hadn't noticed he wore. As to the Class A or country-house murder, this must occur sometime within the hour before tea or within the hour after dinner. Wider variations from this rule are rarely permissible. Presumably they make trouble with the help.

And finger prints are of no value here. It having been found that the poison was slipped into Sir Jasper's grog by a left-handed person and it being then discovered that all the house guests are left-handed, waste no time looking for finger prints. Merely arrest the one who wears gloves a lot. This, to be sure, in the event that one of the lady guests isn't found to have had a French mother. She may have had a French father and still be innocent. But a French mother—zowie! They are "alluring in a purely physical way," or gifted with "rather bold good looks." Then find the one of these that goes about constantly gloved—and it's all over but the cyanide or the handcuffs. Curiously enough—these rules are arbitrary—a house guest of either sex who is entirely French is invariably of blameless character, even if left-handed; frivolous, perhaps to a regrettable degree, but no killer.

We now pass on to the Big Four, or band-of-international-crooks, murder, rated here for convenience as Class Aa. The Big Four are banded together to destroy the existing social order, and things are already looking so bosky for the British Empire that the Home Secretary has had to mix in. Referring to the leader of the Big Four, the H. S. says, "He has, perhaps—I only say perhaps—the finest brain in the world at the present time." The H. S. was so fussed on the occasion of the Dolomite incident—or the Corfu affair—that he had the Battleship Irritable all steamed up and ready for work, because the rascals were in possession of various scientific secrets unknown to the world at large, among them "a new law of magnetical attraction." There is the leader, a Chinese—a clever Spaniard, Colonel Carramba—an American multi-millionaire, grim, ruthless and with a cosmic grouch; and—you'd have to guess it—the most beautiful woman in the world—part French, part Russian, with perhaps a hint of the warmer south, "creature of a fiercer sun, but, alas! of far darker shadows." And maybe she doesn't lead those young squirts from the Foreign Office a merry dance. They have to admit at last that she is an enigma, never suspecting that she is really a fiend incarnate.

The Detective's Foolish Friend

Just to show you what these infernal tricksters can do, this Colonel Carramba was an international chess champion in one book; he challenged the British champion to a match in his flat down Westminster way and the latter fell over cold after making a move! The dozen observers thought it heart failure, but not so. "A thin metal rod passed up the middle of a bishop," and this figure, when placed on a square, completed an electric circuit from the basement "causing instant death and leaving only a small burn on the left hand."

It's this case that calls in the amateur detectives, inquiry agents, crime analysts, and especially the great foreign detective—French, of course. Also, it calls in the latter's friend to ask silly questions and offer absurd solutions and stupid objections. He is a creature of gentle, though at times peevish, imbecility. But, what I mean, don't make him too bally cretinous. You can overdo it. The one in this case should have been put into the chess game himself in Chapter II. When the vegetable marrow was found to be rich in opium, he inferred that the Chinese cook had been merely careless. When some scrawled words were found in the hand of a badly cut-up statesman, he was quite vexed with his detective for attaching any importance to them. It seemed plausible to him that the dying man had scribbled them just to pass the time. At Veronal Hall he ordered a servant to wash off the handle of the Turkish dagger so as to have it neat again. He also rinsed out the glass with dregs of poison in it, found at the bedside of Sir Almeric, so that they

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never did find out if it was a mydriatic alkaloid or merely some quite ordinary English coffee that had done the work. [Note: Never try to put over a cup of English coffee as one of your poisons. Tempting, that, but your British readers would suspect you of joking.]

Anyway, when the Big Four's French-Russian beauty says to the friend, "Aren't you just a little stupid?" she pays him probably the only compliment on his intelligence that he has ever received. But he doesn't suspect even that. He notes merely "the roguish sparkle in her wonderful eyes." He adds, "I sat down to think." Sure! He'd have to. And "My brain was in a whirl." His what? But you get the idea.

If you feel a need of the creature, let him at rare moments show he could pass the standard Binet test for mentality of nine years. He is put in, to be sure, as padding and to give the reader a chance to feel superior, but these ends, it seems to me, can be met without reducing him so far below mental zero.

We now come to the Class B murder; descending socially, of course, yet often with compensating gains in the picturesque. Never the inside of a manor, never any "grounds," no spinneys, even unbelted. The utmost of residential grandeur, "a detached villa standing in a select neighborhood"; more often it will be a boarding establishment. And no more sound vintage port. A spot of gin at the Rose and Thistle or bottled cocktails at a café "where they do you glad for a few shillings." Just possibly in the very last chapter you may get "a round of old brandy at two bob a go," but this is by no means inevitable. The victim now is an old nuisance so unimportant that we never meet him alive. He is "a retired drysalter," an "oil-and-color merchant," the "owner of house property in Fulham," a wholesale dealer in winkles—something like that—although he has "amassed a tidy competence." He is found at his office, done in with a "spanner." I have not looked up this word, but it sounds good. Certainly it is something lethally useful in these affairs. Apparently a spanner is always fatal. Sometimes there will be a clew on the desk. Say the old boy was a wolf at crossword puzzles and had just written in something that Detective Chief Inspector Garboard Strake of the Yard finds significant. Usually, however, we have to delve far back into a past that proves to be more and more disreputable as we proceed.

Introducing the Love Interest

Then, after the doctor has said, "Just five hours and twenty-two minutes ago," Strake motors down to the old boy's home and meets the niece who has kept house for uncle. And it is here we get a good clean love story, with none of those odious complications so rife in the Class A murder, for these C. I. D. boys invariably marry the nieces of murdered uncles. A check-up on two years' reading shows eighteen of them so wedded. The girl has "a fresh complexion, well-proportioned features, honest blue eyes and an undeniably trim figure." Or sometimes she is just "undeniably pretty." Her name must be quiet—"Lucy Smith" or "Mary Thompson." Be sure of this. With a name as flashy as, say, "Blanche Reynolds," there would be trained readers to suspect her of wielding the spanner, or at least of having had a French grandmother.

The affair with Inspector Strake begins at their first meeting—she looks "no end of a fancy" to Garboard—and runs through the book though never obtrusively and, above all, never mushily. Indeed, there will be a scene or two almost bitter before Lucy understands that Strake really has a heart of gold under his air of cool competency. Finding him in the kitchen one night, disguised as the secretary of the Brixton Town Council, "Fancy meeting you here!" she icily says. Strake draws himself to his full height and retorts, "I am here to protect you, Miss Smith, and when I add that in seeking to protect you I am also seeking to protect society, I hope you will forgive me for what, otherwise, might seem an unwarranted intrusion."

You can bet that held her; and again I can show you the book if you don't believe it. She relented and said that Strake had been "such a brick." There was another girl in the book that nearly had Strake started—"a goish dame . . . with pace . . . a bit of a beauty in a bold fashion." Happily, in one scene with him "she made a little *moue*," and Strake was saved, because he knew this proved her to be at least half French. He was well aware that nice English girls never *moue*. That hussy—never fear—got a fair telling off in the end—criminally mixed, she was, in the attempt to get uncle's formula for synthetic gingham.

And only at the very last does Strake let himself get at all sexy. At the Christmas party he makes no reference whatever to the aphrodisiac properties of mistletoe, but, taking Lucy home in a cab, "he safeguarded her from any bumping or lurching the vehicle might indulge in"—the rascal! And he said good night "in a manner eminently suitable for engaged couples." Wasn't Strake a case! Pretty subtle roguery that, explicit enough, yet with no vicious appeal to our baser passions. I believe all these niece-and-C. I. D. marriages have turned out well.

In this Class B murder, too, we get dialects. Out on the Sussex Weald or the Dartmoor uplands, or Phooey in quaint Cornwall, we find the unavoidable lower classes saying, "fowerty-year owd," or "Us baint proud, but if so be as you'm meanin to have one o' they ——" or, "Tain't zo, zur," or "Missis be cruel put about ——" Practice with these will in time make us every bit as expert as the British fictioner is with the racy dialect of Jonathan Q. Squiggins.

Attention must also be given to the manner of exclamations, such as growled, rasped, rapped out, jerked, snapped, snarled, moaned. But use discretion. "'He's really quite dead,' she moaned." Wouldn't rasped have been better? And do not forget the spasms; "A spasm of"—pain, agony, fear, malice, incredulity—"crossed his face." "She bit her lip." Look out for that one or you'll have a whole set of lip biters standing around. "A hoarse laugh crossed his lips." . . . "A flash of expression crossed his features"—perhaps you can help those. "Suppressing the sob which gurgled in her throat ——" Surely you can be that good. And this one: "'Eh,' he snarled." Try it on your own snarl.

Now a word on the duplex-murder story—or worse. Personally, I am all for the one-crime story. My slogan, Fewer and Better Murders.

In the case of the Big Four, international in its aims and abetted by "easily the most dangerous woman now living, her wanderings from Odessa to Paris and London being charted by mysterious murders," it appears that allowances should be made. If His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs is really to be fussed—I mean, enough to make one lose one's rag a bit—let there be three murders, perhaps—enough to justify his getting the battleship Irritable under steam for the Dardanelles. But no more than three. When Inspector Smoolch says, "his voice mellowed by a second glass of our Club Madeira, 'Here are three murders, and all hanging on to each other like a cob of filbert nuts,'" that's a plenty. Even so, he probably admits that the Yard is on its back, having "to double back like otter hounds at fault."

Let Some of the Victims Live

In the Class B murder, once you allow even a second crime, you won't know how to stop. And each taking-off is less interesting than its predecessor. The temptation comes from a lack of conviction about your first murder—you want to bolster it. I've known as many as five perfectly foul killings in three hundred pages; good ones that should have carried five books, yet all reduced in value by being bunched. I don't recall if there were five nieces in this book, but if there were, how did Garboard Strake pick out "the one girl in all the world"? Even with a Master Killer, working from his place, Croftlands, in Worcestershire—just back of the sauce factory—one murder—if it's revolting—is enough. For the rest, let there be only attempts. His intended victims can get "gun pellets through the hat," or be only half-strangled by "a cord used to wrap up Bengal Chutney," or escape from the ruined hovel on the moors.

Of course this Master Killer always has a tile loose; fit as a greyhound trained for the Waterloo cup, and "from long practice being able to see in the dark," he could probably pull off a lot of even Class A murders, landing on people "with the spring of a puma." But, take my word for it, all his victims after the first are more interesting if they escape at least half alive. This is not sickly sentimentalism. Except in the posh affairs of the Big Four, two murders are one too many.

In conclusion, let me again urge all of us to go in and give those British chaps a jolly good drubbing on their home grounds. Show them a few new tricks out of their own bag, what? And don't be afraid to fever things up. It's astounding what people now give two dollars for. Remember that long-established English social background, providing half a dozen excellent reasons for violence in any specified instance. Remember that at least half the guests of any given house party at Charvack Hall are so crooked they couldn't walk without stepping on their own shadows. And no one above the rank of baronet to be removed—no matter how rank.

Here's a final point from my last mystery story. Yes, I mean last, not latest. I quote: "Inspector French carefully unloaded his revolver, cleaned out the barrels and inserted fresh cartridges." Remember this. Cartridges in that English climate are like films. The box always says: "To be developed not later than August first," or something.

Now let the poisons circulate, let flash the daggers with quaintly carved handles, let the automatics bark their heads off!

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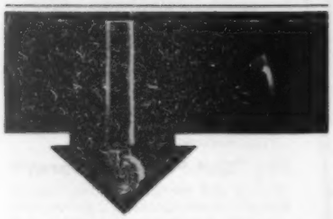

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You know, of course, that the body tissues are made up of cells. For some unknown reason, a few cells occasionally "run wild." Stomach cells, for example, may grow beyond their natural limits and invade the surrounding tissues. There they grow with abnormal speed. Cancer, which a medical writer has called "anarchy in the human body," is the result of such unnatural cell growth and it may affect any organ.

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Cancer always begins as a small growth or ulceration which seldom causes pain or discomfort. If the growth or ulcer is promptly and completely removed, the cancer is cured. But the symptoms vary greatly—they range all the way from an innocent looking lump in the breast to indigestion coupled with loss of weight. Only a qualified physician is competent to diagnose cancer, *and only early diagnosis and treatment can make cure possible.*

Even at a more advanced stage, cancer is not always the hopeless disease so many consider it to be—but a cancer that could be cured by a surgical operation today may be beyond help in a month, so fast does it sometimes develop.

In the treatment of cancer, modern science uses the X-ray, radium and surgery, either singly or in combination.

It is the very mystery that surrounds the X-ray and radium, that has made it easy for charlatans to exploit the hopes of cancer sufferers. But these powerful remedies are extremely dangerous unless used by an experienced, highly-trained physician.

Beware of medicinal preparations advertised as "cancer cures." No effective treatment for cancer has yet been developed except surgery, radium and the X-ray.

If a sign appears which makes you fear the possibility of cancer your safest course is to go to your doctor promptly. If your fear is justified, you have gained valuable time. But the probability is that cancer is *not* present, and your doctor's reassurance will immediately relieve you of needless worry.

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NASH "400"

(1781)

FRANCE ON TWO WORDS

(Continued from Page 29)

I cite an instance. One of the first words picked up in French is *comment*, followed by a question mark. Few Americans getting their first full spray of French from a waiter or clerk or taxi driver have failed to answer the outburst with a puzzled "*comment?*" And yet "*comment?*" to a Frenchman is like a red flag in a bull's face.

It follows his original remarks so promptly, so properly, that he instantly leaps to the mad conclusion that here is an American who speaks French; he has not quite followed what was said, but nevertheless he understands the language. Forthwith the simple tourist is knocked back on his heels by a deluge of French the like of which he has never dreamed. It may be days before he recovers from the shock.

A man doing the country on two words would merely have said *non* at the first opportunity, ending the whole matter then and there. A festive man, perhaps, or one with the bit in his teeth, might have said *oui* for the thrill of finding out what would happen next. But under normal conditions *non* is the word. It saves much time that could better be spent drinking a *demi* in a chair on the boulevards.

The point is that an American endeavoring to use more than two words of French is continually in hot water. He is unhappy in chaotic and fantastic situations. The inadvertent use of a single French word beyond the simple *oui* and *non* lets down the floodgates on every side. Misled by the chance word, Frenchmen assault him with oratory, hurl sentence after sentence against his quivering façade, until finally, cowed and shaking, he flees to the shelter of his hotel, to skulk there in darkness and solitude until the spirit has had time to recover.

The record is filled with such cases. There was a gentleman I know who crammed aboard the boat taking him to Havre and arrived in complete possession of about eighteen words, including *beurre*. It happened that he was passionately fond of butter, and lost no time in learning the French word for it. As he said at the time, no matter what else happened he could always get butter when he wanted it, and he nearly always wanted it.

All went well with him until about the fourth day, when at lunch he ordered butter and got beer. Thinking it merely a slip of the tongue, he let the matter pass. But again that evening came beer instead of butter. This worried him. He liked beer, but you can't smear beer on bread. Moreover, when he asked for a thing he liked to get it.

Imagine his emotions, however, when the following day in a café he ordered beer and got butter! There was something fourth-dimensional about a situation like this, and it began to eat its way into his subconscious. He took to ordering beer in other cafés, to see what came, and sometimes it was beer and sometimes it was butter. It was the same in restaurants—beer and butter, beer and butter, all the time.

A Little Knowledge is Expensive

Discovering the explanation, that *beurre* and *bière*, to say nothing at all of a third concoction named Byhrr sold in cafés and restaurants in France, might easily be confused in an uncertain tongue, did no good at all, for the reflection on his smattering knowledge of French cut him to the quick, and almost to the exclusion of everything else he devoted his time to grappling with this situation. In the end he mastered it, but by then he had to return to America, and about all he had to show for his trip was an ability to get butter when he ordered butter and beer when he ordered beer—scarcely a matter that called for much boasting.

But that's your ten-word French for you! On another occasion a gentleman, blinded to cold facts by his command of a dozen words or so of the language, got into a taxicab on Montmartre with three companions and occupied one of the swing-down seats. Stretching back luxuriously after a sound dinner, he had the bad fortune to crash his head and shoulders through the glass partition—a common enough event after a sound dinner. The taxi stopped and all hands piled out for the row. But the guilty man, too proud of his French for his own good, waved the others back.

"I'll handle this," he said coldly, and addressed himself to the driver, who was shouting that he had five goslings who would starve unless someone paid for this accident. "*Combien?*"

"*Vingt-cinq francs, m'sieur.*"

"*Je vous donnerai cent francs,*" replied the gentleman firmly, adding in English, as his French failed, "not a franc more."

The driver grinned, shrugged and accepted the hundred-franc note. All got back into the taxi and set off again.

I could multiply these ghastly examples by the hundred, or by four or five anyway; but I feel sure that enough have been cited to indicate the risks a man runs in France with all these unrelated and dangerous French words in his possession.

Getting in the First Blow

Experience has shown us—and by us I mean those who have the best interests of American tourists at heart—that the only really safe way to do France is on two words—two words and a great deal of explosive impatience.

Impatience, I may say, is an essential ingredient of the harsher and more spectacular of the two schools of thought contained in the two-French-word system which is now sweeping America like tame fire; and calls, no doubt, for a word or two of explanation.

No misbelief, now, is more widespread in the United States than that all waiters, clerks, and everyone else who matters to the tourist in France knows enough English. They don't. They don't even know enough French. Not enough of the French I speak, anyway.

Nor are there many sights more pathetic than that of a lad from, say, Kansas City making this unnerving discovery only after reaching Paris and seating himself in a restaurant. For not only has the average *garçon* no idea of English but it is also his custom, upon finding his customer unable to speak fluently in French, to stand back and by grunts and muttering and heavy sighs and other personal sounds to manifest his complete contempt for and impatience with such ignorance.

That is the kind of thing that, under ordinary circumstances, is likely to put our lad from Kansas City at a terrific disadvantage. He begins to perspire visibly, and what knowledge he had of the tongue evaporates. At that moment begins to rise our old friend, the American inferiority complex, and when that begins to rise the works are pretty nearly shot.

Our two-word man, now, handles the situation quite differently. He gets impatient first. With him it is like boxing—just a matter of timing; and the psychology of his method is based on the assumption that it is no more disgraceful not to know French than it is not to know English. Even in France.

It is our man's custom to enter a restaurant—to use the handiest locale for a demonstration—and tossing the French menu to one side, order boldly in English.

"Waiter, bring me some green-pea soup, fried shrimps and Tartar sauce, a lettuce salad, a slice of pie, and a cup of coffee."

The waiter, thinking he has to deal with the ordinary fellow who holds a knowledge of French in some esteem, sets in to put the old bee on our man. He grunts once, and starts to draw a long sigh of suffering for having to deal with another barbarian who does not speak French—but the sigh is never finished. Our man turns and stares at him.

"Well?" he snaps.

That is the first blow, the first sign of impatience, and it is our man who has got it in, not the *garçon*. The latter, stunned momentarily by this sign of spirit in an American tourist, stalls; then, still incredulous, returns to the attack, in French and with a lofty, patronizing smile on his face.

"*Mais, m'sieur* ——"

"Speak English," our man interrupts impatiently. "Either speak English or send me someone who does speak English." He usually repeats the last word several times. "English! English! English!"

"*Mais, m'sieur* ——" The smile disappears.

"Please!" Our man lifts one hand wearily. "*Mais* ——"

Now our man really begins to turn the screw. Facing squarely around and recalling the offensively superior stare that a French waiter is wont to give the usual American who does not speak French, he duplicates it. He gives the fellow the full eye.

The waiter tries desperately to hold on. He tries to smile tolerantly, to recapture for a second the old contempt and impatience he has had for guests unable to speak French—but it is too late. He has met a faster worker. He has been, as it were, out-impatiented.

The struggle rarely lasts more than ten seconds. Under the cold, fishy glare of our two-word man, the *garçon* begins to crumple and give way around the edges. Follows then the complete rout.

Now, if the attitude has been maintained properly, results ought to show up. The *maître d'hôtel* is fetched, and if it happens that he is likewise ignorant of English, our man's victory is all the more glorious, for he delivers to the *maître d'hôtel* an eloquent address, in English, to the general effect that only an idiot would attempt to serve in a Paris restaurant, with all its English and American patronage during the tourist season, without an adequate understanding of English. His words may not be grasped, but his tone is unmistakable.

Bad Luck at Dinner

This throws the *maître d'hôtel* into the awkward position of either having to admit that he is an idiot—obviously a painful admission for him or anybody else—or else taking some constructive step. Usually he disappears as quickly as possible and digs up someone who understands English, and our man's order is taken, in English as originally desired.

This method never fails. It may cost a little time and effort, but it never fails. There is always one person on the premises, or near by, who can speak a form of understandable English, and if enough fuss is made he can be had. And far from alienating our French cousins, it serves rather to endear our man to them, for he has created a hullabaloo in a public place, and to create a hullabaloo in a public place practically naturalizes a man into the French nation.

The subtler of the two-French-word methods I would like to illustrate with the experience of a gentleman who perfected it to the point where he rarely has to open his mouth at all in France, dispensing even with *oui* and *non*. He merely nods or shakes his head, though he knows *oui* and *non* fluently.

In the days when I made a highly laughable effort to exchange chit-chat with the natives in their own tongue, he challenged me to a dinner-ordering contest, I to use my eighteen words of French, he to confine himself, naturally, to *oui* and *non*.

I ordered first, and through natural confusion and this and that, I got four soups, a cold pig knuckle, and some horse-radish. I was not surprised, as that sort of thing was always happening to me when I tried to

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Ever-Ready BLADES

speak French. On this occasion I, of course, regretted I had not had better luck, but my French just wasn't running well that day.

With a faint smile my friend picked up his menu and studied it thoughtfully, a bluff at which I had to smile also, since there was not a word on it that he could read. The waiter, obviously relieved to be rid of a man who ordered four soups at one sitting, gave my friend a moment of study and then, leaning over his shoulder, placed his pencil on an item and unleashed a few hundred words of sales talk. At the end my friend mused for a second or two and then murmured negligently, "Eh—*non!*"

A pause, and then the waiter made another suggestion, giving five minutes of oratory to this second item. As my friend still said nothing, the waiter resumed his discourse. He straightened up and really went to work on the idea. As he warmed up, my friend laid his card down slowly and appeared to listen intently, nodding his understanding every now and then. Then, as the waiter caught his breath to go even further into his indorsement, a single bead of perspiration appeared on his forehead, and at the sight of it my friend instantly raised one finger.

"*Oui!*" he smiled. "*Oui!*"

"What was that?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he replied simply, "but the man obviously has great faith in it."

It turned out to be a delightful lobster bisque, the best soup the house made.

The matter of *entrée* followed, and once more my friend bent himself to the business of studying the list. Once more the waiter, whose delight with my friend's first order had been truly touching, devoted himself to recommendations. One after the other, three suggestions were vetoed; and then, as finally the waiter went into a fervent description of a suggestion that was clearly close to his heart, I began to grasp the simple brilliance of my friend's method. I waited, and again at the first bead of perspiration that appeared on the waiter's forehead, the finger went up, the smile appeared.

"*Oui! Oui!*"

The waiter beamed and all but kissed my friend as he delivered himself of what were obviously congratulations on his sound taste and judgment in food, while my friend, smiling indulgently, murmured "Eh, *oui!* Eh, *oui!*" at intervals and nodded his head patiently.

His meal turned out to be the lobster bisque, a sweet fillet, a cutlet of chicken filled with melted butter, a salad, and a soufflé. I drew, as I say, a quartet of soups, a foul-looking pig knuckle, and about two pounds of horse radish. That put me one down.

Later, over Corona-coronas and Napoleon brandy in the Crystal Room of the Splendide Hotel, he explained his system—the system that has been adopted by all two-French-word men who do not like to shout around until somebody appears who speaks English.

"All I do," he said, "is make it hard for the chap to sell me a dish. My sales resistance is a challenge to him, and presently, after a couple of minor suggestions, put out as feelers, he realizes he's got a tough guy on his hands. Then comes the big shot. That's what I've waited for, and I watch him. The instant a bead of perspiration appears on his forehead I know that he's offering the best on his card, and he's really in earnest about it."

"You never know what's coming?"

"I never know what's coming," he admitted simply, "but it ought to be good or the waiter wouldn't feel so keenly about it."

It is the same in other situations. Where one involves something in particular that he wants, which is infrequent, as my friend is quite a vague fellow, he merely looks around until he sees it and then he points. As in the case of coffee with cream, which is invariably his café breakfast. It is necessary for him to find a café where someone else is also having coffee with cream, so he can point to it and say, "Eh, *oui!*" in a casual tone calculated to delude the waiter into thinking that he is not ignorant of French, but just too lazy to speak it. He has had to go to as many as six cafés in a morning before finding someone with the kind of coffee he wishes, but in the end he always gets his coffee.

The advantages of this system are too many and obvious to be enumerated. One, however, which might be pointed out is its constant thrill and surprise. A man never knows what is going to happen next, or what he is going to get to eat. It leads him into strange places, and he sees sights that no other tourist ever conceives. None of the old routine and commonplaces of touring are his. Every new day, every new minute, in fact, is an adventure.

His only concession to the existence of a French language, beyond the ordinary *oui* and *non*, is a sentence reserved for the most critical emergencies. As a last resort, all else having failed, my friend always says, "No spika da French."

NICE, FRESH TIGERS, ETC.

(Continued from Page 19)

a pair so cheap that I brought them in without an order. Three months went by before I found a buyer. Meanwhile, they ate five to six dollars' worth of hay a day.

There are not more than four dealers in America who would buy an elephant on speculation. It being common knowledge that I was stuck with the pair, the dealers yawned in my face. Yes, they might buy a couple of elephants if they were cheap, and by cheap they meant cheap.

I stored them in the lumberyard of a San Francisco friend and finally got a reasonable offer from the Miller Brothers' Wild West Show.

The round-ups and auctions, called keddahs, are the cheapest and most abundant sources of elephants. A keddah usually is a government concession, and always a big business enterprise requiring capital. In Siam, for example, a contractor goes to the forest department and applies for the right to keddah the elephants in a specified district. He pays a fee or percentage and is limited to a certain number of certain ages.

The contractor then sends out natives to take a census of the wild herds in the district, which they do with remarkable accuracy. Knowing their number and approximate whereabouts, he builds corrals in strategic locations, hires four or five thousand natives and begins the drive. The natives string out in a long line, carrying firebrands, beating pans, firing muzzle-loaders and yelling, and drive a herd of twenty or thirty into a corral. The keddah wallah looks over the catch. "I want this one and that one," he directs. Four tame elephants with their mahouts enter the corral, chains are fastened to one foot of the designated ones and they are dragged and butted out. The remainder are turned loose and another herd is rounded up.

The captured animals are let severely alone for several days. When they are properly hungry and thirsty, one man begins feeding and watering one elephant. The latter soon comes to know his attendant and, being a normally amiable beast, is tamed by him in a few weeks. That old wives' tale about the preternatural memory of the elephant has been exploded many times. Permit me to explode it again. You will remember that its commonest form is the anecdote of the wag who gave a circus elephant a chew of tobacco and was recognized and punished by the beast sixteen years later on the smart Aleck's attending the circus again.

An elephant can forget as quickly as the girl you met at the summer resort. The only male I ever handled, I brought to the Dallas zoo on order seven years ago. Recently I was through Dallas and he didn't know me from Rudy Vallée, knocking me over when I got too familiar. Only his trainer can manage him now. The temper of an adult male is not to be depended upon. That is why only females are wanted by zoos and circuses.

I buy most of my elephants at keddahs, where they are cheapest, paying 900 to 1000 ticals. Their shipping and feeding costs are high and the same amount of capital in vested in small stuff, such as monkeys and birds, will return a better profit. Keddahs are held in a given district every five to seven years, depending upon the supply. The principal demand comes from the tea gardens of North India, the teak-lumbering districts of Burma and British military posts, where they do the heavy work. In Burma, elephants guided by the pressure of their mahouts' toes against their necks run teak logs right through the saws, bringing their trunks within a hair's breadth of the flying steel, but never nearer.

Hubert Fleishhacker, San Francisco banker and head of the Park Board, gave a playground to the city. I had sold two small elephants to Golden Gate Park for children to ride, and Mr. Fleishhacker decided he wished a full-grown one for the same purpose at the playground. I pointed out that not many children could ride on even a large elephant's back at one time, and suggested, instead, that he have a gayly decorated wagon seating many kids and let the beast pull it.

The next voyage I journeyed to a keddah on the Siam-Malay border and bought four young females, but saw no adult that could be trusted to haul children. Storing the four at Singapore, I went on to Burma. That trip I had brought out two American bison, the first to be imported into Asia, presented one to the Sultan of Johore for his palace park and shipped the other to the Rangoon zoo.

The zoo people had a new adult female elephant not long from the wilds, fairly tractable, but not fully broken, which they offered me in trade for the buffalo. It led well, but did not fancy being hoisted on and off ship in a sling. We got it to Singapore, however, and there I put an experienced boy to riding it daily, teaching it to lie down and rise at command and, finally, to drag a log while harnessed between shafts.

The freighter West Sequana, on which we loaded, was anchored in the bay, making it necessary to lighter out. That is, the collection had to be transferred first from the quay to a barge and from barge to ship. No doubt you have seen pictures of distressful-looking elephants being loaded or discharged from a ship. A wide bellyband is slung beneath them, they are hoisted high in the air, swung out and lowered. We made the egregious error of hoisting the four young ones first. They squealed and trumpeted in fear, and the big girl, taking this in and remembering her previous trips in a sling, determined that this was not for her.

She had a huge rope on a hind leg, fastened to an iron anchor post on the quay, and a long chain on a front leg tied to a telephone post. Her first act was to lie down and, to make doubly sure that we got no net under her, to keep us at a distance with her trunk. To make matters more awkward, the skipper had warned me that, to avoid missing a tide, he was sailing at 5:30 on the dot, and we had to hurry.

We got her on her feet again, but after much maneuvering I concluded that there was only one way to slip the sling under her; if I could get between her front legs and the boys would toss me the sling quickly, it might be done. Accordingly I made a dash to get beneath her trunk. I did not get far. Lifting me ten feet into the air, she threw me as far as she could. When I lit in a sitting position, I slid four or five

(Continued on Page 153)

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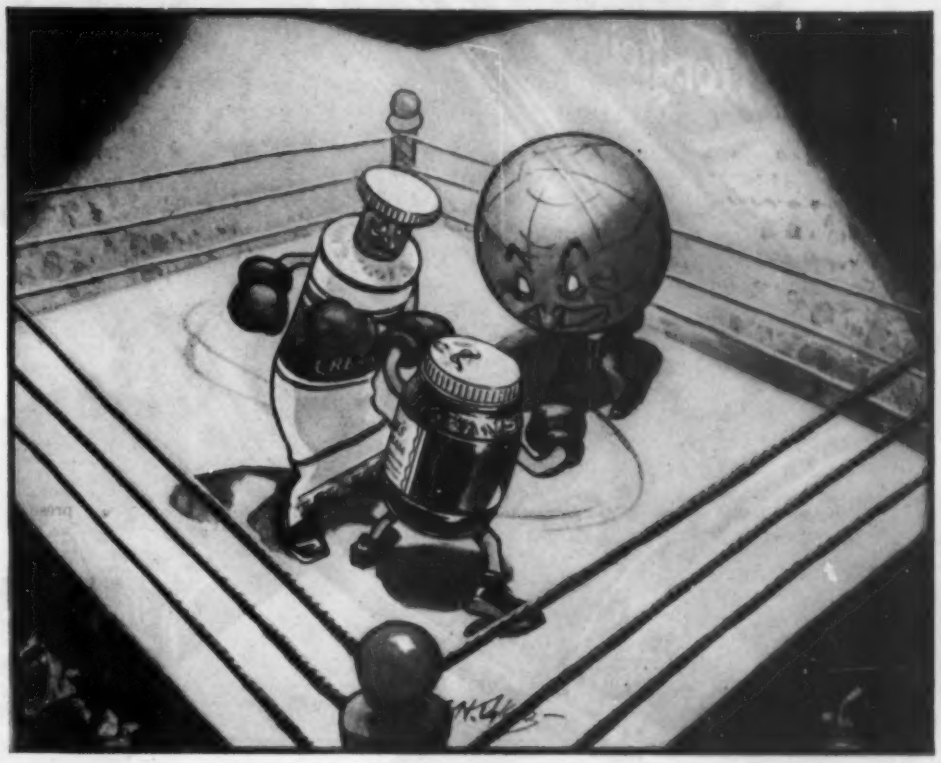
Western Branch

"The new Ingram tube is a sure success because it contains the coolest and best cream a man ever used. Whether it outsells the jar this year or not, a tube appeals to most men. Don't forget that when you make your predictions!"

G. G. Harwood



"The jar looks good," says W. M. Bristol, Jr.,
Vice-President
in Charge of Production

"When the discussion of a contest first came up, I realized a lot of men would be strong for the tube. I don't say it isn't going over well, but it will be a long time before it outsells the original Ingram jar! That jar has the preference of a million men!"

William M. C. Bristol Jr.

WITH the Ingram Shaving Cream $5,000.00 prize contest barely under way, even the company officials are arguing about it!

Yet this contest—unlike most others—is free from tricks and red tape. You are merely asked to predict how our sales of the tube will compare with those of the famous Ingram jar during 1930!

Ingram's was introduced in a tube shortly before January 1st. Previously it was packed only in the little blue jar. Now you can get it in either jar or tube. The jar may be no beauty, but in five years it built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world! And don't forget—a million men like it!

Here are Ingram's sales:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

The real reason for Ingram's remarkable growth is the cream itself—the first and best of all *cool* shaving creams! Some men like the jar. Others prefer a tube. Which will sell better? We don't know!

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	$1,000.00
Second prize	$500.00
Third prize	$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each $10.00

Ingram's gives you a new conception of how bracing your morning shave *can* be and *should* be. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin *while you shave*. You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 233, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 233, General Post Office,
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

TO THE MAN WHO CARES—who seeks shoes of distinction and style . . . the FLORSHEIM TRADE MARK is the symbol of a higher standard of shoemaking . . . identifying the finer, smarter shoe for the well-dressed man of today . . . . You owe yourself the enjoyment and satisfaction of wearing FLORSHEIM SHOES—they give money's worth and more, always. DEALERS EVERYWHERE. The ROLLS, Style M-393 . . .

MOST STYLES $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Manufacturers* CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 150)

feet farther on the gravel dock pavement, not to my improvement.

At the same moment she got her back leg free and started to go away from there, and I picked myself up and ran after her with a hook. When she came to the end of the chain on her fore leg, her weight and momentum snapped it and she was free, with twelve feet of chain still attached to her leg. This she picked up in her trunk and lashed about like a bull whip, and in one of her swipes the chain coiled about my left leg. Whereupon she began to run again, dragging me. Luckily I had two experienced Siamese elephant boys who got in front of her, jabbed their goads into her trunk and brought her up short.

But I was through and she had won. Telling Ali to lead her back to the compound, I was carried onto the lighter and slung aboard the West Sequana like the rest of the collection. While I nursed my wounds I concentrated on the problem and reached a solution. A platform just large enough for the beast to stand upon could be built, the elephant walked on, unsuspecting, and a cage built around her, using the platform as a base. I sent these instructions by radio to a friend in Singapore for transmittal to Ali, with orders to have the crated pachyderm on a steamer I knew to be leaving a week behind us for Manila. The President Cleveland for San Francisco was due in Manila at the same time as this boat. I cabled to Bill Morris, the mate of the Cleveland, what to expect, asked him to stow the elephant on deck, and gave him the name of a comprador in Hong-Kong who would supply him with the necessary fodder, to be charged to my account.

The Sequana steamed for San Francisco direct. The faster Cleveland made its usual North China and Japanese calls, and arrived a week behind us. My Rangoon beauty had been boxed up so tightly she could not move for thirty-five days, but when we trucked her to Fleishhacker playground and knocked the back out of her crate, she walked out smartly.

They call her Babe, and for five or six hours a day at the playground she pulls a gaudy, low-slung wagon with merry-go-round-like seats full of children, as politely and gently as if she liked it, which she manifestly does.

Two years ago I brought home a waif, the smallest and youngest elephant ever cleared through the customs, and put her in the movies. Ali and I were in Sumatra and heard that natives in a near-by village had caught a baby so young they could not feed it. The elephant could not have been more than a few days old, and was so famished that it scarcely could stand when we saw it. It would have died in a day or two. The natives complained that it would not even drink goat's milk.

How to Feed a Baby Elephant

I sent a boy to the jungle to cut a stalk of bamboo, which is hollow between the joints. I had rice boiled until it was gruel, added canned milk and a little water, sharpened one end of the bamboo joint and filled the hollow with the gruel. We forced the sharp end into the little fellow's mouth and through his set jaws, tilted him up on his back feet, and the meal poured down his throat. By the next day he would open his mouth when he saw us coming, and within a week would trot after any stick of bamboo.

There is always some way of meeting such an emergency. I have fed young animals with eye droppers and syringes. I continued to feed this one on the voyage with the bamboo straw, and threw it in with the elephant when I sold it. Baby Boo, as she was named in Hollywood, was just three feet tall when she reached there. She grew out of the movies later and into the Oakland zoo.

In Calcutta, one trip, just before sailing, I picked up a large, male, spotted leopard. Having just been caught, it was very unruly. The other cats in my shipment were moderately tame, but would not remain so long if I put him among them. So I stowed his cage on the iron deck against the rail, carrying the rest of the collection on the tops of No. 1 and No. 2 hatches, with canvas draped tentlike over the cargo booms above as weather protection.

In mid-Pacific on the Granite State, a passenger ship, a blow came on. I remarked to Capt. Harry Wallis that it would be well to shift the leopard cage to a more sheltered coign. "This won't last," said the skipper. "The spray may fly a little, but we'll never ship any green seas in this latitude at this time of year."

A Leopard at Large

About five o'clock the next morning a quartermaster pounded on my cabin door, bringing the news that the leopard was loose. At dawn a wave had broken on the forward deck, knocked the cage ten feet and turned it upside down. Instead of calling me, the officer on watch had let it

Frank Buck With a Baby Tapir

remain there. Another sea smashed down on the upturned cage, broke in the bottom, and the leopard scrambled out and hid among some oil barrels lashed around the foremast.

The passengers were not yet astir, and it was possible to lock off their mid-section of the ship from the foredeck. Asking the captain to order this done, I returned to the cabin to dress, got my rifle and began to work in among the barrels, expecting, as a matter of course, to have to shoot him. But when I got a bead on him not more than ten feet away, he only snarled.

"He's not so bad," I said to myself. "I can take him alive." On the mid-deck directly above us was the officers' mess room, with steps leading to its door. Letting the leopard stay where it was, I hauled the empty cage, now repaired by the ship's carpenter, to the door, closed all other doors and windows of the mess room, then tried to chase the leopard into the room. A shot fired behind him routed him from among the oil barrels, but I pursued him about the foredeck for half an hour before I could maneuver him onto the mid-deck. Meanwhile the eighty passengers had wakened and crowded onto the glassed-in observation gallery above the mess room to watch.

Spots went round and round the mid-deck until, tiring of the chase and finding no other outlet, he turned into the mess-room door and I slammed it behind him. We took the bars out of his cage, pushed it flush against the doorframe, blocked in the space above the cage, then opened the door again. Lowering a dumb-waiter window, I thrust in a long pole with the idea of prodding him into his cage. The leopard was crouched in a corner at the end of the long mess table. He fought the pole and would not quit his corner.

If this would not work, only one other method remained of taking him alive. Sending for my lasso, I tied another section of rope to it and paid the end of the rope through the door and the cage to the hands of sailors outside. Next I climbed in the window and onto the long mess table, picked up the noose end of the rope and crept slowly along the table until I was almost over him. Every time I got that close, he put his forefeet on the table as if about to spring, and I fell back to a spot from where I could dive out the window. We played this game until, by patience, I dropped the loop over his head and yelled to the sailors to pull quick and hard.

The plan was to drag the leopard into the cage by main force, but the animal being at right angles to the direction of pull and the rope having to pass around that corner at the door, natural laws came to the leopard's aid and they barely budged him.

Yet if they could not pull him forward, neither could he move backward. Something had to be done, and that drastic. And it was up to me to do it, so jumping over him, I grabbed his tail, whirled his body around and, robbed of his advantage, he slid forward, clawing at the floor, but irresistibly, and so into his cage. He had been loose for three hours and a half. Five weeks later he took up his residence in the Lincoln Park zoo at Chicago.

With less excuse I have been in closer quarters with a far deadlier antagonist—a king cobra. There are other snake venoms as lethal, but this hamadryad is the largest and most aggressive of the poisonous snakes; its fangs are unusually long and, unlike most of its kind, it hangs on after striking. This particular one was the largest known. The record had been held by one twelve feet six inches long, preserved in alcohol in the Raffles Museum at Singapore. Mine was five inches longer. It went to the Bronx Park zoo, where it died last year, and now is mounted in the American Museum of Natural History.

The Bronx reptile house lacked a specimen and Doctor Ditmars had asked me to be on the lookout for a large one. I was in Johore that trip dickering for a pair of tigers when an old Malay from a northern state came up with a box on his head and sputtered in a dialect I could not understand. I caught two words—"*uhlar*," which is "snake," and "*ringet*," which is "dollars."

Cornered by a Cobra

"Put it down; let's see," I said. He uncovered the grandfather of all hamadryads and, with Ditmars in mind, I bargained for it. The old man had been carrying the snake for weeks and had not cleaned the box. The bottom was rotting and the snake suffering from neglect and from much striking against the fine wire netting across the top. The first thing was to get it back to Singapore and condition it.

When I returned I had my carpenter build a teakwood box with a heavy plate-glass top sliding in a groove. Then we prepared to transfer the snake by placing the old box over the new and knocking the decaying bottom out of the old. The snake would drop through and I would slide the glass plate in the groove. We attempted this in a nipa-thatched shed in my compound. The shed was shallow, inclosed on three sides, entirely open in front and partly filled with empty tiger cages stacked to the roof.

There were two Chinese boys and two Malay boys with me. One of the former went for the old box. I was standing beside the new box and between it and the back wall. As the boy approached he stumbled, jarred the box and the rotten bottom fell out. The snake fell with it, landing on the cement in front of me, belly up.

The boy leaped madly over the new box and was gone, together with the other Chinese boy and one Malay. The second Malay flew up the sides of the stacked tiger cages like a monkey.

Had I had my wits about me I could have jumped over the snake and the new box and followed the boy, but while I hesitated an instant the cobra turned over, reared its head three feet and spread its hood. Then it saw me. I jumped backward. It struck at the same time, and did not miss my leg by more than two inches.

As I fell back I realized that I was trapped. Flattening myself against the back wall, I ran my eyes around for a stick, broom, anything. There was nothing. I was horribly scared.

"What can I do?" I asked myself. I had on a white duck coat, with no shirt beneath, as is customary in the tropics. Ripping it over my head with one movement, I held it in front of me, and as the cobra struck again, I threw myself on it. I came down hard and held myself rigid. I could feel the reptile squirming, but did I have its head pinned down or not? That was the "to be or not to be" of my soliloquy. If I did not, I should not be long in learning. Fortunately, I did have the head pressed beneath my chest, and the snake shortly quit wriggling, except for its tail.

A Gastronomical Feat

The boy on the tiger cages came down cautiously and one Chinese boy returned. I told the Malay: "His head is here and I shall hold it here. You can slide your hand slowly under my chest and wad the coat around the head. It can't strike."

He blanched and backed off, but the Chinese boy took his place, lay alongside me and slowly, very slowly advanced his hand.

"Do you feel his head?"

"Yes, *tuan*."

"Now, then, when I signal I will lift my chest a trifle; you grab the snake just behind the head and wind my coat around it."

He followed instructions, we dropped the king cobra into his new box, slid in the glass and eight or nine weeks later he became the prize exhibit of the Bronx reptile house.

The king cobra eats only other snakes, and for lack of the small, harmless varieties so plentiful in the temperate zone, we brought along two small pythons, five or six feet long, for his commissary. I was a bit dubious about turning a constrictor of even this size loose in the cobra box, for they are impervious to venoms, as are all snakes. I was still more uneasy when a world-championship wrestling match ensued. The cobra struck the python just back of the neck and held on. The python wrapped its coils about the poisonous snake and went to work as if it intended to be the swallower rather than the swallowed. I couldn't see that this crushing pressure bothered the hamadryad. Slowly it worked its jaws forward until, after half an hour, it had the python's head in its mouth. An hour later the last of the constrictor's tail wriggled down the cobra's mouth.

This feat is the more startling if you appreciate the python's power. So sluggish after eating, they are forked lightning when hungry, and strike with the force of a mule's kick. They will lie motionless for days along a branch over a jungle game trail and, when a deer or wild pig passes, will launch a blow on coiled springs that knocks the deer or pig head over heels. Before the animal can scramble up, the snake will be coiled around it. Its jaws being hinged, it can swallow objects three times the diameter of its mouth.

In Palembang, in Sumatra, recently I got a report that a large one was lying in the brush and, having just gorged on a deer,

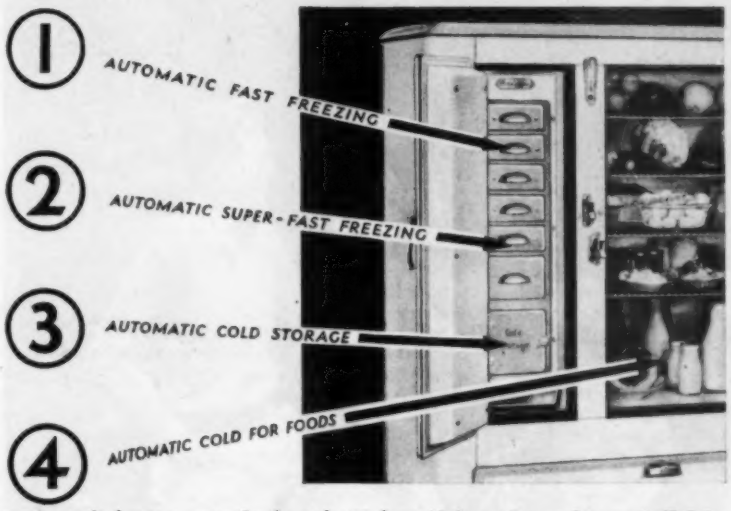
(Continued on Page 157)

4-Way Cold!

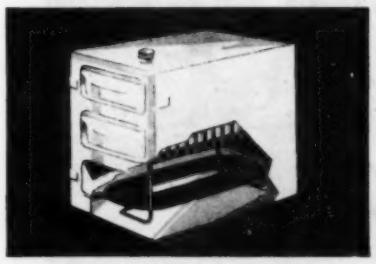
ALL AUTOMATIC

→Fast Freezing . . . .
→Super-Fast Freezing
→Cold Storage . . . .
→Cold for Foods . . . .

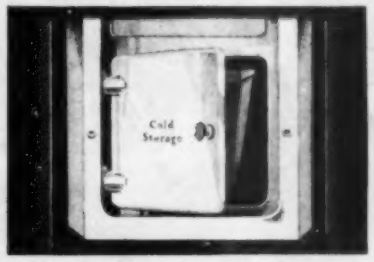
KELVINATOR



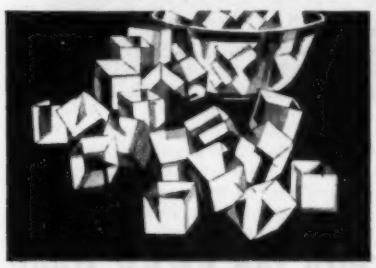
Features noted above are standard on the 12 beautiful new Super-Automatic Kelvinators—with the exception of Cold Storage Compartment, exclusive to De Luxe models. See them at your nearest Kelvinator showroom. Purchase on easy terms through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.



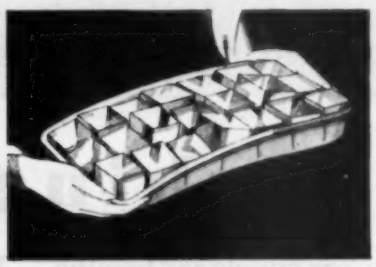
Iso-Thermic Tubes For Super-Fast Freezing—Kelvinator's exclusive new discovery acting as a cold plate, gives amazingly fast freezing, automatically—no regulation needed.



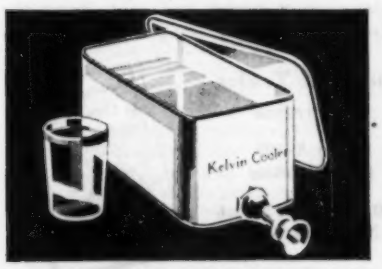
Cold Storage Compartment—Another new exclusive Kelvinator feature. A new, separate compartment, to hold perishable foods indefinitely at *below-freezing* cold.



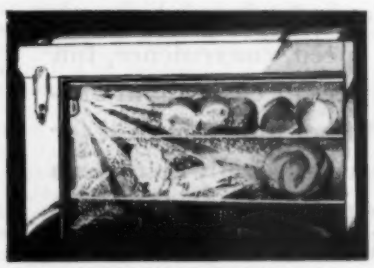
Greatest Ice Capacity—Size for size, De Luxe Kelvinators have the greatest ice-making capacity of any refrigerator. From 20¼ pounds in the smallest size to 35 pounds in the largest size *at a single freezing.*



New Rubber Ice Trays—Of flexible rubber for easy extraction of ice cubes. Slight pressure releases one or all ice cubes in a twinkling. No waste of ice—no melting under faucet.



Kelvin Cooler—Serves a dual purpose—for cooling drinking water or freshening vegetables. All Porcelain finish. Nickel-plated faucet gives easy access to cold water.



Inside Electric Light—On all De Luxe models, an electric light illuminates entire food compartment. Switch and light indicator on front of refrigerator.

These Great New Triumphs Lead All Advances in ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION

WELCOMING its obligation to the public as the originator of successful electric refrigeration, Kelvinator now adds its newest and greatest achievements to the reliability which its name has meant for 16 years.

The new De Luxe Kelvinator actually renders *four* indispensable home services in one refrigerator—each completely automatic and independent of the other—a development totally new in all electric refrigeration.

Without thought on your part, you can now freeze ice cubes and desserts *automatically* and swiftly in a special fast freezing tray. Nothing to regulate. Nothing to forget.

In a separate compartment you obtain *Cold Storage*—with *below-freezing cold* for keeping meats, fish, game, frozen fruit or other frozen delicacies.

Still more, you get far greater ice capacity. Size for size, de luxe model Kelvinators have the greatest ice capacity of any electric refrigerators—providing ice beyond any average household requirement.

Finally, you enjoy the benefits of food compartments held *always* between 40 and 50 degrees. Never a danger of food spoilage through either too low or too high a temperature.

No other refrigerator embodies all of these modern automatic features, together with a host of other exclusive Kelvinator improvements and refinements.

If you want the best in electric refrigeration—the most basic advancements ever made in this great home utility—be sure to see the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators at your earliest opportunity.

Free illustrated folder describing the complete new Kelvinator line will be mailed on request. Ask your dealer about the new Kelvinator Recipe Book.

Kelvinator Corporation, 14250 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan
Kelvinator of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
Kelvinator Limited, London, England

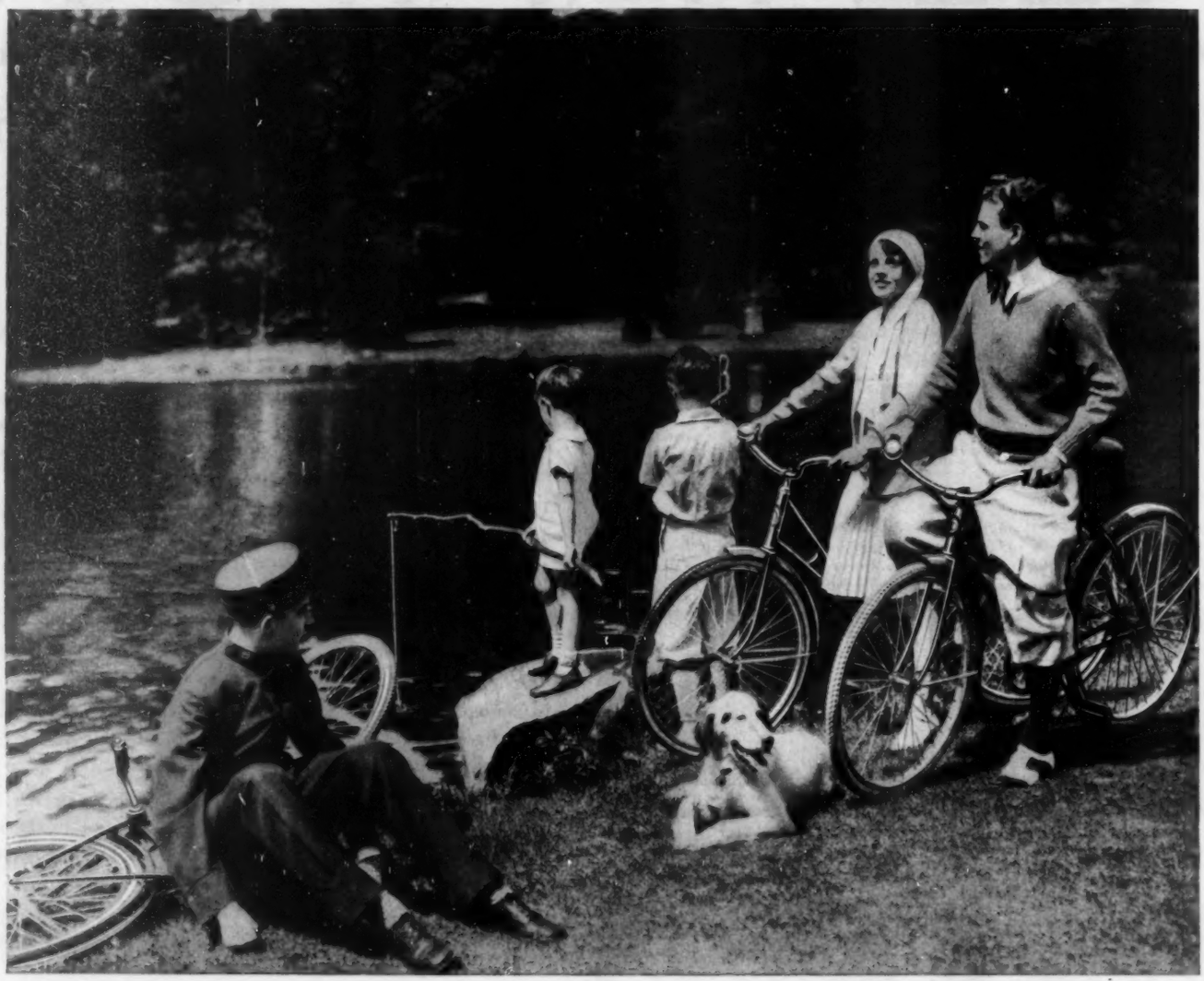
Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

● Please mail me free illustrated folder describing in detail the new Super-Automatic Kelvinators.

Name_____

Address_____

RIDE A BIKE



Let's Go Fishing!

THERE'S many a quiet brook or stream just a few miles out of town where the fishing's fine. Ride your bike to the secluded, shady spot . . . and fish to your heart's content. Going and coming, you ride through country paths where only the bike can go. Parents who gladden the hearts of their children with a bicycle give them a finer start in life . . . the opportunity to build rugged health . . . to exercise every muscle and breathe good, clean, fresh air . . . for almost every month in the year. An up-to-date bike satisfies completely the demand of modern youth for speed, convenience, fun and independence. It costs about one-half of what Mother and Dad paid for theirs . . . and has practically no upkeep expense. If desired, dealers will be glad to extend convenient terms.

Write for FREE Book

Read what doctors, coaches and great athletic champions say about cycling for health. See their pictures. Just write your name and address on a postal and say: Send me "Cycle-logical Ways to Happier Days." Mail to

The Cycle Trades of America
Room A-205
Fisk Building
250 West 57th Street
New York City

Your local DEALER will show latest models

(Continued from Page 153)

could be caught easily. When I reached the scene, a party of Eurasians had shot the snake, cut it open and found a 175-pound antlered deer inside it.

It used to puzzle me how the snake disposed of horns and, particularly, the sharp hoofs of wild hogs, with which the latter cut many snakes to pieces by trampling them. These seemed likely to resist the strongest gastric juices and to be about as awkward internally as so many razor blades. I discovered that on the ninth day after bolting a wild pig, the python passed four balls of hair wrapped as tightly as baseballs. Cutting these open, I found a cloven hoof imbedded like the rubber core of a ball in each. Here is an admirable economy of nature. The unprofitable pig's hair is wrapped around the dangerously sharp pig's hoof and the two expelled together.

The Python's Moving Day

A python's meals are seven to eight weeks apart by choice, and it can go that many months without food before dying. It is not necessary, therefore, to feed them on a voyage. It is essential to douse them daily with water, as they are used to the humidity of the jungle, and to shift them while cleaning boxes. I have handled more pythons, I believe, than any other man and I can change the biggest one from box to box without help. The largest of record, incidentally, is twenty-nine and a half feet. You will hear of constrictors sixty feet long, but I advise you not to believe.

The only secret of moving them is to wait until the head is turned away, and they change position frequently. If I open a box and find the head pointing toward me, I slam the lid quickly and wait, for in that position the snake can strike. In Singapore I was knocked ten feet by one when I raised a lid carelessly. His head was waiting and he launched his blow, then drew back into his box disdainfully. Another time, on shipboard, I raised a lid too quickly, and a python struck with open mouth instead of using his head as a battering ram. He closed his jaws on my forearm and two boys had their hands full prying his mouth open with boards. The teeth are very small, very sharp and very brittle. I was half an hour digging them out of my arm with a knife.

If the head is turned away, it needs only muscle to seize the snake behind the neck, thrust its head into the new box and gradually pay its length from the one into the other.

One got away from me aboard the freighter Bearport one trip and was missing for several days. His box was foul and the only spare I had was a slatted monkey cage. The python was eight inches in diameter and the space between the slats only three or four inches. That seemed to be a safe margin, but the snake squeezed out.

I had a large shipment, including five small elephants which were standing on the iron deck. Their feet began to trouble them and I asked the ship's carpenter to build a wooden floor for them. Chips and I were examining some dunnage lumber in the forward hold and found enough good, wide boards toward the bottom of the heap. We also found my snake. I brought down his box, tossed a gunny sack over his head when he struck, forced his head into the box and worked him out of the lumber.

Coming back last summer I had a fine python, bought from a Chinese trader. It was so sleek and fat that I gave the Chinaman credit for having taken unusual care of it. When I looked in the box one morning in mid-Pacific, I found the snake thin as a rail, and coiled around 120 eggs the size of a goose egg. A snake has no body heat, coiling around her eggs to protect them. The jungle heat does the incubation normally. The egg has a tough, leathery skin and the young are born with a sort of can opener on their heads with which to cut their way out. This comb shrivels away when it has served its purpose. I made no effort to save the eggs. A newborn python is only nine to eleven inches long and the snake is supposed to be fifty to a hundred years in attaining full growth. That is a guess, for there is scant scientific data to go by and even Raymond Ditmars cannot say certainly. This specimen went to a wholesaler in Kansas City, who sold it to a carnival showman.

The black spitting cobra of the Malay country is a nasty customer, biting like the rest of his tribe and spraying his poison as well. I had two in the Singapore compound once and noted that there was no water tin in their box. Spreading a gunny sack over the wire top of the box, I began prying up the wire at one corner with a pair of pliers. I pushed the sack back a trifle to get at a final staple, and as I did one of the snakes shot two streams of venom directly into my eyes, blinding me instantly and totally.

Breaking the German Monopoly

I pulled the sack over the hole, groped for a brick I remembered having seen on the floor, used it to weight the sack, then felt my way out of the shed. The pain was as excruciating as if acid had been thrown in my eyes. I called to Ali, and when he heard what had happened he began to wail and to protest that I never would see again. Boric acid only made the pain more agonizing, so I sent him to the nearest shop, half a mile away, to telephone to a friend at the Raffles Hotel to bring a doctor. The doctor used a wash and cold bandages. In two hours I saw dimly. The pain kept me awake all night, but by the next noon all effects had vanished. Had there been a cut anywhere about my eyes, however, it would have been equivalent to a bite.

The wild-animal trade was a virtual monopoly of Hamburg before the war. Hagenbeck and the other local dealers bought and sold throughout the world. They not only sent collectors into the field but every German consul, exporter, importer and sea captain was a commissioned agent.

From 1914 on, Germany had other business. It has recovered many of its forfeited trades, but is not likely to regain a monopoly in this.

I had loved birds as a boy on a Texas ranch, and disliked cattle. With a forty-dollar-a-month-cowhand future ahead of me, I rode a cattle train to Chicago when I was seventeen, and remained there. I was office boy, then booking agent, and later advertising manager for the old Western Vaudeville Association, which played many animal acts, and had an aviary at home on which all my spare money went. In 1912 I made an experimental trip to Brazil and turned such a profit on the few birds I brought home that I went back in 1913, covering much of South America and returning with a more pretentious collection. Then, in 1914, with Germany cut off from her great trade in Asia, I shifted operations to that continent and gave it my whole heart and time.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Buck and Mr. Stout.

THE SPORTING SIDE OF AVIATION

(Continued from Page 41)

people on shore was so great that they forgot all about coming out to us in a boat. I had to swim ashore and get one. Starting back in it I noticed a man coming at great speed in a canoe to Woodruff's rescue. He was the only one who seemed to have any presence of mind. Later he told us that he had started out from New York and was making a water trip in his frail craft all the way to New Orleans.

The shores of the river here contained a great number of old apple trees. The story is that a man called Johnny Appleseed had gone down the Ohio River before the coming of the settlers and planted fruit trees and vegetables so they could have them when they came. On the opposite side of the river, just back of the town of Moundsville, are the great mounds constructed by the prehistoric mound builders, which are in plain view from the air.

When we first began to use airplanes we used to shoot ducks out of them sometimes. We even tied a couple of automatic shotguns on the struts and fired them by pulling a string attached to the triggers. We would start up a flock of ducks by flying close to the water, then keep close behind them and fire the guns, killing a great number. An observer on the ground watched where they fell and picked them up. It was not a very sporting practice, so we soon stopped it. We also found we could shoot deer from airplanes with machine guns, but this was soon stopped for the same reason.

If a shotgun is fired directly ahead of an airplane, within a few seconds the plane will run right into the shot. This is because the shot has an initial velocity of 900 feet a minute, which falls off very rapidly, until at sixty yards it has only about 400-feet velocity left, and at 100 yards it has none. An airplane going 100 miles an hour covers 100 yards in two seconds, which does not give the shot time to drop.

One of my airplanes was arranged so that I could put two dogs in it for bird shooting. In this way I was able to go wherever the shooting was good, enjoy several hours' sport, then return in a very short time. The dogs became accustomed to riding in airplanes just as they do in automobiles, and would lie still and behave themselves in splendid fashion.

Once Lieutenant Bissell, one of my aides, brought a dog to me across the Alleghany Mountains, together with a couple of sacks full of Chesapeake Bay oysters. The vibration of the plane made the sharp edges of the oysters cut through the sacks, then cut through the fabric of the fuselage and fall out, with the result that he left a trail of oysters through the middle of the Alleghany Mountains. People must have wondered greatly when they found fresh oysters along a lonely mountain trail and dripping from the trees and bushes.

An Interrupted Jaguar Hunt

We used to carry canvasback ducks and fish caught in the morning in Chesapeake Bay, and dine that evening on them in Detroit, Milwaukee or Chicago. I had another airplane especially fixed up for duck hunting, which is usually better during heavy storms, rain and snow. This ship had an arrangement for the pilot and mechanic to sit side by side instead of one behind the other. We made many trips through storms and learned a great deal about them. One time we landed just about sunrise on the banks of the Wicomico River, sixty miles from Washington, got into our blinds, killed our limit of canvasbacks in four hours, and started to return. The storm had become so intense and the ground was covered so deeply with snow that all traffic was held up. We took off in the face of it, although I could hardly see half a mile ahead of me. In spite of the ship being somewhat covered with ice, we made good time. As we flew up the Potomac we could see that all railway traffic was held up, as well as automobiles on the roads. Boats could not navigate the Potomac River. Domestic animals were all huddled up in their stables. When we landed at Bolling Field, the noise of the wind and storm was so great that the crew on duty did not even hear us alight. The airplane was the only means of transportation that could go straight through such conditions.

Many years ago in El Paso, Texas, Captain—now Colonel—Hannay of the infantry and I started into the Sacramento Mountains to kill some deer. We reached our destination and within a few hours I had killed two black-tail deer. Captain Hannay had killed one, and as he was looking for the second his orderly called suddenly, "Captain—Captain, look at the tiger!" Looking about, he saw a large jaguar disappear over the crest of a hill. We followed him to his den in the face of a vertical cliff about 2000 feet high. With our equipment it was impossible for us to get down to the den, which was some 200 feet down a sheer precipice; so we decided to return to El Paso and fix up some ropes for getting down there, also some smoke balls to throw into the den, consisting of woolen yarn dipped in turpentine, then rolled in red pepper and gunpowder. When set on fire, these balls made a thick suffocating smoke mixed with red pepper that would drive the animals out. I was interrupted in my preparations by being ordered to Washington to serve on the General Staff. Some years afterward, at the conclusion of the European war, I flew into El Paso in my plane. I thought of the time we had hunted the jaguar, so I flew into the mountains and found the canyon where the jaguars lived, saw the den and, from the indications around it, I am sure the jaguars were still there at that time, and probably are today.

From our planes we often look for fish, porpoises, sharks and giant rays, or devilfish. In certain stages of the sun and in clear water they are very easy to see.

Flying in different parts of the world, taking up people of different nationalities and seeing their reaction has a great fascination. When the Prince of Wales was staying with me on the Rhine, just after the Armistice, I took him on quite a long trip up the Moselle River, then across to the Rhine and around the area occupied by the American Army. All the old castles were spread out before us, of which the Prince knew all the legends, the owners and former occupants. We crossed the Rhine at the Lorelei and saw the Drachenfels with its ruined castle on top. Although it was during the early part of January, the sun came out fitfully through the clouds, affording us a remarkable display of lights and shadows on the ground. Over Neuwied, at an altitude of 4000 feet, we saw the Princess of Neuwied in her garden, with a large white bulldog which she always kept with her. As we approached the landing field again, we could see the old Roman edifices along the bank of the Moselle that were erected in Cæsar's time.

A Calling Card From the Skies

At another time, in the Philippines, I took up General Aguinaldo, the leader of the Philippine insurrection in 1899. We flew over the places where we had fought in the campaign twenty-five years before, then along the west coast of the island of Luzon over Mariveles Mountain, an extinct volcano, then over to Cavite Province, where Aguinaldo was born. We could see Taal volcano, which is in the middle of a lake and erupts mud. This mud has caustic properties which cause it to burn up vegetation and make sores on cattle and livestock. Volcanoes may erupt mud, like Taal, or ashes, like the Mayon volcano, also in the Philippines, or lava, like Vesuvius.

As we passed over the various towns, General Aguinaldo, who of course could read the map as well as any of us, recognized everything; and to show the people on the ground that he had flown over, he frequently dropped his calling card, hoping that somebody would find it. I have never seen a person more keenly observant on his first air trip, or one who enjoyed it more.

A SPRING TONIC for the WHOLE FAMILY

NOW is the time to begin that reducing or building-up campaign you have been talking about all winter. For those who have lost weight and those who have carelessly allowed the unwelcome pounds to steal up on them unawares, Detecto will prove a fine little ally. Daily weighing on Detecto has become a new national health habit. Absolutely indispensable in homes where there are growing children. Get your Detecto and begin immediately to "watch your weight for health."

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A few days after this, Mrs. Mitchell and I went into the northern part of the island of Luzon, among the savages and head hunters. At Camp Stotsenburg, General Hagood had invited the tribes of Negritos to come in and see us and have a feast on some old horses that were to be killed for that purpose. These people are diminutive in stature—only about four feet high. Their characteristics are distinctly Negroid—black skin, thick lips, flat noses and very curly, bushy hair. They do not know how to make fires, and eat only roots and raw meat. They file their front teeth sharp, so as to be able to tear the raw meat more easily. They live in little wikiups around the roots of trees, in hollow trees, and even up in the branches.

Their king—Lucas by name—brought with him one of his wives and a small baby that weighed about two pounds. General Hagood had had a uniform made for Lucas and presented him with a sword, while we decorated him with a medal, made of the top of a tomato can and called The Order of the Dead Horse. Then I took him up in the air. We tied him in securely, and the poor little creature put his head down in the cockpit and remained perfectly quiet. Only once did he see the ground—when I tilted the airplane up sideways and slipped it so he could look out without putting his head up. I landed after a few minutes, and all his people trooped up around him to hear what he had to say. Immediately the airplane was on the ground, all fear left him and he stood up in the cockpit and told them all about the flight. He reminded me very much of some of his white brothers who never see anything from the air, but when they get down tell all about it.

A short time after this we went up to visit Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, the war lord of Manchuria, at Mukden. I had known him a great many years and he was always an interesting character to me. He had some new French airplanes that were very good and well kept up; also he was building some large new arsenals to manufacture guns and ammunition. I thought, while I was flying one of his new ships, that I might just as well take some photographs of what was going on. So I told my aide to take my camera and photograph all the new military works in that vicinity. I asked him if he knew how to work the camera, and he said he did. After flying around for an hour or so, and using up a couple of rolls of film, we landed. To my great disappointment, I found that he had been just pressing the release on the shutter, instead of setting it and then pressing it; consequently the photographs were all blanks. I told General Chang about it, as I thought it was too good a joke to keep. He laughed heartily and told me it was in return for a joke I told him many years before, when he invited me to dinner. The flies were very bad and lit on his bald head; so he asked me how I thought he could get rid of them. I advised him to tattoo a spider's web on his head and then the flies would be scared and stay away. He had never forgotten that.

In Siam, Java, India and other parts of Asia the air gives more of a picture of conditions than does any other means of travel. The wastes of the north, the deserts and the dense forests form a never-ending source of interest to the flyer. As the world has become so well known on both the ground and the water, there remains little for the venting of the spirit of sport and adventure except the air.

The flying of gliders is an interesting and delightful pastime. The ordinary glider is built similar to an airplane, but without an engine; consequently it is very lightly loaded and has comparatively large surfaces. Thus, every advantage can be taken of up-currents of air for sustaining or carrying the glider to greater altitudes. The power imparted by the air to the glider is the same as that which sustains vultures and other birds of that type in their gliding and soaring flight.

The delight of motorless flying lies in its quietness, the absence of vibration, the delicacy of touch required to handle the controls, the slowness with which one is able to land, and the remarkable property which the glider has of going up and down in the air due to ascending and descending currents. It gives one a knowledge of movements in the air to an even greater extent than is obtained in free ballooning. Free ballooning has been a sport for more than 150 years, but since the coming of the airplane it has diminished somewhat in importance and popularity.

Anyone who can fly an airplane even passably is able to handle a glider. They are given their initial velocity, or starting speed, by being pulled along the ground downhill, or by spring arrangements, something like a catapult. We used to take a lot of shock-absorber cord, to a length of about 100 feet, hook it to the glider, pulling it out to its maximum of elasticity, then let it pull the glider forward until it took the air. The hook would disengage itself when the cord became slack. Gliders may also take off from cliffs, high buildings or from airplanes and airships.

Aviation for sport is organized along quite solid and practical lines in England in light-airplane clubs. They receive certain assistance from the government, and their members obtain free instruction in flying, besides other privileges. They stage competitions and flying meets, and do much toward popularizing and advancing aviation. In the United States, airplane country clubs are beginning to be organized under the auspices of certain organizations interested in the production and sale of airplanes.

THE POETS' CORNER

Alone

WHEN we're together, how the moments fly!
We toss them up like jewels in the sun;
We catch them lightly as a falling leaf,
To find a light that's new in every one.
Life, then, to us is all a game of play
With leaves and jewels, and too short a day.

But when alone with Time, and you away,
I hear those heavy, deadly strokes of his
At Life's foundations, aiming at our years,
That fall in thuds from blows that never miss.
What are our moments then, so weak and small,
When years of life are heard to crash and fall!

—*W. H. Davies.*

The New Planet

AN UNSEEN world within our ken at last,
Though centuries have passed
Like waters flowing;
Another world, and greater than our own,
That men have never known
With all their knowing.

Yet some will tell you only things they see
Can ever really be,
And worlds of all things.
Small minds are always saying, "Here's the end,"
Can only comprehend
The very small things.

But greater minds see farther than the eye,
This planet in this sky
Have seen for ages;
And hearts see farther than the greatest minds;
The soul forever finds
More than the sages.

Within our ken another world arrives;
Ah, yes, new stars, new lives
Are in the making.
Faith walks ahead, and science follows on,
Sees day where faith saw dawn
Before its breaking.

—*Douglas Malloch.*

To a Tiger Passing My Tent

OH, MIGHTY voice that in the night went by,
And with the wild wasie communed as it went,
Hurling that bitter sound, that fierce lament,
To far the stillness between earth and sky,
What loneliness has fashioned such a sigh?
Have you from some remoter star been sent
Into that black and yellow tenement
To be a curse to Earth, at which you cry?

No, you are but the voice of earthly need;
The cheating of the city is no more
Than this same power making the powerless bleed.
This also is our voice when oft at war,
And, you and we being thus, how should we cease
From the world's way for any dreams of peace?

—*Lord Dunsany.*

PHOTO. BY A. C. SHELTON
A Scene on Lake Erie

When I am Very, Very Old

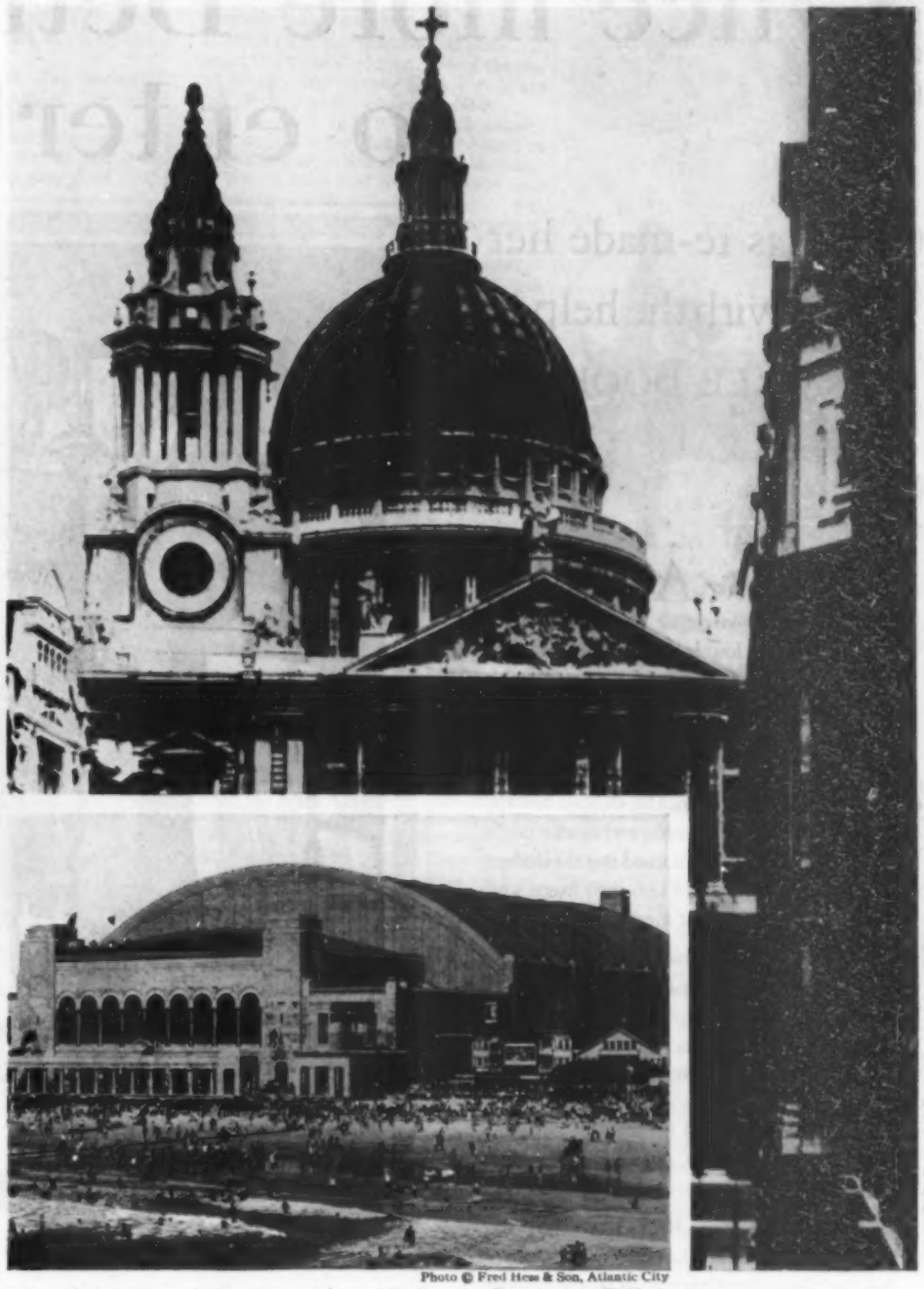
WHEN I am very, very old
I mean to dress exquisitely;
Not black with lace and lavender,
But really quite illicitly!
For lavender and black and gray
Lend to pale cheeks no warming glow;
When I am very, very old
You'll never catch me dressing so.
My hair will lie like smooth, sleek cream,
Two emeralds green as any sea
Will peep from its deep, dented waves,
And on my ears wink merrily;
Rich velvet gowns, brocades of gold
Each night will sweep in fine disdain;
Around, around my hidden throat
Bright jewels crowded in a chain.
And all day long and every day
In shimmering white will I be found.
A crimson scarf I'll gayly bear,
Or book in red morocco bound;
And wafted from me as I pass
Perfume from all spring flowers blent,
So everyone will lift his head
To breathe the air left redolent.
When, therefore, I am really old,
I mean to be my loveliest
And take the time I can't spare now
To look my very, very best!

—*Maud Newlin Page.*

ON THE FOG-DRAPED DOME OF OLD ST. PAUL'S,

BEN FRANKLIN PLACED THIS WROUGHT-IRON 160 YEARS AGO!

"THE VITAL ELEMENT" PROTECTS ENGLISH SHRINE



IN 1769, at the suggestion of King George III, the Royal Society of London selected Benjamin Franklin as chairman of a committee to provide St. Paul's Cathedral with protection against lightning.

The ingenious American devised a system which utilized the metal parts of the building as conductors, and bridged these parts with wrought-iron bars. Only recently these bars were removed from the cathedral—and they were in excellent condition, having defied the assaults of English climate for more than a century and a half.

Analysis of these wrought-iron bars revealed the intact presence of the *Vital Element* — iron silicate—which has prolonged the life of the bars by resisting successfully corrosive elements which would have destroyed other ferrous metals. This *Vital Element* is the reason wrought-iron is the most serviceable and enduring of ferrous metals.

No other ferrous metal provides better protection against corrosion and leaks than Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe. It furnishes great strength and resistance to vibration. Within the walls of your home or property, it is protection that functions satisfactorily for decades. The Spiral Stripe is your guarantee of quality in wrought-iron and superiority in pipe. The word "Byers" imprinted in the metal at short intervals is further guarantee.

In the puddling process the *Vital Element* is uniformly distributed throughout the iron. When rolled, the *Vital Element* divides into small strips throughout the metal. There is a minimum of 250,000 of these non-rusting ribbons to the square inch of metal! Like the silicate compound in glass, this iron silicate defies corrosion completely and perpetually.

Whatever the need in service or endurance, Byers Genuine Wrought-Iron Pipe is the standard of economical, time-defying use. Buy it once and forget it for the rest of your life. Demand the Spiral Stripe. Look for the "Byers" imprint in plain view. Send for Bulletin No. 38.

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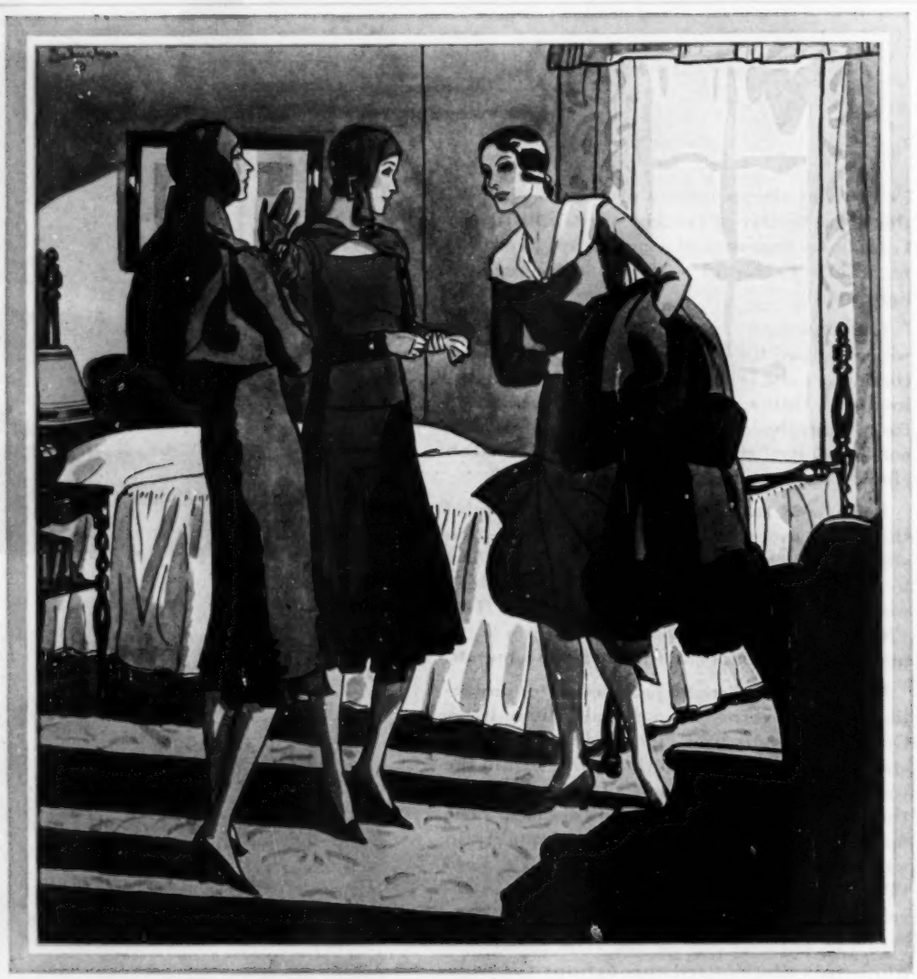
BYERS GENUINE WROUGHT IRON PIPE

AN INVESTMENT—NOT AN OUTLAY

Once more Beth is proud to entertain

She has re-made her home with the help of this FREE BOOKLET



ALL unawares, the Martins had *outgrown* their home furnishings. Their furniture no longer reflected their position. Beth, becoming conscious of the unfavorable impression guests received, came to dread even the little entertaining necessary to repay social obligations.

Then a simply written booklet showed her why their rooms were commonplace when they might have been beautiful. She learned that the changes which would bring charm into their home were well within their modest means.

Room by room, she replaced the mediocre, old-fashioned things with smart, tasteful, up-to-date furnishings. New rugs; a comfortable, good-looking new davenport; a console table and mirror for the hall—purchases like these soon made the transformation complete. Before she realized it, her home had become the social hub of her little circle. *Now, once more,* she is proud to entertain!

Would you like to learn Beth's secret? Visit the merchant who displays the emblem shown here. Ask for "Capturing Charm with Home Furnishings," the booklet that helped her so much. Then compare your own possessions with the suggestions you'll find in its pages and with the furnishings available today.

You need not postpone the pleasure of having a home that truly tells what you are. The modern way of buying furniture eliminates all waiting. It is sensible and business-like.

FREE

BOOK

This helpful, color illustrated 24-page booklet may be had for the asking at any store displaying the emblem at the top of this page—the modern guide to dependable home furnishings counsel

SWORDSMEN OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 25)

by marlin or sailfish. It's a known fact that swordfish kill whales, and the theory is they mistook this ship for a whale."

"It will be most interesting," Tierney nodded casually, "to hook one of these fish. I'll get a great kick, Welkin, out of watching you battle with him."

II

DAWN broke and darkness fled in a series of lightning changes. First, the eastern horizon grayed; and before this faint illumination had reached the cruiser, the horizon stood out clear after having been tinted a million shades of gray that grew into lavender, and lavender that expanded into pink, and pink that livened into the gold of morning.

The sea lay about them oily smooth. High overhead a vaguely opalescent fog lay across the heavens, and the light of day creeping under this fog polished it with the skill and the artistry of a silversmith. In the distance behind them loomed the rugged shores of islands off Mexico and Southern California. Near at hand, the surface of the sea reflected the gray of the high fog, but far off the water became curiously blue, like a slowly heaving turquoise. Now and then, when bright sunlight pierced through rifts in the fog, the effect was magical.

It was a perfect day for swordfishing. These monsters of the deep, which loll upon the surface and feed upon schools of mackerel, barracuda, flying fish and other surface swimmers, render themselves visible to a sharp eye through their sickle-shaped dorsal fin and sharply spiked tail. It was this telltale evidence for which Welkin sought.

Captain Ray kept the cruiser at a speed of eight or ten knots and he virtually set the helm so that they cruised in ever-widening circles.

Scarcely had Welkin been aloft thirty minutes when his welcome and excited cry sounded below.

"Swordfish!" he shouted.

"Where away?" Captain Ray yelled.

"Two points on the starboard bow!" Welkin called as he clambered out of the crow's nest and down the short mast to the roof of the cabin.

"That's right," he called from there. Then, as Captain Ray swung the cruiser in the direction indicated: "Give her all she's got, Ray. Let's get there before that fellow sinks. You, Jimmy," he called then, "grab the wheel! Now, Ray, hook a barracuda onto that line of mine and pass the pole to me up here. I'll try and direct you close enough so we can drag the bait ahead of this fellow without scaring him down. If we're lucky enough to hook him, I'll manage to get back to the fishing chair while he's running with the line."

His words were given calmly, except for the terse, crisp quality of his voice. "Tierney," he called, "if you want to see this fellow, come up here with me. But if I hook him, make it your business to keep out of my way."

Laughing, the capitalist climbed onto the roof of the cabin and braced himself with one hand against the mast to steady himself against the easy rolling of the boat.

"There he lies," Welkin pointed earnestly. "See those fins?"

It took the capitalist a moment or two to locate the fish, and when he did, something of Welkin's excitement gripped him. "He's a big fellow," he whispered. "Lord, what a tail he's got, and that dorsal fin."

From below, Captain Ray reported the gear ready, and Welkin looked down at the man and instructed him to stand the pole against the cabin and lay the bait along the gunwale in readiness to be cast over the side.

"Do you see the fish, Ray?" he asked when this had been done.

"'Course I see him," the captain snapped. "He's maybe two hundred yards dead ahead. And he looks like a healthy specimen. With that length from dorsal to spike, he'd go between three and four hundred pounds."

But Welkin was interested in other things than estimating the weight of their quarry. "Let's break our run of hard luck on this fellow," he snapped at Captain Ray. "You'd better get inside the cabin and take the wheel. When I sing out, cut the speed to four or five knots and then follow my directions with the wheel. What we'll do is cut across in front of him by at least a hundred yards. Then we'll turn and run parallel with him, so that the bait will drag across within his range."

"Aye, aye," Captain Ray responded. "Here you, Jimmy!" he called. "Stand by to hand Mr. Welkin this rod."

A few moments passed during which Welkin and Tierney, as well as Jimmy and Captain Ray, kept their gaze glued to the motionless fins ahead.

"It's just a chance now," Welkin said tensely to the capitalist at his side. "It's just a matter of sheer luck. The fish may sink before we get into range. Again, we may drag that bait within two inches of his nose and he won't hit it. We've one chance in a hundred. . . . I guess that's what makes it such a sport."

Then he called out to the captain. "Now," he shouted, "throw her hard over to port and cut your speed! . . . Here, Jimmy, hand me that pole and stand by to drop the bait over when I tell you! Hold it by the leader and let it trail gently over the side when I say the word."

Critically he inspected the rod and the reel. Then he lifted the drag so that the line played free.

"Watch the way we try to do this, Tierney," he suggested. "You see where the fish is and where we're headed? We'll run a hundred yards past him, then go hard a-starboard, and in that way drag the bait down onto the fish. If he sees it, all well and good. The question is then: Will he take it? If he takes it, all well and good." He laughed again, that short, excited laugh. "Then the job is to hook him and battle him for maybe two hours, or four, or six. There's no telling."

He raised his eyes again and smiled grimly as he saw the fins still showing on the surface. "So far, he's an obliging devil. I hope he stays in the mood. . . . All right, Jimmy, trail that bait over."

The silvery form of the barracuda slid into the clear water and from his place atop the cabin Welkin paid out line from the reel—a hundred feet, two hundred, three hundred. Then he called sharply to Captain Ray, "Hard over, Ray. Hard a-starboard. The fish is still up. Can you see him?"

"I see him," Captain Ray called as the cruiser heeled sharply in response to the rudder. "I see him, skipper. Maybe you better tend to the fishin' and I'll look after the boat."

"All right," Welkin agreed. "You know where the bait is?"

"'Course I know where the bait is!" Captain Ray answered in offended tones. "You'd better come below, sir, and get aft. You'll probably want to use the socket in the chair most, but maybe you'd better strap on a belt too."

So Tierney and Welkin, the latter carrying the rod and checking the play in the line by pressure against the thumb drag, climbed down from the cabin roof and went aft to the swivel chair.

As they worked, Welkin cast feverish eyes from the still-visible fins of the fish back to his bait, and then, speculatively, toward the cabin where Captain Ray was guiding the boat.

"If that fish only don't sink before we get in range," he said hoarsely to Tierney. "If we can only drag that bait across in front of him. And then feel him hit it."

The capitalist glanced at his host and was amazed to see drops of perspiration on the man's forehead and a definite trembling of his nostrils and lips and the hands that held the heavy rod.

It seemed to him that the cruiser crept across the water at a snail's pace. Once the fish, with a single flirt of its mighty tail, moved several yards, and the men held their breath. But it did not sink, and when it became again motionless on the surface, Welkin heaved an audible sigh of relief.

"Pretty work, Captain Ray," he called suddenly as the boat turned again.

Tierney followed with his eyes the graceful sweep of the line that led to the bait. It caused tiny ripples on the surface of the sea, and slowly these ripples made a wide arc that partially encircled the broadbill.

"If he stays up," Welkin said tensely, "he's bound to see that bait, or bound to smell it. I've never been sure which they do."

"With a nose that long," Tierney said facetiously, "they probably smell it." But the humor was lost in the tense excitement of the moment.

Slowly the bait circled closer and closer to the unsuspecting fish. The passing of each moment exacted a terrific toll from Welkin's nervous system. Once he shook his head violently and blew a drop of perspiration from the end of his nose.

At what seemed the crucial moment, Captain Ray leaned out the cabin door.

"He'll make a move now if he's ever going to," he called. "Don't forget, sir; let him run a little way if he hits it. Give him plenty of time. When you're ready to hit back at him, set your drag and give him all you got. Don't be afraid of breakin' him off. That line'll hold as hard as you can pull."

Welkin set the butt of the rod into his belt socket. He glanced again at the bait and then once more at the basking fish. As he watched, there came another flirt of the mighty tail.

"He sees it!" Jimmy cried. "He sees the bait, Mr. Welkin!"

"Stand clear, Tierney," Welkin snapped. "Move back a few feet."

There was another flirt of the big tail, and the motion of the broadbill left swirls and ripples on the oily surface. The fish was moving toward the bait. Suddenly an inarticulate sound crossed Welkin's lips. He was a changed man, and to Tierney, who watched breathlessly, there came some of this excitement.

Suddenly the swordfish darted ahead, then disappeared beneath the surface.

"He's gone!" Tierney gasped in hollow tones. "After all that trouble, he's gone!"

"Shut up!" Welkin cried hoarsely. "Shut up! Stand clear of me!"

"Look out now!" Captain Ray shouted from the cabin. "Stand by, Mr. Welkin! He's going to hit you!"

Then came the blow. Welkin's arms straightened as the huge sword of the fish swept down upon the bait and the wire leader. Once the big fish struck, and twice. Welkin staggered under each blow.

"Keep your drag off," Captain Ray shouted. "Let him run with it!"

Welkin braced himself, and Tierney watched the big reel and saw that the line was playing out with rapidity. Fifty feet ran off, and a hundred, and a hundred and fifty. Then Captain Ray called out sharply, "Set your drag, sir! Set your drag and hit him back! Hit him with all you got!"

There was a sharp click from the reel. The line hauled suddenly taut, so that it sang like a banjo string. Welkin jerked his arms upward and lunged back with his entire weight. The heavy rod bent almost double.

"Hit him again!" Captain Ray shouted.

Welkin complied. Three times he struck back with all his strength, and, as he did so, the great reel whirred under his forearms.

Three hundred yards of line were run out on that first surge of the fighting fish. Panting with excitement, Welkin called over his shoulder to Captain Ray.

(Continued on Page 164)

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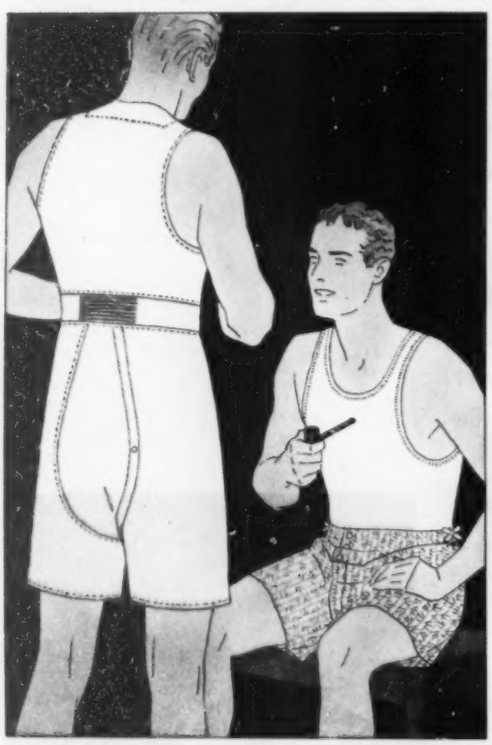

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HANES UNDERWEAR

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TRADE MARK HANES

(Continued from Page 161)

"Swing around and follow him!" he shouted. "Speed up and let me get back some of this line!"

The captain swung the boat around and opened wide the throttle. A cool spray dashed over the bow and flung itself across Tierney's face and Welkin's neck and shoulders. The latter had swung his chair so that it faced partially forward. By watching the line, Captain Ray was able to guide the boat to prevent entanglement.

In this first surge, the fish had sounded at a gradual angle. It was now some three hundred feet deep and half again as far as that away from the boat. By working feverishly, pulling with all his strength upward and then reeling in line as he lowered the tip of the rod, Welkin had regained some fifty yards of line.

Tierney watched this struggle with an immense interest. Once the fish had struck and been hooked, there seemed to him little of interest and lots of labor in the procedure. Nothing was seen or heard now but the swishing of the line, the roaring of the motor and the whirring of the reel with each successive lunge of the broadbill.

But Welkin was working as a man never had worked before. Perspiration streamed from his forehead and clung in glistening drops to his eyebrows. His breath came in short gasps and at times his laborious effort forced half moans across his lips. Tierney knew that the back of the man must be strained to the breaking point, his arms throbbing with the violence of this struggle. But he managed to catch a fleeting glimpse of Welkin's eyes, and a light of exultation flamed in them.

This give-and-take battle of muscle against speed and power endured for an hour. During this time, nothing at all was seen of the fish. He kept to the depths and ran with all his strength. After an hour's struggle, Welkin had managed to recover the two-hundred-yard mark on the line. He gasped in appreciation as the marker crept inch by inch to the reel. Then, in a single violent surge occupying not more than a few seconds, the fish dragged off a solid hundred yards of line and the three-hundred-yard marker bobbed and twisted on the surface of the water.

"It's no use," Welkin called. "He's a big one, Ray. I'll never last it out at this rate."

"'Course you'll last it out!" Captain Ray shouted. "There's only one thing to do. Set the drag and let him tow the boat." Welkin nodded and braced his feet against the gunwale. His elbows he rested against his knees for purchase, and so the second hour of the battle passed away.

At times the boat cut across the water almost as though it were under its own power. At others, the fish seemed to tire and the motion of the cruiser became almost unnoticeable.

"You've had a rest now," Captain Ray called heartlessly to Welkin at such times. "Pump him a bit. Get in some more line."

So Welkin began the ceaseless dragging of the rod upward and reeling as he lowered it. Each gesture taxed his strength to the utmost, and the most productive of them gained him but a few inches of line.

"I can't budge him," he admitted at last. "Man, alive, what a fish he is!"

"You gotta get the line in," Captain Ray snapped. "You stand by and I'll run up onto him again."

The cruiser, once again under its own power, kicked up to maximum speed of about fourteen knots. In this way, Welkin's feverish effort produced thoroughly desirable results. For the first time since the fish had been hooked, the hundred-yard marker on the line reached the tip of the rod.

"You've got him now." Captain Ray chuckled. "Don't be afraid to work him. That line won't carry away." Then, in the same breath, he shouted a warning: "Look out! He's comin' up! Keep that line taut! Don't give him no slack!"

At these words, Tierney, who had seen nothing but the fin and tail of the fish and the agonized labor of Welkin, found a renewed interest in the proceedings. His eyes followed the line from the tip of the pole into the water and he saw its angle lessening in relation to the surface.

"There she blows!" Captain Ray shouted. "Keep that line tight!"

Some hundred yards off the port beam, the calm of the sea suddenly became turmoil. The frenzied broadbill leaped three or four feet out of the water and shook his head in a mad effort to unhook himself. The high fog had burned off now, and the marvelous body of the fish, shimmering silver underneath and deep purple on top, glistened in the sun. The water swept from its under fins like molten silver. Its body arched in midair and the tip of Welkin's rod vibrated frantically.

"Great sea toads, what a fish!" Tierney shouted suddenly. "Hold him, Welkin! Fight him! He's a prize!"

The broadbill crashed back into the sea in a silver splash, but his body seemed never to leave the surface. And as they watched, he whirled suddenly toward them and came toward the boat like a rocket.

"Reel!" Captain Ray shouted. "Get in that line!"

Welkin's aching muscles wound in the loose line as fast as the man was able. But to keep pace with the approaching fish was out of the question and the line backed off and hung limp from the tip, and threatened to tangle at the reel.

"Get out of his way!" Jimmy shouted. "Kick her ahead, captain; he's comin' for us!"

Just at the moment when disaster seemed inevitable, the fish changed its course toward the stern of the cruiser. And with distended eyes, Welkin reeled in the slack and gave a hoarse shout of triumph when he discovered the fish still hooked.

"He'll sound again now," Captain Ray told him. But the broadbill had other ideas. He swung sharply to the right and took off some fifty or sixty feet of line before he whirled again and started for the boat.

"Here he comes again!" Jimmy yelled, terrified, and Tierney unconsciously cringed back against the cabin bulkhead.

"Kick her ahead!" Welkin shouted. "Try and dodge him or I'll give him slack again!"

Tierney, there against the bulkhead, watched the approaching monster. His knees trembled under him and his collar wilted under sudden perspiration. The fish came across the water like a locomotive. His rapierlike sword stood two or three feet above the surface and waved back and forth in semicircles that might have slashed a hole in any boat and would certainly have cut a man in two like a guillotine.

"He won't attack!" Captain Ray called. "He's just surface fighting. Trying to shake that hook out of his mouth. You, Jimmy, get that big gaff ready. If he comes too close I'll take a belt at him."

Tierney cringed against the cabin and Jimmy brought to Captain Ray the heavy gaff. Welkin reeled violently. His face and hands dripped perspiration and his clothing was saturated with it.

Some fifteen feet from the boat the fish swerved again and leaped, its body flying ten feet clear of the water. When it crashed downward, those aboard the cruiser were splashed heavily with spray. The line held taut and the reel sang again. Welkin swore hopelessly as a hundred feet, then two hundred, and three hundred, sped off the reel.

"He's not half as tired as I am," he said to Captain Ray. "We'll never land that fellow. You'd better swing around and let him tow the boat some more." But even as he spoke, the actions of the fish changed.

He became almost a dead weight on the line, and the rod in Welkin's hands bobbed awkwardly, even though the fish did not seem to be fighting.

"He's got himself fouled in the leader," Captain Ray allowed thoughtfully. "That last leap of his tangled him up in the wire leader. He's your fish now. Try and pump him in."

Calling on reserve strength, the existence of which he had not himself suspected,

(Continued on Page 188)

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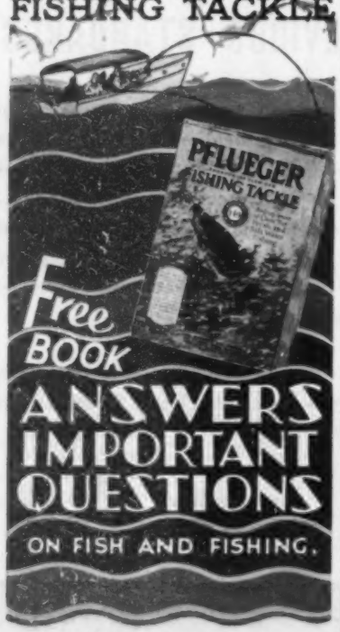

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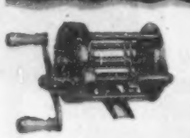

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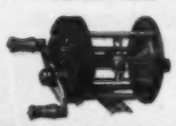

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(Continued from Page 164)

Welkin began the heart-rending toil. With each heave of his body backward and the ensuing lowering of the rod, he was able to gain from one to two feet. It was as though he was hoisting a dead weight, and because of this cessation in the fish's struggles, Tierney stood beside Welkin's shoulders and spoke to him encouragingly.

"Well," Welkin inquired across pale lips, "what do you think now of broadbill fishing?"

Tierney made no answer other than a nod of the head. Though he had taken no active part in the battle, that last charge of the fish had left him frightened and pale. Something which he had never understood before suddenly became plain to him; yet he could not exactly tell what it was. He glanced downward at the reel and saw that it was splashed red with blood where blisters on Welkin's hand had burst and the flesh under them cracked wide. He doubted if Welkin was aware of these injuries.

Four hours after Welkin had hooked the broadbill, the huge creature was swimming partly on its side fifty feet off the stern of the boat. Its great, black, staring eyes seemed to fasten upon Tierney. Its tremendous sword cleaved the water as a razor might slip through butter. There seemed hatred in the big black eyes, and desperation; and Tierney knew a vague hope that the line might break so that the fish need come no nearer.

"He's yours now!" Captain Ray was shouting to Welkin. "Don't quit him, boy! You'll forget that backache tomorrow! See that? He's almost belly up now. Just hold him steady for another ten minutes, then I'll swing in close to him and we'll get in line that way."

So they waited, the fish keeping the line taut as a violin string and watching the boat and its occupants with his huge black eyes. Welkin waited, his feet braced against the gunwale and his hand dripping blood between his knees. He was pale and haggard looking, but a light burned in his eyes, and when he spoke, his voice was high and happily tense.

"Now, Jimmy," Captain Ray said at last, "you take the wheel. Mind you do just as I say too, or I'll dust off your skull with a belayin' pin."

Eagerly the younger man darted into the cabin. At a word from the captain, he moved the boat ahead ten or fifteen yards, then threw the helm hard over so that the bow swung toward the fish. In due course this gave to Welkin slack line, and he reeled it in. Five or six times this operation was repeated. Then Captain Ray reached out over the gunwale and caught the wire leader in his hands.

"He was tangled in it all right," he pointed out. "Look at the red blood behind his dorsal there. That's where the leader cut him, and the bleedin' didn't do his strength no good."

As Captain Ray held the fish by the leader, Welkin sagged in his chair and something between a sob and a laugh rattled in his throat.

"Hold him if you can, Ray," he muttered. "I've got to stand up and stretch." So Captain Ray held the leader and took the strain off the rod.

Tierney peered over the side of the boat and downward upon the mighty fish. It was as beautiful in appearance as it was terrible in aspect. It was exhausted, but nothing of the fighting spirit had left the staring, black eyes. Down across its purple back and silver belly a jagged scar showed, and the flesh gaped open where the wire leader had cut deep.

"You be ready," Captain Ray warned Welkin. "Don't let go of that rod, sir. One quick jump'll snatch this leader out of my hands. . . . I'm going to try and pull him to gaff now."

He heaved with all his strength and the big fish neared the boat. Welkin reeled in this slack and for the first time noted his lacerated hand. He laughed raspingly, but willingly returned to the reel when Captain Ray gave him still more slack.

"Now stand by," the captain ordered. "You, Jimmy, come down here and help me with this leader."

So, with infinite care and labor, they brought the broadbill close. Captain Ray measured the distance from gunwale to fish with a practiced eye.

"One more heave, Jimmy," he ordered, panting. And when that had been achieved he added, "Now hold him. Hold him till I get the big gaff into him."

Braced against the gunwale, Jimmy clung to the wire leader and Captain Ray seized upon the heavy gaff. Tierney stood behind Welkin and watched carefully the dangerous business at hand. As a final word of warning, Captain Ray said, "He's bound to kick up when he feels the prick of this gaff. Hold him hard and don't lose your nerve."

Then, timing his movements carefully, he leaned out and slid the gaff over the back of the broadbill. He pointed the sharp hook downward and with all his strength jerked the gaff back toward the boat. The weapon bit deep into the broadbill's flesh.

The great tail lashed in dying strength. Buckets of water splashed over the gunwale and about the feet of the men. The sword of the fish crashed resoundingly against the cruiser's side. But Jimmy manfully clung to the leader and Captain Ray to the gaff. The fish rolled over toward the boat and slapped it with its tail so that the whole cruiser shook.

"That'll be the end of him," Captain Ray said exultantly. "Here, Mr. Tierney, hold this gaff. Or you, sir, if you'd rather, Mr. Welkin."

"He's my fish," Welkin answered in flat tones. "I'll hold the gaff."

"No, no," Tierney cut in. "Look at your hand, man. It's torn to bits." He reached for the gaff, but Welkin pushed him aside and took the task upon himself.

"He's my fish," he repeated. "I'll hold him."

Working with the speed of experience Captain Ray got a smaller gaff into the mouth of the broadbill and so lashed him to the gunwale. Then, adroitly, he got a line over the spiked tail of the fish and drew it tight. Then he turned and smiled broadly at Welkin.

"He'll ride now," he answered. "We'll be towin' him in. I told you I had a hunch. Say, you ain't tired, are you?"

Welkin smiled and turned around so that Captain Ray could remove the socket belt from his aching shoulders. During this process he said to his guest, "If you don't mind, Tierney, I'll go into the cabin and lie down a while."

Tierney laughed in sudden relief. "I never touched the rod or the fish," he answered frankly, "but if it's all the same to you, I'll come in and lie down with you."

III

NIGHT had fallen once more when Tierney and Welkin met at the dinner table. The silver glistened about them and the linen was snowy white. Welkin was rested now, after several hours' sleep. He had known the soothing benefits of a shower bath and a massage. His lacerated right hand was incased in a neat, white bandage, and he greeted Tierney with a broad smile.

"Well," he asked, "perhaps you know now why I didn't try to describe broadbill fishing?"

"I know," Tierney responded thoughtfully. "You know, Welkin, few men ever really get to know whether or not they're cowards. . . . I'm a coward."

Welkin laughed agreeably. "How come?" he inquired.

"I was scared to death," Tierney admitted. "The second time that fish charged the boat, I cringed against the cabin wall and my knees turned to butter under me. I'd have given ten thousand dollars to see that line break! I never did a stroke of work, but I was saturated in perspiration. My mouth was dry as cotton. I don't ever expect to see the day when I'll forget the sweep of his sword as that fellow came toward us."

Once again Welkin laughed. "You're not a coward," he answered. "Listen to me, Tierney. In my lifetime that's the fourth broadbill I've brought to gaff. It seems to me," he added ruminatively, "that every time I catch one, I'm more frightened by him than I was by the last."

After a long moment of thoughtful silence, Welkin chuckled speculatively.

"We had a lot of good luck this morning when we hooked that fellow," he said, toying momentarily with the bandage on his hand. And he added, "You know, it wouldn't be a bad idea to go out there again tomorrow. There are plenty of fish ——"

Tierney swallowed doubtfully and set his jaw. Then he smiled, but his eyes remained thoughtful. "I wouldn't go out again tomorrow if I were you," he said. "I think you'll be pretty busy tomorrow, Welkin. I'd like very much to spend the day closing with you on that contract. You see, what the job really needs is a fighter who just naturally don't know when he's licked."

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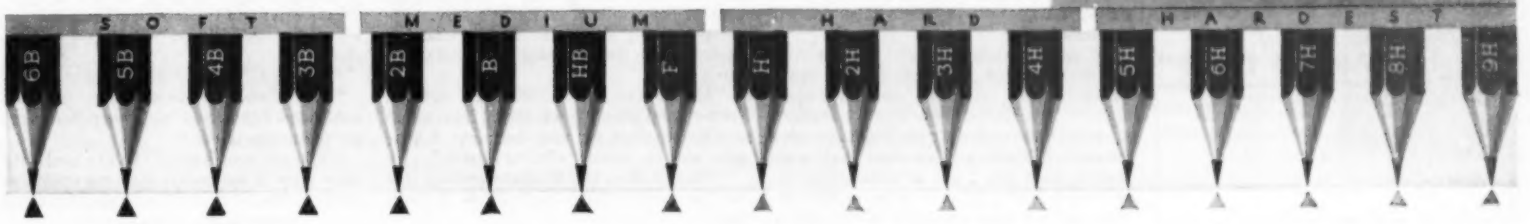

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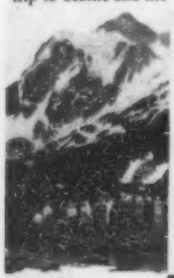

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BRIGHT LIKE A CANARY

(Continued from Page 21)

Alverda smoothed frantically at her skirt. For some reason now laughter had gone from the room. Happiness had gone from it and constraint had come in. She fought against it, speaking nervously.

"Sit down, Ralph," she said. "You are back permanent, you say. It gives many in Heitsville will be glad to hear such news. You will go into business here, maybe, or buy off a farm."

"As manager of the new National Groceries store I am come back," he stated. His back was to her now and he studied the high-school picture.

"Och."

Alverda made this small, indefinite sound. She smoothed her skirt no more, but sat quite still, and a stiffness came into her posture. She found herself thinking of a strange thing—the time when Ralph had waited in this parlor in a stiff new suit to take her to the commencement exercises. That time was centuries ago and gone. Moment after moment passed, and as the silence lengthened the neat flowered area of the Reffsnyder parlor carpet became a wide desert space. Ralph stood at one end of it and she sat, stiffly, at the other.

"Look here oncet." Ralph turned at length, and his brow was knotted with trouble. "You ain't to think I knew you was still owning Reffsnyder's," he said roughly. "I thought you had sold it off long ago. Anyhow, Alverda"—he came close to her—"anyhow, it don't make that we can't be friends, does it? Say not, Alverda. Raise up your eyes to me a minute, at the least! Such rivals we could be in business, and friends on the outside of it. Often that gives the case, Alverda. Look up oncet."

"You," she said coldly—"you it is where will sell me under." She did not look up. "You it is will buy off your sugar in such carload lots."

"We do business that way in our company," he explained desperately. "Don't look so, Alverda. You ain't blaming me, surely. It ain't me where buys it. I ain't the one to mark on the prices. We got fifty stores in this county alone and in each on a certain day is the price the same on the sugar, the canned peas, the coffee or whatever."

"It don't matter." Alverda stood up suddenly and her cheeks flushed dangerously. "A penny here or a penny there don't matter any." Her chin went up. "For fifty years and more, even, Heitsville folks has bought off Reffsnyder's and they don't change. Heitsville people don't change. They know that by Reffsnyder's they will get treated fair. Fifty years has learned them that ours is a name where means honesty and good merchandise and square-dealing always."

"Krause is a name where has a good standing, too, in this community," he reminded her stiffly. "I got friends, too, in Heitsville, maybe. Och, Alverda!" He looked at her scarlet averted cheek and the stiffness went out of him. "Don't hold it up against me so that the National store is come. Am I to blame that the time of such small merchants is over? It is just such a dumb circumstance that I am sent down here. Nothing like it I intentioned ever. Listen to me oncet, Alverda ——"

"I got no interest in what you have to say," Alverda said distantly. "Too bad it is only that you have made good and now you will make good no more. One store is there room for only in Heitsville and it will be Reffsnyder's."

"I got to make good." The knot of trouble appeared again on Ralph's brow. "Listen, oncet, Alverda," he said desperately. "By Bennersville and by Hallersburg has the Golden Chain stores crowded me out. A bigger and an older chain even than us they are. I got to make good here or I will lose off my job." A line of firmness that had not been apparent in the jaw of the Ralph Krause of high-school days appeared. "Enemies we got to be in business, Alverda," he said. "Leave us at the least be friends outside of it. Leave me come to see you like what I used to. So happy I was tonight ——"

Tears threatened her. They were dried immediately in the still heat of her anger. "So happy you were to come back and plan behind their backs to ruin those where had been your friends and neighbors and schoolmates," she said with scathing distinctness. "I wish you such success, Mr. Krause. I wish—I wish you would go out from my house now."

"Alverda!"

"No representative of the National Groceries, Incorporated, I have invited here, and no such representative I wish to make conversation with." She held her head high.

"Och!" He looked at her helplessly. Her cheeks were crimson under her butter-smooth hair, her lips were set forbiddingly, and the force of her last words had seemed almost to strike sparks from her blue eyes. "Och," Ralph repeated. He made a movement toward her, and her trim young figure seemed to congeal in its stiffness.

"Good-by, Mr. Krause," she said with frigid politeness.

"I could not come back?"

"Not—ever." She twisted her hands.

"We could not be friends even?"

"Better it is that we should not see each other, I think." It was a stiff and distant pronouncement.

Effie Zweig, small sister of Elmer, walked importantly into the Reffsnyder store and placed her basket upon the counter. "Och!" She looked around with widening eyes. "Such a crowd it gives by the National this morning, Miss Reffsnyder."

"Shut yourself up oncet," Elmer bade her sharply.

"I done everything you told me to," Effie reported, chastened. "It gives here the things I bought and here on the paper the prices."

Alverda, oddly idle this Saturday morning, lifted packages from the basket and Elmer checked the prices. They exchanged troubled glances when their task was finished.

"Help yourself to five cents' worth of candy from out the case," Alverda instructed dully, and Effie went around the counter like a small squirrel. "We can't mark them down no further, Elmer," she said listlessly.

"No profit it gives fur us now the way we got them marked," Elmer agreed lugubriously. "It is like I said, Miss Reffsnyder. The buying in carload lots does it."

"Do you want that I should shop fur you Monday again at the National?" Effie came out from behind the counter with her candy and looked up alertly.

"Och, no." Alverda sighed. She squared her shoulders then with sudden decision. "No good it does, Elmer," she said. "Take off the new price cards from everything, please, and put the old ones back on. The first ones that we had a month ago even. No more we will try to meet his prices, that Krause. Reffsnyder prices was always fair and they can stay on. The customers"—her voice shook slightly—"can come in or they can stay out. It don't matter."

"They'll stay out, it looks like," Elmer said. It was not that he wished to rub the situation in, merely that he voiced the melancholy that was in him. He moved to a post at the window. "There's Mrs. Detweiler coming down the street with her basket," he reported gloomily. "Full to the top it is too."

"Mrs. Detweiler," Alverda said bitterly, "where had groceries on credit from us all one winter when her man was sick. A year after was the money coming in still."

"There's Mrs. Dr. Wiegand getting into her car. She's got it stuffed full, it looks like."

"Cash she can pay now maybe that his practice is built up." Alverda's voice scored Mrs. Dr. Wiegand tremulously. "Four months and five even did I carry their bill over when he was new here."

"There's the Carlheim girls and ——"

"Those Carlheims!" Alverda's voice broke. "Do they forget then when their pop's lumberyard was burned down on him and they ate free on us for a year?" Alverda's flaxen head was down on the worn counter of Reffsnyder's and she wept. Elmer came back into the store in a panic. Effie stared with her eyes wide, her mouth full of chocolate.

"Miss Reffsnyder!" Elmer tugged at her shoulder. "Miss Reffsnyder ——"

She sobbed on. "Friends! Friends it gives, does it! Friends where will behind your back ——"

"Miss Reffsnyder!" Elmer's honest face was a swollen area of emotion. In despair he placed his lips close to her ear. "It gives customers," he whispered fiercely.

Alverda smoothed her hair, dried her eyes and powdered her nose in three light-ninglike gestures. She turned automatically toward the door and smiled. Old Mrs. Zwickert waddled in, puffing, and she was followed by a sober round-faced youngster with a note.

"Och, so nice and bright and warm it gives!" Mrs. Zwickert's sing-song voice went up and down, caressing the very air. "Fur November I can hardly believe it a'ready. So pretty you look, too, this morning, Alverda. Bright and cheerful like such a canary I tell my Absalom still. How anyhow is business today?"

"Right good," Alverda reported gallantly. In spite of herself she was cheered. "Friends it gives," she thought, watching old Mrs. Zwickert waddle away again with her basket, watching Elmer measure flour for the little Stultz boy. "Not everybody in Heitsville will trade off that"—her throat constricted painfully—"that Krause."

There were not enough friends, however, it seemed. Alverda sat all Sunday afternoon over her accounts. It was a full month since the transformed millinery shop of Evalina Holstetter had opened its doors to the public, and the manager of Reffsnyder's was in a position to take stock. At four o'clock she had a headache; at five her eyes burned and anxious lines were in her forehead; at six, when she stopped to make coffee, her hands shook slightly. "That bad I didn't know it was." She stood for a long time looking at the book, and the neat lines of figures she had inked there seemed to march crazily under her tired eyes. "Reffsnyder's"—she faced this cold thought—"can't keep open if such falling off of business goes on."

"You are maybe higgling your head up some over that there National store," Henry Betzendorfer ventured that night, as he walked heavily beside her on the way to church services.

They passed under a street light and Henry's face as he bent his head down to her wore an expression as near concern as it was possible for his somewhat stolid features to register.

"Anyhow," Alverda admitted drearily.

"How goes it with the business then?"

She told him, listlessly, in dollars and cents. "Reffsnyder's"—she told him the conclusion she had reached that afternoon—"can't do business on such a loss. If it goes no different next month and the month after and the month after that even, I"—her voice faltered—"I would have to close up."

"H'r'mph." Henry cleared his throat.

"And it won't go no different," Alverda concluded woefully. "On every item they are selling me under."

"You ain't to worry," Henry said with some show of authority. His own voice was anxious, however, and his forehead showed

(Continued on Page 170)

"I'm glad to go with you gentlemen . . . I'm tired of being the goat"

The Man Hunt

Last year an Ohio city was rocked to its foundation by the most unsavory political exposure in its history.

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(Continued from Page 168)

a knot of helpless lines. "I have got my head to figuring on it," he said patiently, "and I will ketch onto the answer somehow."

"Kind you are to take such an interest," Alverda said politely. She didn't, of course, place much reliance on Henry's offer of help. Henry was kind, he was good, he was patient, but—he was slow. It was hard to look at that knot of concentration on Henry's brow, Alverda thought, looking up sidewise at him, and not remember the Henry Betzendorfer who had sat in the bus in school days, higgling his head over a single algebra problem for days and days. Of course—she had to admit this in all fairness—Henry usually had plowed through to the solution eventually. Two weeks behind the rest of the class, as a rule. Two weeks behind Ralph Krause, always.

"Of course"—Henry's thoughts seemed to be proceeding along the same line as her own—"you ain't to expect me to ketch on to a thing as quick as Ralph Krause would maybe." He laughed feebly. "I ain't Ralph Krause."

"You ain't Ralph Krause," Alverda's heart echoed despairingly, just once. "Glad I am that you are not," she said with quick hostility. "For a town like Heitsville one such Ralph Krause is enough."

They went into the church, and Henry piloted her heavily down the aisle and into a seat. He sat back solidly, resting his hat on his knees, and Alverda sat quietly beside him. Presently, for no reason at all, she felt her cheeks grow hot. She looked up, to meet the suffering and intent gaze of the manager of the new National store, trained upon her from a point halfway across the meeting house. Alverda returned the gaze with stony indifference. She tilted her chin a little higher and let her lashes sweep once down, then up again. It was as though an offending object had by this means been removed from the field of her vision.

"What should I do next then?"

Not the least of Alverda's troubles these days was Elmer Zweig. A dozen times a day she looked up to find his pathetic, anxious gaze fastened upon her. There wasn't enough work to keep Alverda busy now, let alone Elmer. There were pathetically few packing cases to be opened these days, and wheeling the baskets and barrels out each morning and in each evening was an empty gesture.

"You could take such inventory of the canned goods," she would say to him, or "You could clean off the top shelves where breakfast foods is at, Elmer." "You could redd up the cellar," she told him now. That would at least take him away, out of her sight.

Alverda had the store to herself and she looked up and down sadly. This warm, familiar place closed in by cans that gleamed so brightly that they seemed to have been polished each one individually by her own busy hands, by bottles that shone and sparkled in their cleanness, by boxes that were set in neat patterns, by bolts of cloth in trim arrays—it might soon be hers no longer.

"Here it has been all my life even, and now it has maybe got to go." Her thoughts found unhappy expression. "Here I have learned myself first to walk, holding up on to shelves, as mom told it often. Here I have played and dried my mittens by the stove a long time ago. Here when I was ten years did pop teach me how to operate off the cash register and I thought I should burst with the pride. Food and clothes and such learning I have had off this store, and happiness even, but now no more will it——"

There was a sudden commotion at the door. Henry Betzendorfer burst in, followed by two men. "Mr. Kline and Mr. Evans!" Some miracle seemed to have loosed the shackles of slowness from Henry's feet. He paced up and down, waving his arms in excited flourishes toward his companions. "Miss Reffsnyder, even! Now, gentlemen, make yourselves right at home oncet," he directed largely. "Look the store over and such questions as you have will be answered off by Miss Reffsnyder here. Och, Alverda"—he came behind the counter, stepped close to her—"ain't I told you how I would ketch on to some such solution fur you?" he asked in a lowered voice. "Ain't I?" He prodded her jubilantly. "Slow he may be, Henry Betzendorfer, but sure, at the least."

"What is it, then, Henry?" Alverda asked, puzzled. She was asked to look at the spectacle of two strange and somewhat polished-looking individuals stalking up and down her store, poking into this and that, holding low-voiced conversations in one corner or another, and given no explanation. "I don't like such secrets, Henry," she warned, with dignity, when one of the strangers approached the desk and placed hands on her ledger.

"This secret you will like," Henry promised, chuckling. "Two such representatives of the Golden Chain Grocery Company I have brought in!" He placed his thumbs under his vest at the armholes and literally bounced up and down on his toes. "To locate a Golden Chain store in Heitsville they have a desire, and I am the one who has discovered that desire to them!"

"They will maybe ——" Enlightenment came to Alverda slowly. She twisted a piece of string painstakingly about her finger and put it carefully away in a drawer. "They will maybe want to buy out Reffsnyder's?"

"Even!" Henry grinned hugely. He bounced more furiously. "Fur a big profit you can sell out and be as well fixed as anybody in Heitsville," he predicted, "to say nothing of getting ahead oncet of that National store, and somebody in it!"

"Well, Miss Reffsnyder ——" The strangers approached her now. They encompassed her with questions. An hour later she was still answering them mechanically, her cheeks pink, her hair ruffled. Mr. Kline and Mr. Evans remained bland; now and then they looked at each other and exchanged brief nods. "Tonight perhaps we could come in and go over the books?" they asked at the end shrewdly.

"To my home next door you could come and be more comfortable," Alverda said precisely. "The business of the store for five years and more I have in exact copies by me."

"That's a smart girl," Mr. Kline said. He attempted to pat the pink cheek where a honey-colored curl had escaped and was straying, but Alverda edged hastily away from him.

"Well, now!" Henry stepped, still with that uncharacteristic lightness of foot, out of the store with her. "Could I figure things out some or couldn't I?" he demanded of her archly, at her door.

"Such an answer you always sooner or later found, Henry," she told him. She let her hand rest on his arm.

"Ain't?" Henry's tone was vastly self-congratulatory. "Ain't, though?" he marveled. "You don't seem anyhow too happy, Alverda," he accused. "It gives nothing to worry about now. They will buy, I am sure, and fur a good price. In their eyes I could see it."

"That Reffsnyder's had to go I knew," Alverda said, "but not anyhow so quick like did I think."

"Pretty sick it will make that Ralph Krause look in his face!" Henry exulted.

"I guess anyhow." Alverda let her hand drop from Henry's arm. She looked over his shoulder, down the street to where lights were still burning in the National store, and set her lips.

"What would he say if he knew it was Henry Betzendorfer even where had slicked it all over him fur oncet?" Henry slapped his thigh.

"Even," Alverda murmured.

"Here the other day wasn't he telling Amos Detweiler how the Golden Chain has put his store out of business under him in Hallersburg and in Bennersville, even, how Heitsville is his last chance fur to make good! Won't it open his eyes fur him some

(Continued on Page 173)

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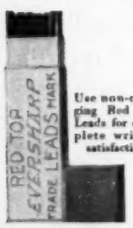

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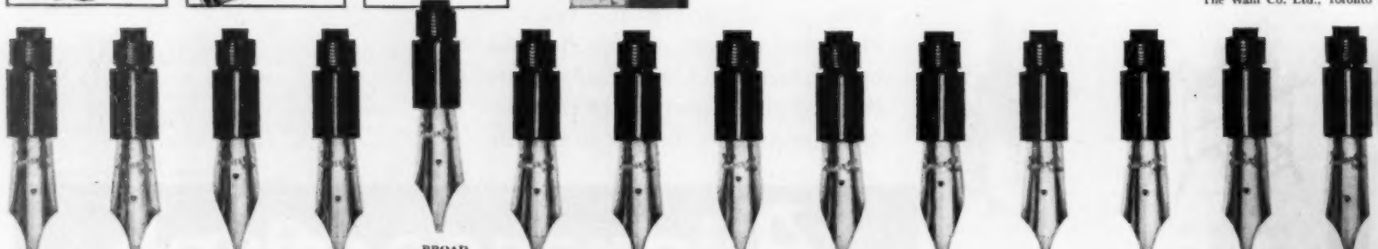

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(Continued from Page 170)

to see the green paint going on to Reffsnyder's!" Henry clasped his not inconsiderable person with his arms and shook with silent mirth.

"Green they paint up their stores, that Golden Chain?" Alverda murmured. Her mind seemed not, however, to be on the question. Her lips were set tighter than before.

"Och, yes. Now, listen oncet, Alverda." Henry turned businesslike again. He slipped a piece of paper into her hand. "It is wrote off here the first, the second and the third price you are to ask," he instructed. "Argue up to them fur each one a long time and don't back down no further than the third. Good night, then."

"Good night."

Henry went, but Alverda stood on by her door, looking down toward the lights of the National store. "Now, Ralph Krause"—she tilted her chin up miserably—"you could find out maybe how you have taught such friends to act toward each other in this town," she said.

It was three o'clock, and Mr. Kline and Mr. Evans were due at three. Henry walked up and down and rubbed his hands. He had consumed a vast quantity of crackers and cheese in the last half hour. "His goose will be cooked off fur him, that Ralph Krause!" From time to time he grinned. "No more a job he will get ever by a chain store with three such failures on him. You will be right well fixed, Alverda." He stopped to look at her respectfully.

The two representatives of the Golden Chain were bringing their papers for Alverda to sign. Henry was to be a witness. Elmer sat stupidly on an upturned peach basket.

"Now, then." Henry's anticipation took on a keener edge.

"Well, well." Mr. Kline attempted again to pat the cheek of the young woman who had struck so keen a bargain with him last night.

"Not much longer will you have this old store on your hands," Mr. Evans encouraged expansively.

Alverda was pale. She looked up. She looked down again.

"Here you are oncet." Henry dipped the pen and presented it with a heavy flourish. "Just write off your name on the dotted line, Alverda," he prompted importantly.

Alverda raised her lashes again slowly. "I ain't for selling," she said faintly.

"What!" A convulsive movement passed over Henry's frame. "Whatever!" He stared at her.

"I ain't for selling," she repeated. She locked her fingers together. "I have changed my mind over."

They humored her. They pleaded with her. They heaped recriminations upon her head. Henry stormed and at length he shouted, but she wouldn't be moved.

"I have changed my mind over," she repeated merely. "Please go now," she told them at length wearily. "No good it will do to talk. It is settled off for good now."

"Settled off fur good it ain't," Henry shouted, his face apoplectic, "not by such a long shot. A fool you would make out of me, maybe? Have I got then an interest in this matter, or ain't I? Am I the one where has been keeping steady company with you, thinking of getting married off to you even, or ain't I? Should I marry myself then to a pauper where has gone bankrupt?"

"I ain't for selling." Alverda looked at Henry. She looked away again. "I ain't"—her voice went lower—"for marrying either."

The pleasantries that had seemed native to the lips of Mr. Kline and Mr. Evans died away. In spite of all Henry's helpless, placating gestures they walked at length out of the store.

"Look here oncet, Alverda." Henry calmed himself at length with a mighty effort. He approached her more warily. "What do you plan fur to do then?" he asked. "Set here and let the store go bankrupt on you? Make such an old maid out of yourself even?"

"To close up Reffsnyder's I intend," she said in a strained voice, her face averted from him. "To rent off my house. To draw my money from the bank out and go into town to take up such a business course. Last night I have planned it all out. No more"—she choked—"do I want to live in Heitsville."

Dusk had fallen in the store when she finally convinced him of this. Henry went out of Reffsnyder's with his shoulders slumped. Within a few short hours he'd seen the most brilliant coup of his entire career come to naught; he'd heard the girl of his choice say she was not for him. Henry walked down the street and did not look back. If he had looked back he would have been at a loss to account for what he saw—Alverda Reffsnyder locking the door of her store and walking with bent head down the street to her rival's place of business.

She found Ralph alone in the National. "To tell you that you don't have to worry over that Golden Chain coming into Heitsville I have come," she told him faintly, twisting her fingers.

"You ——" Ralph approached her slowly. "They ain't going to buy you out then?" He freed these words with difficulty.

"I ain't going to sell out to them," she corrected.

They looked at each other.

"Why?" He took another step toward her. "Why, then?"

"I changed my mind over." She didn't look at him now. "Into town I am going, to study at such a business school."

"From Heitsville you are going away?"

She nodded dumbly. "It come into my head that to keep a store was maybe not such a womanlike thing to do," she said slowly. "Better it would suit maybe that I should work by an office, or something. No man I would want to put off from his job ever."

Her head went down. She fingered her dress.

"Such a womanlike thing fur you to do I have thought up a long time ago a'ready, Alverda," Ralph choked.

"What, then?"

"Keeping house fur such a man is a womanlike thing, I thought." His voice failed.

"Fur which man, then?" Alverda's eyes began to dance.

"Fur such a manager of a National store!" He caught her close. "Och!" He kissed her. "To tell you that two months ago, I was ready," he whispered, "had you not got so stiff-necked on me."

"Stiff-necked I got?"

"Did you not?"

"A little, maybe, but"—she sighed rapturously—"no more! Och!" She sprang away from him. "A customer!" she warned.

"Och!" Ralph smoothed his hair.

Mrs. Buschmeyer advanced into the apparently empty National store and waited. She lifted her face like a bland moon to the shelves of cans. Unmistakably she heard a giggle coming from behind the bread case. "I will serve her off," she heard the voice with the giggle say.

"What would she say then"—she heard a fond masculine voice—"to see Alverda Reffsnyder in the National store?"

"Och!" Another giggle. "With the powder rubbed from her nose off even!"

Color
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The Glorious Mantle of Beauty that Protects

CHI-NAMEL on a single small object will often brighten up an entire room. You will be surprised how easy it is to achieve modern cheerful surroundings by proper use of these famous colors. Chi-Namel paint products are outstanding in beauty, and for over 40 years have built a national reputation for greater durability and protection. Go to your Chi-Namel store—there you will find the best paint dealer in your town, and all the glorious colors of the rainbow to choose from.

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Paint Products
PAINTS VARNISHES ENAMELS LACQUERS

Special Message to Dealers

Chi-Namel has launched a sales expansion program that provides real support for Chi-Namel dealers, and an unusual sales and merchandising plan. Valuable Chi-Namel franchises are available to first class dealers in territories now being opened. Send coupon for full information.

THE OHIO VARNISH CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*

I am interested in hearing more about the Chi-Namel Expansion Program.

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BILLION DOLLAR BEAUTY

A BOX OF RICE POWDER—or it may have been cornstarch; a commonplace bottle of toilet water, a cake of soap, and a pair of curling tongs for use over a gas jet—these were the beauty aids of a generation past. And woe to her who used "paint"—she was branded forever as a fast woman. » » » Today beauty is a billion-dollar business. Soaps of enticing fragrance in pastel colors; creams to remove impurities, to build tissue, to tone up the skin; perfumes of exotic subtlety, with sophisticated lure in their very names, in queer-shaped ultra-modern bottles of black and gold or gleaming colors; powders in half a dozen lovely hues; compacts, emulsions, lipsticks, bath salts, eye shadow, rouge, toilet waters, infusions, talcum, tonics, astringents, manicure preparation, shampoos, permanent waves . . . . Toiletries for every complexion, for every climate, for every purse . . . . Beauty salons on Park Avenue and on Main Street . . . . How to be beautiful in scores of booklets—and in The Patch Box of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. » » » » Once only those whom Nature favored tried to be beautiful: the rest accepted their sad fate. Today there are more than 2,600,000 readers of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—practically all of whom are using beauty's modern aids. » » »

THE LEADING **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** HOME MAGAZINE

THE LIMESTONE TREE

(Continued from Page 23)

There was a momentary relaxation of discipline, and then the files were closed, Morgan's marching formation was resumed. The advance guard rode four hundred yards ahead of the main body; posted at equal spaces of a hundred yards between it and the column were three vedettes; six vedettes were thrown out ahead of the guard, four at intervals of fifty yards and two, at a like distance, at the extreme front. Wickliffe Sash, mounted on the best horse the command could afford him—a pure-blooded bright bay—trotted past the battalions, the advance guard and the vedettes. He bore no signs of his rank or service; a heavy revolver, however, was plainly in sight at his belt; and he had caught up the wide brim of his dusty hat with a black plume. Wickliffe was, for local and immediate purposes, a member of the Union Home Guard. To what company he belonged depended upon who might stop him and where he was examined.

That character, his characterization, was not new to him; he had assumed it before—on General Morgan's December raid—in the region he knew best. The papers he carried—two minute communications—were hidden in two of the cartridges that supplied his revolver. Wickliffe Sash paid small attention to them or to the potentiality of his situation. It was a phase of war, and war had grown to be a commonplace of existence; he accepted its diverse responsibilities and dangers largely mechanically. He had, providentially, escaped any physical hurt; but so many of the men who had enlisted with him in the fall of 1861 had been killed, he had become so familiar with death and shocking injury, that he gave that finality only a perfunctory attention. There were moments still when fear touched him, but he regarded it as a distasteful finality in itself, and cast it off.

He left behind, at last, even the sound of Morgan's advance. Alone on the road that led toward Mount Sterling, Wickliffe's thoughts attached themselves solely to his cousin, Charlotte Hazel. In a very short while now he would be with her again for a few hours. Would this, he speculated, be a good time for their marriage? Mason Hazel, who had been forced by the death of his father to remain at Greenland, would be able to secure a preacher, sympathetic to the South, for the ceremony. Perhaps. Charlotte, after all, must decide that. He would agree—he would always agree, Wickliffe added—with her wishes. She was a heavenly female creature. He remembered in every detail the evening when he had first addressed to her his love. It had occurred at a family party given by Mrs. Abel in Frankfort just when, for him, the war began. Charlotte at that time was thirteen years old. They had walked down through a rose arbor to the river bank, and there he had kissed her. There—a girlish kiss—she had kissed him. Wickliffe recalled the solemn tones of her voice: "I love you, Wickliffe, and nobody else, and I will marry only you." Within an hour he had gone to Lexington in an effort to prevent a shipment of arms from reaching Camp Robinson.

He had not seen Charlotte since then. He had been in Lexington, at Greenland, on the December raid, but she had been in Louisville. That, however, with her promise, was comparatively unimportant. "When I come home," he told himself, "now or later, Charlotte will marry me." Wickliffe Sash gazed down, entertained by the great fair beard spread across his chest. What would Charlotte think of it? She would, it was more than likely, insist that it must be cut off. Well, he couldn't do that at present; it was, in places unaccustomed to his new maturity, decidedly useful.

Wickliffe was, unobserved, riding hard; he came up to Mount Sterling and avoided the town by means of a side road upon the south. He planned to enter Lexington at dark.

Later his horse was finally exhausted, and he boldly demanded another at the stables of the Home Guard in Winchester. He was, he said, carrying dispatches from Mount Sterling to the Union leaders in Lexington—Morgan was raiding again. He had left his department in Virginia with more than nine thousand cavalry and was expected to reach Pound Gap in three days or better. Soon he was urging an ungainly but vigorous black animal steadily westward. No one stopped him; he proceeded without accident or observation. As he drew nearer to Lexington he became increasingly impatient to see Charlotte and once more kiss her. It seemed incredible that she should exist, so delicate and fragrant, in a world loud and barren and torn by war. Lost in conjectures, in memory and anticipation, he came suddenly upon Lexington. It had a closed, almost deserted appearance; the lights in the Phoenix Hotel were dim and few; he proceeded deliberately over Broadway to Virgil Hunt's house. There, knocking the tops from the cartridges that held them, he delivered General Morgan's messages. It was very quiet in the bluegrass, he learned. Virgil Hunt considered that the moment, with General Hobson withdrawn from Mount Sterling and Burbridge absent, was favorable for Morgan's purpose.

"Life is suspended here," Virgil explained; "the streets in Lexington have the air of a funeral. The Yankee troops come and go; it has been two years almost since you were here. A Union regiment of cavalry, the Forty-fifth Kentucky, made Lexington their rendezvous in May. It was very social. Now, I believe, they are on the eastern front. I have seen something of your family—Calydon is closed; your mother is still in Montgomery; and I hear your father is at Richmond, attached to President Davis' staff. He never recovered from his saber wound at Missionary Ridge. It's hard to realize that both your brothers are gone, Wickliffe. Splendid boys if they did support the North. Your cousin, Elisha Abel, has been reported missing. I see Mrs. Abel on the streets in Lexington occasionally. A cold, self-contained woman. After Mansah Abel died, she never let Elisha out of her sight. But the war cured that." Wickliffe Sash rose. When did he plan to leave, Virgil Hunt asked.

"At once," Wickliffe told him; "I'll stop at Greenland and then go back to the column. It ought to be near. There wasn't much of a force at Mount Sterling. Well, we haven't much more. The details General Morgan sends out look like our main body."

Wickliffe Sash went beyond the main entrance to Greenland and followed a wood road, used by the farm wagons, that led from the Paris turnpike to the slave quarters and tobacco barn. He hitched his horse lightly to a rack there and walked over the rough sod, through the darkness, to the house. He was suddenly excited. A kitchen wing extended one wall of the Hazel dwelling backward: in the past it would have been brightly lighted, filled with a gay, self-important stir of negroes; now it was dark and silent. Wickliffe stood listening on the portico. The house was silent, the high doors, open upon the hall, showed a glimmer of light, probably a solitary whale-oil lamp, in the drawing-room at the left. He quietly entered the house. Mason Hazel was reading, Charlotte and their mother were sitting on a stiff black sofa.

Charlotte saw him first. She rose with a low exclamation, half frightened. Mason dropped his book and quickly secured a revolver from a table drawer. "Why," he said, relieved, "it's Wickliffe."

Wickliffe Sash hesitated before Charlotte; he could not make up his mind whether he ought to kiss her at once or wait until they were alone. An intangible impulse made him delay. In reality, he spoke properly to Mrs. Hazel first.

"I am glad to be back again," he said simply, taking one of her hands in both of his.

She was a small, rigidly held woman with fine white hair in a cap of fine lace, and a high-bridged autocratic nose. Mrs. Hazel belonged to a celebrated Kentucky family; she was wholly devoted to the cause of the South; these were facts that she permitted no one to diminish; and Wickliffe saw that, in the face of the repeated disasters both to her family and the Confederacy, she was, if anything, stiffer in pride and certainty than ever.

He was, at the same time, vaguely conscious of a strangeness of manner in her. If it were possible for Mrs. Archelaus Hazel to be embarrassed, she was, at that moment, embarrassed. Charlotte lowered her gaze.

"Wickliffe," she said in a small, troubled voice, "we were terribly worried about you. It has been so long since we heard. You knew about John. Wickliffe, Callam was killed, too, at Resaca. Last month. He was on General Hardee's staff." Mrs. Hazel sat erect and calm in stiff black silk. "Mason, I consider, has been the most unfortunate of my three sons," she said. "John and Callam lost their lives in battle, defending their honor and their land; Mason has had to stay at home—among the Yankees and women—and be a farmer."

That subject, it was clear, was distasteful to Mason Hazel. "You have told us nothing about yourself," he reminded Wickliffe.

"It is not very encouraging," he replied. "As usual, General Morgan is trying to create a diversion without either men or ammunition. We were a long while, after Morgan was captured in Ohio, getting down South again. That was a strange raid. A nightmare. We rode all day and all night. Always. We fought, I am certain, in our sleep. At Salem, Indiana, there was a toy cannon; it wasn't eighteen inches long, loaded to the muzzle, waiting for us in the public square. But no one was left to fire it. There was some pillaging—the provost guard tried its best to stop it—the most ridiculous pillaging you ever heard of. The town, it seemed, manufactured calico principally, and the men went off with bolts of it tied to their saddles. They would throw away one color and pick up another. A man in my company carried a bird cage with three canaries in it for two days. I had to make another throw away a useless chafing dish. A private, Mason, had seven pairs of skates hung around his neck. Then, at Piketon, a man broke through the guard posted at a store and filled his pockets with horn buttons. At Vienna, Colonel Smith made a feint against Madison. He returned the following morning.

"Vernon was next; it was held by a strong force, and we had to avoid Vernon. It was better at Dupont—they had a large meat-packing place, and when we left, every man had a ham slung at his saddle. But there was plenty to eat. The people baked once a week, they were always out when we stopped—there were stories about us, of course—and we got great quantities of bread. Hundreds of pies. We were blamed for not taking Cincinnati. Well, we couldn't take it. We couldn't have held it twenty-four hours if we had. Morgan didn't want Cincinnati. You see, we were trying to get away, to get home, then. Our purpose was almost accomplished. The old purpose—to create a diversion without men or ammunition. By then we were too tired, too exhausted, to think. I tell you we were twenty-two hours in the saddle day after day. Anyhow, we got lost going around Cincinnati at night. Cluke couldn't hold his regiment together—he never did except in battle; it was at the rear of the second brigade and strayed all over the country, so there was a long space between it and the first brigade. When we came to street crossings in the suburbs, part of the command would go one way and part another. It was so black and confusing, we had to light bundles of paper to find our way.

"Whenever we halted, everyone was asleep in a second. The men would go off into the fields and sleep until the enemy waked them up. We got away, at last, from Cincinnati. It began to look as though we were safe. As though we had been successful. At Williamsburg, General Morgan camped for the night. The next day we marched through a lot of towns and had a skirmish at Berlin. Nothing. Then we camped until three o'clock in the morning. By that time we had to chop our way through the trees felled across the road. All the bridges were burned. This was in July. On the eighteenth we stopped for an hour at Chester to re-form the column and find a guide. That was a mistake. It was fatal. We couldn't, then, reach the ford at Buffington, cross the Ohio, before dark. We got to the river bank about eight o'clock. There was an earthworks guarding the ford, and General Morgan couldn't make up his mind about attacking it. The position was defended by regular troops and they had two heavy guns. The column had to cross the river that night or never. It turned out to be never. The weather ruined us. Rain. The river was so high transports and gunboats came all the way up to Buffington Island. The ammunition for our artillery was done; there were less than three cartridges to the piece; it was pitch black, and we knew nothing about the land or the disposition of the enemy. We had to cross and we couldn't, with our force, assault an unknown position at night.

"General Morgan decided to attack at early dawn, and when it began to be light we moved against the fortification and found it empty. The force had gone away in the darkness. If our scouts had seen that, if they had been awake, almost the whole division would have been over the river before the Union troops arrived. Their advance guard came up and Colonel Smith smashed it. He took fifty prisoners and a piece of artillery. But General Judah was close behind with eight thousand men. We were in a valley that ran beside the Ohio for perhaps a mile, and very narrow at the south end. Colonel Smith formed there. He turned back Judah's cavalry, but it was no use. His two regiments didn't have five hundred men in them. General Hobson's force soon came up and joined Judah. We were between them, with the gunboats shelling us from the river.

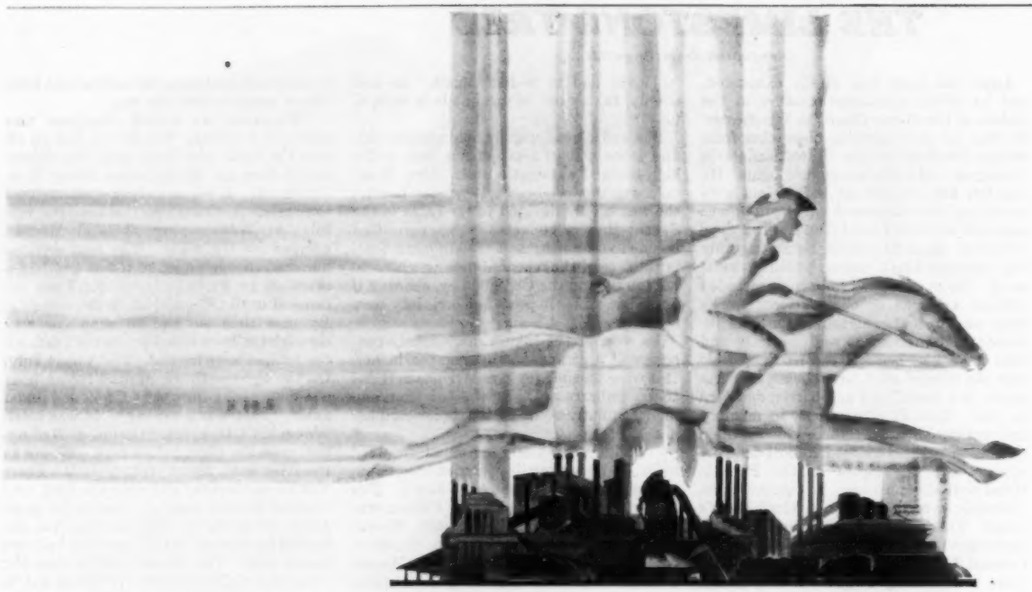
"The valley was turned into a section of hell. Men in a panic were galloping every direction, trying to escape. Some still held on to their bolts of calico. The wagon train was a dreadful confusion of wild horses and howitzers. I was with the Sixth Kentucky regiment. We stood firm until General Morgan was out of the valley, and after that anything more was useless. We held back the Yankee cavalry until the gunboats raked us with grape, and then the men broke ranks. I swam the river and all but collided with a gunboat. General Morgan surrendered to a captain of militia; the captain granted him the most honorable terms, but General Shackelford refused to allow them."

A complete silence followed Wickliffe Sash's recital of the disaster to General Morgan's column in Ohio. His gaze fastened upon Charlotte. She was even lovelier, more desirable, than he had remembered. Charlotte looked up at him; an uncertain smile touched her lips, but even in the dim light he could see that her eyes were troubled.

"You must have something to eat," Mrs. Hazel said. She got up. "I will see what there is. Ham, probably, and cold chicken. Tomato preserves. Whisky would be better for you than Madeira."

Mason said, "I will get that. It is locked up. Hidden."

(Continued on Page 178)



THE SPIRIT OF Paul Revere IS A GLORIOUS HERITAGE FOR AN AMERICAN BUSINESS

Out of century-old files emerges a letter written by Paul Revere in 1800 to Harrison Gray Otis, Member of Congress:

"It is the universal belief that no one in this country could make Copper so malleable as to hammer it hot. I have farther found it a Secret that lay in very few Breasts in England.

"I determined, if possible, to find the Secret and have pleasure to say that after a great many trials and much expense, I gained it."

Through these simple sentences shines the spirit of Paul Revere.

This man had the heart of a pioneer and the zeal of a crusader. Throughout the War for Independence, he knew only one com-

Bronze Bells Cast by Paul Revere Still Summon Church Goers

mand,—his country. After the war, he fixed on a new cause,—the founding of an American copper and brass industry.

And so tremendous was the impulse Paul Revere imparted, that Revere copper, brass and bronze products remain an American standard to this day.

After many trials and much expense
I gained the secret..... PAUL REVERE

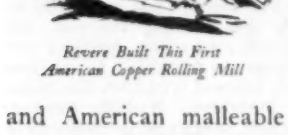
+

THE BEGINNING OF HIS EXPERIMENTS

After the peace of 1783, Paul Revere acquired a "foundrey at the North Part of Boston."

Here, with no guidance but the vision in his mind, he began to experiment.

First, in bronze; and so successfully that every New England church sought a bell of his "sweet-toned metal." Then, in brass; and so successfully that the U. S. Army adopted his "durable castings" for its howitzers.



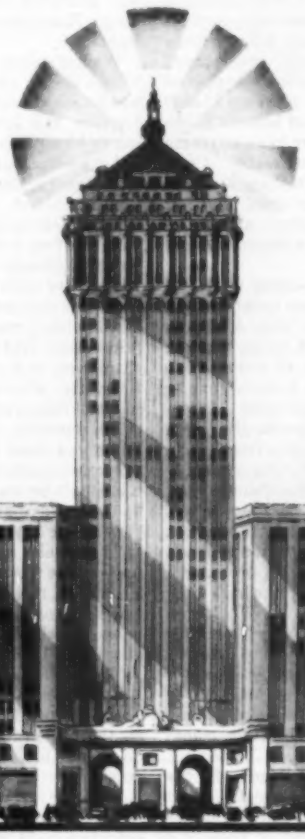
Revere Built This First American Copper Rolling Mill

+

HIS TRIUMPHS IN COPPER

On again, to copper. In the nineties, his first victory in that struggle; and American malleable copper bolts and spikes went into the frigate Constitution and her sisters. In 1801, his greatest victory; he completed America's first copper-rolling mill and rolled the first American sheet-copper.

But Paul Revere's unquenchable pioneer spirit listened to no stopping here. He sent his son, Joseph Warren Revere, to the copper and brass plants of Europe. He kept up a barrage on the national government to search out American sources of copper supply.



Revere Supplied Copper, Brass and Bronze for the New York Central Building and Hundreds of Other Modern Architectural Giants

He worked with Robert Fulton in developing copper boilers for his steamboats,—including the first steam ferry boats and steam man-of-war. He experimented . . . improved until the very end.

+

IN THE REVERE SADDLE TODAY

Such is the spirit by which Revere first rode to greatness in copper and brass. That self-same spirit is in the Revere saddle today.

It is evident in Revere's present-day management—in which E. H. R. Revere, greatgrandson of Paul, occupies a prominent place.

It is evident in Revere's present-day leadership—in Revere's development of new rolling-mills, completely automatic and continuous in operation.

Robert Fulton's S. S. Raritan had Revere Copper Boilers

+

25% OF U. S. CAPACITY

Revere operates twenty-five per cent. of the nation's copper, brass and bronze rolling-mill facilities, including the two largest copper mills in the country. It is copper and brass maker to the famous names in electricity, automobiles, airplanes and radio. Seven Revere plants, located in five key industrial centers, provide unexcelled service to users of copper, brass and bronze.

+

A GLORIOUS HERITAGE

It is great for a business to have size. It is great for a business to have prestige. But it is greater for it to keep the vigor of the pioneer.

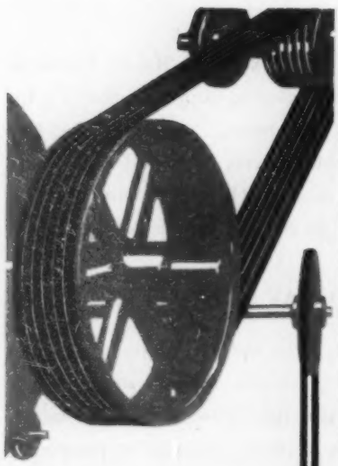
The spirit of Paul Revere is a glorious heritage.

Revere Copper *and* Brass

INCORPORATED

Divisions: **Baltimore** *Copper Mills, Baltimore, Md.* . . **Dallas** *Brass & Copper Co., Chicago, Ill.* . . **Higgins** *Brass & Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.* . . **Michigan** *Copper & Brass Co., Detroit, Mich.* . . **Rome** *Brass & Copper Co., Rome, N. Y.* . . . **Taunton-New Bedford** *Copper Co., Taunton, Mass.*

GENERAL OFFICES: ROME, N. Y.



WHEN INDUSTRY ASKED GILMER FOR A BETTER, NEW TYPE V-BELT . . . GILMER WAS READY

25 years ago the Gilmer endless belt was originated. Every year since has seen a piling up of evidence that this belt gives extraordinary wear and performance.

Gilmer belts have proven themselves in the most gruelling testing field—on the fans of millions of automobiles. Heat. Rain. Grit. Mud. Oil . . .The fan belt on your car today is probably a Gilmer.

When industry asked Gilmer for a V-belt for single or multiple drives, Gilmer was ready. Ready with a V-belt made of the toughest pliant rubber, reënforced with stout cord. Ready with a V-belt tailored to fit the sheave—made directly in a mould, not squeezed into it. Today Gilmer can not only furnish better made, longer wearing V-belts, but give you expert advice on endless belt problems. L. H. Gilmer Co., Tacony, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gilmer V-BELTS

TO MILL SUPPLY HOUSES

The day of the V-belt is here. Gilmer franchises are available in a few territories. Write or wire.

(Continued from Page 175)

At last Wickliffe was alone with Charlotte Hazel. He went up to her and stood with his hands on her shoulders. She raised her head, and he realized that the trouble in her eyes, in her bearing, had deepened. Wickliffe disregarded that and caught her up, kissing her forehead and mouth. She was completely unresponsive; her face was bright with tears.

"Wait, Wickliffe," she half cried; "you must listen to me. When you do you won't want to be near me at all. You will hate me."

He stood back and regarded her with a questioning frown. He couldn't imagine what she was talking about. Wickliffe could not think what had come over Charlotte.

"Don't stare at me like that," she begged him. "Wickliffe, won't you sit down? It will make things easier. I have a lot to explain. You won't understand me, but I must go on just the same."

Wickliffe Sash brought a chair up to the sofa; he sat on it, grave and attentive. "She hates my beard," he told himself. "I was an idiot not to have it cut off in Lexington."

"Wickliffe," she began, "I am a bad girl. My heart is bad. Do you remember how we felt about people who went with the North—who deserted their land and people? Well, I am worse than that. I have deserted my land. I haven't been faithful to my people. If you had been here, perhaps it wouldn't have happened. I don't know about that. No one could, could they? Mother says it should not have happened because you weren't here. She says I failed in the simplest obligation of honor. Wickliffe, my mother will never have anything to do with me again. Not really. Compared with me, John and Callam are both alive at Greenland. I am dead, and not they. Mason is a little better—at least he has been kind to me." She leaned forward desperately.

"Wickliffe, do you remember where we were when I first realized you loved me? Of course you do. It was at Mrs. Abel's, in Frankfort. The party just before the war started in Kentucky. You all rushed off to Lexington, to capture the Lincoln guns or keep them from being captured. It depended on whether you were for the North or the South. We walked away from everyone. Down to the river. Do you remember the roses and how the frogs croaked at us? Croaking frogs." Yes, he told her, it was all clear in his memory. Charlotte went on: "I was thirteen then. Thirteen, and I said I would love you all my life. I promised I would marry you when you came back from the war. Thirteen, Wickliffe. Won't you help me and admit that is very young for promises? Especially promises of love."

"I never thought of it as either young or old," he replied. "I loved you and wanted you, and I knew I would always want you. I said to myself, 'When the time comes we'll be married.' That is all I thought. Naturally, it couldn't happen then. By the river." He was filled with a mingled dread and impatience. "Perhaps you had better make this clearer," he added. "There is a good deal of it I don't understand."

Charlotte drew in a long breath and for a moment shut her eyes. "Wickliffe, I can't marry you," she said at last. "I can't, and the reason is I love someone else."

A profound silence closed about them in the thinly lighted formal room. Wickliffe's impatience vanished; it was dissolved in a sudden pain like a blow at his heart. Her words echoed in his mind—"Wickliffe, I can't marry you." She could not marry him because she loved someone else. An angry resentment, the voice of his damaged masculine pride, spoke first:

"How did you find out you loved someone else?" he demanded. "Didn't whoever it was know you were going to marry me?" Most of that, however, Wickliffe realized, she would not answer. Whoever it was she now loved must do that.

"I don't know!" she exclaimed. "I can't tell you how any of it happened. I have to go on. It's Isham Rose; that won't mean anything to you. He was born in Irvine but he has been living in the North, and he is a captain in the Forty-fifth Kentucky regiment. You see, it couldn't be worse for any of us."

"That is Colonel Brown's brigade," Wickliffe said mechanically. "It is in the east now, with Burbridge's division, trying to destroy Morgan."

"Yes," Charlotte Hazel replied, "Isham is in the mountains. Somewhere between Louisa and Pound Gap. Do we have to talk about that? There is so much else nearer to us. Anyhow, the regiment was in Irvine in April; Isham joined it there, and then he was moved to Lexington. I met him at Green New's house. I loved him right away, Wickliffe. In a second. I wanted him to love me then. The first time we saw each other, at Green's. You have to understand that. How bad I was. It's the only excuse I could make. I mean the way it happened. I didn't stop to think. I couldn't. I didn't want to. I only wanted Isham. Wickliffe, I have to say it this way! Darling, you must hate me. If it had dragged on it couldn't have happened. Then I would have been worse than I am. If possible. I asked Isham to come to Greenland, in spite of what mother would think and what Mason might say. Mother, naturally, refused to come down. To meet him at all. We stood on the porch, and, all at once, it was over. I had promised to marry you, and I told Isham Rose he could have me whenever he wanted."

Wickliffe Sash, his eyes narrowed, gazed with a steady curiosity at Charlotte. She was lovelier by far than he had remembered. Lovelier and false. She had, engaged to marry him, offered herself—no, thrown herself at another man. A Kentuckian fighting in a Union regiment against his own traditions and blood. A Kentuckian occupied at that moment in hunting down General Morgan. He forgot that, thinking more particularly of Charlotte and himself. Wickliffe wanted her more than ever, the pain at his heart was unbearable, and at the same time he completely realized that he would never possess her. Not now. He wanted her more than ever, and yet he couldn't have her. Charlotte, who was so lovely, was a liar. She had betrayed him.

He repeated, "Did this Captain Rose know you were engaged to me? That, I think, is important." It wasn't, he realized, it couldn't be, important to Charlotte now. She would say anything to protect Isham Rose. Her answer was what he expected.

"I saw him at Green New's almost the first day he was in Lexington," she replied; "he hadn't met anyone we know until then, and he came to Greenland the next afternoon. Wickliffe, he couldn't have heard about us. I told him myself, later."

"What did he say?" Wickliffe Sash asked.

"Isham said he was sorry, but it could not be helped. He would, he said, accept all the responsibilities of marrying me. I do know this, Wickliffe, he wants to see you."

Wickliffe replied, "Naturally. He is with General Burbridge. They want to see everyone in Morgan's command. I don't imagine he will until later. Perhaps in Virginia. Captain Rose is still hunting for us near Pound Gap."

He felt suddenly older by a very great deal. In a few minutes. In no time at all, his life, all life, had grown darker, less desirable. Some more of its security had gone forever. This, he realized, in the terms of battle, was a serious wound. He would not recover from it. Wickliffe's pride, his sense of Charlotte's great failure, held his feelings resolutely checked. He was at least able to conduct himself with an appropriate dignity.

"There isn't much I can say," he proceeded in a steady and cold voice. "You are quite released from your obligation to me. I asked a question about Captain Rose and I must accept your answer. That, I think, is the end of my responsibility where he is concerned. It hasn't appeared that he acted dishonorably." He fell abruptly silent.

"I understand, Wickliffe," Charlotte said; "I am dishonorable and you are glad to know it now. Before it is too late."

He could see that Charlotte was immensely relieved. She was entirely free now to love and marry Isham Rose—Captain Rose of the Forty-fifth Kentucky regiment in the Federal army. He saw, too, that nothing else was important to her. Nothing he said, nothing her mother said, could reach or affect her. Charlotte's love shut everything else out from her. She was supremely indifferent to the rest of the world. It made her very hard, wholly unsympathetic. Charlotte was sorry for him, Wickliffe Sash, but no more. Mrs. Hazel came into the room and glanced rapidly from her daughter to him. She said nothing, however, except that some things were ready in the dining room. Mrs. Hazel did add that Mason would sit with him; he wanted to hear all that Wickliffe knew about their army and the Confederacy. She had not finished speaking when there was a rapid passage of feet in the hall. A tall young man, without a beard, clad in the blue uniform of the Union Army, stood in the doorway. He spoke at once to Charlotte, overlooking the others.

"If it was wrong to appear so informally, I am sorry," he told her. "I couldn't find any servants. Charlotte, I have no time at all, but I had to see you for a moment. General Burbridge is here. Rather, he'll be here any time now. The troops at Louisville have been notified. Morgan didn't expect us for days ——" He stopped abruptly, at last conscious of Wickliffe Sash. Wickliffe moved forward with his revolver held point-blank on the blue coat before him.

"I suppose you are Captain Rose," he said.

"Yes, I am Isham Rose," Rose replied. "You must be Wickliffe Sash." He was entirely cool. Apparently no revolver was in sight.

"I am interested in what you just told Charlotte," Wickliffe proceeded; "of course it is all a lie. Perhaps you had better sit down. On that chair by the wall. Sit down and fold your arms. Anything else would be a serious mistake." Isham Rose deliberately followed Wickliffe's directions. "General Burbridge," Wickliffe asserted, "won't be here, he can't be, for two or three days more."

"I am not in the habit of lying or waving revolvers before women," Rose answered. "You think no one but Morgan can make forced marches. Morgan thought that, apparently, and it will finish him. It might interest you, a cavalryman, to hear that we marched ninety miles in less than thirty hours. With artillery. You didn't reckon on that. It didn't occur to General Morgan that we would be in Mount Sterling as soon as he was."

"That is a lie," Wickliffe repeated. A feeling of dread settled over him. Rose, he knew, had been completely truthful. Burbridge was in the bluegrass, General Morgan did not know it, and the result of that ignorance, of his mistake, might very well be fatal.

This was the night of the eighth. Morgan had planned to be in Lexington late on the ninth or, at worst, very early of the next day. He was moving west as rapidly as possible now. Burbridge, it was probable, hadn't come up with him yet. General Morgan must be informed of the Federal approach at once.

"How long will it be necessary for me to sit here?" Rose asked him.

Wickliffe, the truth was, did not know. He had to leave immediately, and that necessity, complicated with the presence of Isham Rose, presented certain difficulties. Rose, he could see, would not agree to a peaceable departure. Captain Rose had as much interest in delaying him as he had in hurrying away to warn his commander. Wickliffe gazed doubtfully at Charlotte and Mrs. Hazel. Charlotte had sunk back on the sofa where she had been sitting; her hands were tightly clasped; her face was

(Continued on Page 181)

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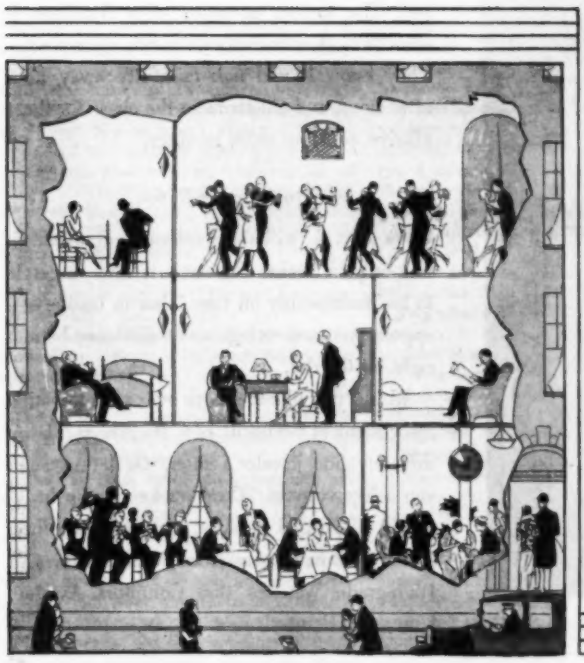

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(Continued from Page 178)

pinched with terror. Mrs. Hazel was standing, pale and composed. It was a desperate situation for all of them. Wickliffe said to himself, "I will have to kill him. I must get off. There is no other way to do that." He couldn't, he discovered, coldly shoot Isham Rose before Charlotte and her mother. Mason Hazel came into the room. He had stopped between Wickliffe and Rose, and he quickly moved aside.

"Mason," Wickliffe Sash said, "I want you to take Charlotte and your mother away. They had better go upstairs. Something very painful has happened."

Mason Hazel went up to his mother and gently took her arm. "Come, mother," he addressed her; "Charlotte, I want you to be with her. Please." Charlotte stood up insecurely.

"Before you go," Isham Rose interrupted them, "I ought to explain a difficulty in this situation. Captain Sash, who has thought of nothing but his duty, has missed it. I am not, I hope you will realize, speaking for myself. It is clear Sash intends to kill me. That is proper. At the same time—and my orderly is outside with the horses—if I am shot to death here, in Greenland, the provost marshal's guard will burn down the house. They will retaliate on Mr. Hazel and send Mrs. Hazel and Charlotte to prisons in the North. If they are fortunate. I want to prevent that, if it's possible."

All Rose had said was, Wickliffe Sash saw again, clearly true. If, as he would be forced to do, he left Rose shot at Greenland, an example would be made of the Hazels that even in imagination he could not face.

Mrs. Hazel spoke in a firm voice: "You cannot listen to him, Wickliffe. General Morgan must be reached. We are of no importance here. Not compared with that. John and Callam have met their responsibility, and Mason won't hesitate. Charlotte and I will contrive to live through it."

Charlotte rose with an exclamation of protest. Wickliffe was afraid that, in her panic, she would throw herself upon him; Mason caught her arm. He held her with an arm about her waist.

"Come, Charlotte," Mrs. Hazel said with immense dignity. "We will leave the gentlemen."

They went, Charlotte still restrained by her brother, leaving Wickliffe faced with his regrettable situation.

"You will be too late," Isham Rose warned him. "Burbridge will overtake your column tonight. Greenland will be sacrificed for nothing."

Wickliffe Sash made no immediate answer. He ought to kill Rose where he sat, without a moment's hesitation, and get away. That was his duty. He was, he found, unable to follow it. His revolver was pointed directly and steadily at Isham Rose. He could not force himself to pull the trigger. The provost marshal might very easily hang all three of the Hazels—Charlotte and Mrs. Hazel and Mason. He might shoot Rose and then, with luck, kill the orderly and leave them for Mason to dispose of. Mason could hide the bodies in an old well; there was a chance they would not be found. He might even drive the horses off into the night.

It was too dangerous, he decided; there were still servants, negroes, in the place, and they would hear the shots. It was even possible to kill Rose and the orderly with the heavy knife Wickliffe carried at his belt. The question of the blood occurred to him. A man, Wickliffe well knew, held an amazing lot of it. No, Mason Hazel, alone, could not accomplish so much before light. There was one other, a last possibility.

"I understand," he proceeded, "that you are engaged to Charlotte Hazel. When that occurred she was promised to me. Charlotte told me that you acted innocently. You didn't know she was not free. I believed her then, but now, since I have seen you, I'm not so sure about it. In other words, there may be the material of a difference between us. I am inclined to think you have done me a serious wrong."

"I wondered if that would come up," Isham Rose replied. "It is very reasonable. If you will agree to it, I'll write a note we can both sign and give it to the orderly. I will explain the circumstances to him and let him attend me, and Mason can stand with you."

Wickliffe put his pistol back in its holster. "Thank you," he said simply. Mason returned to the drawing-room. "Captain Rose and myself have arranged a meeting," Wickliffe explained. "He wishes to write a note first."

Mason took Isham Rose across the hall to a desk. An overwhelming realization took possession of Wickliffe—he had no right to risk his life in a duel. He had, now, no private or personal honor. Only one thing was important, and that was the danger concentrating about General Morgan. He went quickly to a long side window, open upon the lawn, and dropped lightly into the night outside. Wickliffe Sash quickly and noiselessly unfastened his horse from the rack by the slave quarters.

The ugly black horse, he discovered, galloping through the night, had an extraordinary measure of endurance. The animal showed hardly a sign of weariness. Wickliffe didn't know how far he would be forced to ride—General Morgan was at Mount Sterling, the troops stationed there would create no serious difficulty, and when the town was taken he would move with the greatest possible rapidity toward Lexington.

Probably he'd encounter the column between Aaron's Run and Stoner Creek. He could not believe that Burbridge had overtaken General Morgan. "Probably," Wickliffe told himself, "that will happen tomorrow and there will be a battle. Morgan will attack where the Federal line is weakest and escape again." He had always escaped, Wickliffe realized. The Yankees could never hold General Morgan. His thoughts returned to Greenland, to Charlotte and Isham Rose. His love for Charlotte was dead. That part of him was dead. Charlotte Hazel had been unfaithful. Not so much to him as to herself. Charlotte had broken her word.

In a wholly different sense he had broken his word to Captain Rose. He had agreed to meet Rose in a duel and then run away. He wondered uncomfortably what Rose said, what Mrs. Hazel thought, when they discovered he had gone? Charlotte would be relieved. There was, however, no doubt in Wickliffe Sash's mind about the propriety of his course. It didn't matter what anyone thought of him. "If I do see Rose later," he told himself, "I can offer him all the satisfaction he will require." Isham Rose, the truth was, had behaved very well indeed; he was almost contemptuous in his courage. His attitude toward Greenland had been admirable—Wickliffe could see that Isham Rose was a good soldier. "I hope I meet him again," he proceeded. "I owe him something."

Earlier memories of Charlotte and his family filled his mind—he had never loved, he had never thought, of another girl. It had begun when he was eighteen and Charlotte nine. They had, he considered, always belonged to each other. Now she was gone, his life seemed strange and empty. Without, except for the South, any purpose. It would be stranger, emptier, when the war was over. It must be over some day. The South would lose everything. No, a miracle—General Lee—would save it. Europe would come to the assistance of the Confederacy. The North must grow tired of pouring men and supplies into the consuming flames of Southern resistance. There was a faint trace of morning in the east, trees and fences were easily visible, there were lights in farmhouse windows. A sudden freshness was perceptible, a delightful fragrant coolness touched Wickliffe Sash's cheeks. The east was rose-colored, the zenith tenderly azure. The grass sparkled with crystal dew. The morning was innocent and pure, gay with flowers and musical with little pastoral sounds; lambs were white on the blue-green meadows, and a colt was gracefully clumsy.

A feeling of melancholy, of longing for old tranquillity, possessed Wickliffe. He wanted to be very young again, shooting gray squirrels in the woods of Calydon on a morning exactly like this. Lost in thought, in memories, he rode directly into the forward vedettes of General Morgan's column. "Burbridge is in the bluegrass," he informed them, hurrying by. It seemed to Wickliffe Sash that he was followed by a scoffing and weary laugh. He pulled the horse up sharply and delivered his intelligence to General Morgan.

The general thanked him: "I am indebted to you, Captain Sash. I can see you have ridden hard. You have done well. We haven't been so fortunate."

Wickliffe Sash asked, "Shall I transmit any orders concerning General Burbridge's advanced position to my battalion?"

"Unfortunately, that is not necessary," Morgan replied; "they know it already."

Wickliffe saluted and dropped to the rear of the column. He was too late.

"Where is Lieutenant Brenno?" he asked a man riding at the head of some men familiar to him.

"He is dead, sir," the man replied.

"Why isn't Mr. Liman at the company head?" Wickliffe continued.

"Mr. Liman is dead too," he was informed. "Sergeant Shuck is killed, and Thomas Haskins and Moses Henry. All the sergeants. And Ambrose Huffman. I am Corporal Martin Grider. We were cut to pieces last night, just before three o'clock, holding the rear guard."

Wickliffe joined the officers riding with Colonel Martin at the head of the brigade. Martin's head was bandaged and the wrapping was bright with fresh blood; he was grimly silent; he would speak, Wickliffe saw, to no one. Lieutenant Colonel Brent, however, was talking continuously, in a tone of suppressed resentment, to Major Diamond.

"No one knew Burbridge was in a hundred miles of us," he protested. "General Morgan had no idea of it. Colonel Martin went regularly to bed in a house back from the command. There wasn't a word of danger from our direction. Not a whisper of it, or a thought. I sent my picket out, according to orders, and had guards along the road."

Major Diamond nodded shortly and unsympathetically; he left Brent and rode beside Wickliffe Sash.

"George," Wickliffe demanded, "tell me what happened. I found out, in Lexington, that Burbridge was close behind us. I rode all night, on a horse that had wings, but it seems without accomplishing anything."

Major Diamond was bitter. "Brent swears he sent a picket far enough down the road. He didn't. I heard Colonel Martin tell him to post a guard a mile back of the camp. I doubt if it was a hundred yards away. He had between forty and fifty men of our first battalion on rear-guard duty. Well, Burbridge surprised them. The Federal cavalry was in the camp before anyone, hardly, was awake; they shot the men and cut them down lying around their fires. Wickliffe, they never had a chance. Martin was sleeping in a farmhouse and he rode through the whole Union force to reach his command. By that time the Yankees had occupied Mount Sterling again—we had captured it once—and when we were forced to retreat we had to cut our way through the town. You know what that is like—muskets in every window and guns with grape at the cross streets.

"We got through that and met Giltner about two miles farther on; Martin persuaded him to go back and attack again; and it was agreed for Giltner to advance on the front of Mount Sterling while Martin assaulted in the rear. It turned out to be another of those damned occasions when we ran out of cartridges. A draw. We withdrew and the Federal troops were so badly shot up they couldn't follow us. We lost fourteen commissioned officers and forty men, eighty were left badly wounded

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in Mount Sterling, a hundred more were captured." Wickliffe was silent; it was evident that General Morgan had suffered a serious, perhaps a fatal, defeat. "This time," Diamond asserted, "we are finished. At last. Morgan's column. Most of us now, Wickliffe, will stay in Kentucky. Where we were born. Where we belong. The bluegrass. We won't care if the Yankees own it or not. State rights and the negroes won't bother us. The dark and bloody ground is bloody and dark again. Worse than ever. I suppose peace will come to Kentucky some day, after us; we have had nothing but war so far."

"I wouldn't know what to do if the world turned peaceful," Wickliffe Sash admitted. "It seems to me I've been riding in column, mounted and on foot, forever. Fighting and retreating. The retreat a little harder every time. Before that, all my life, this war was kept up. Political or actually. If I did go home, it wouldn't be there. Not with everyone I knew and cared for pretty well killed. My brothers are dead; my father will never recover from a saber cut, my mother, who was so gay and young, is an old woman. My cousins, who were children with me, have murdered one another by now. Elisha Abel is missing. All three of the News are dead. Callam and John Hazel are gone, and Charlotte is gone too."

He didn't continue. Wickliffe rode with his head down, a snaffle rein loose in his hand.

The column came in sight of Lexington; there was a slight engagement, scattered shots from sheltered positions, and General Morgan rode into the city. Wickliffe helped to burn the Union depot and stables, he shifted his saddle to a fresh horse, and had a bath at the Phoenix Hotel. What was left of the third brigade—the men were all mounted now—was consolidated with their original battalions in the first and second. The command hurried on toward Georgetown; Wickliffe Sash was detached in a demonstration against Frankfort.

He was, so far as it could be discovered, successful; his detail rode again all night and overtook the main body outside Cynthiana. Wickliffe's position was irregular, he had no company; he served as temporary aide to Colonel Martin. There was little time for rigid military alignment. It was the eleventh of June. A sharp fight followed around the Union garrison; after an hour it surrendered; Wickliffe, who had charge of the prisoners, roughly counted four hundred Federal soldiers. He paroled them upon his own responsibility, and then he was occupied with a squad of men attempting to put out a fire that had started among the small frame dwellings of the town. General Morgan stopped to direct him. He was, Wickliffe recognized, in a state of suppressed anger. Morgan was especially sharp about all damage or losses that might be blamed on his troops. He bitterly resented the charges in the Union papers that he was no better than a partisan raider who carried destruction into his own state.

The fight had scarcely stopped in Cynthiana when there was a renewed rattle of shots on the outskirts—a supporting force of Union cavalry under General Hobson had arrived. Morgan, attended by Wickliffe Sash, detached Major Cassel's battalion from the occupation of the fortifications, attacking Hobson in the rear. Wickliffe's horse was shot in the muzzle and became unmanageable. He was half thrown to the ground and shot a Federal officer in the face who was riding over him. He was kicked by a horse—lightly, it was fortunate, but his left trouser was torn off to his boot. A constant rill of blood ran down that leg. There was a sharp blow at his shoulder; it whirled him about; he had been shot; an arm hung useless at his side. A glitter of steel, a saber swept by his eyes. It was the first thing, Wickliffe thought, that had missed him. He caught a Union major by the belt and dragged him down; the major clubbed him on the head with his pistol butt. One, two crashing blows. Wickliffe drove his knife into the officer's back.

They fell together. Wickliffe Sash lost consciousness; he came to almost at once and found that General Hobson had been captured and his cavalry routed. He walked, swaying, toward Colonel Giltner, and an orderly gave him a horse. The orderly wiped the blood out of Wickliffe's eyes and helped him into the saddle. General Morgan had left and a bugle blew urgently for assembly in Cynthiana. Wickliffe Sash awkwardly loaded his revolver with one hand; he held it with his knee against the saddle. His head hurt outrageously and there was a grinding pain in his hip, but the wound in his shoulder didn't bother him.

Giltner said, "Captain Sash, I believe you are almost home. It is folly for you to stay with the column. Will you accept my order to leave the field?"

"Thank you, Colonel Giltner," Wickliffe replied. He continued to ride beside his superior. Nothing more was said about his retirement from action. They came upon General Morgan in the center of the town. The Confederates were emptying the military depot and destroying the stores. General Hobson was mounted at Morgan's side. He left shortly, under the escort of General Morgan and two other officers, for Cincinnati. Wickliffe sat on the edge of a porch. The house was deserted. It was very hot. His head had stopped bleeding, but the pain continued. It increased. He didn't see how it could, but it did. He ought to see a surgeon. The effort to move, either to walk or ride, was more than he could undertake. Instead he was actively sick. Then he fell asleep. When Wickliffe woke up, the dusk had gathered in Cynthiana. He was hungry, and hobbled into the house, where he found the end of a ham and a kettle of vegetable soup. It would be splendid to have some bread, he thought. Bread, bread, bread, he repeated, looking for it. There was none. He consumed the cold soup.

Waves of increasing weakness swept over him. He lay down on a hard couch and slept and woke up, slept and woke up. Something was broken in his hip. Wickliffe had to lie on the other side, and that made it necessary for him to change the position of his revolver. An enormous undertaking. He would get up in a little and rejoin his command. General Morgan would move westward very early in the morning. A battle set up between his will and his injured body. "I must go back to the column," he told himself; intolerable pain threatened to defeat that resolution. At last he forced himself to move. Wickliffe sat up and then slowly made his way to the porch. His horse was tied to a porch pillar. He walked beside the animal, holding on to the rein and the saddle. The morning once more opened like the petals of a flower, a rose, about him. Wickliffe told himself that he felt better. He managed, at a mounting block, to get on his horse.

The two brigades were gathering in the center of the town. General Morgan addressed their staffs. "We have less than twelve hundred available men," he asserted.

PHOTO. BY WILLIAM P. HAHN

Delaware River Shore from Camden, New Jersey

"The rest, who are not killed, are guarding prisoners and on the wagon train. Two details are still tearing up the tracks of the Kentucky Central Railroad. We will retreat at once. Rapid as possible. By the Augusta road. The entire command will move in column, with a mounted reserve to cover the rear."

Disaster immediately followed. Giltner was cut off and forced to retreat toward Leesburg. He made an effort to form his men, against an overwhelming force, in line of battle.

"Where is Colonel Smith?" he cried at Wickliffe.

Lieutenant Andrews, attached to Smith, rode up to them. "We will be here at once!" he shouted above the volleying of Enfield rifles.

Colonel Smith's brigade arrived; it drove the Union advance back, but a massed attack broke through Colonel Bowles' position.

"It's over now," Wickliffe Sash told himself. He was behind a stone wall, dismounted, with what remained of Bowles' forces.

They were driven from that cover. Wickliffe saw Major Kirkpatrick carried from the field. He retreated slowly, with Smith's command, toward Cynthiana, and found that they were surrounded by Burbridge's army, with the Licking River at one side. Colonel Smith led his men through the river; they met a body of cavalry on the opposite bank, and scattering it, they vanished from Wickliffe Sash's view. He couldn't mount. He was helpless to follow them. Well, the war, for him, was done. He walked and rested, leaned against trees or fences or walls. Every time he stopped, it was more difficult to walk. Federal soldiers rode by, ignoring him. He scarcely moved out of the horses' way. An officer approached him more slowly. He stopped.

"I am glad it is you," Wickliffe said.

It was Captain Isham Rose. He dismounted. "Let me help you," Rose said.

"No," Wickliffe Sash replied.

"Don't be stubborn," Captain Rose begged him; "you are badly hurt."

Wickliffe repeated, "No, it is nothing. I am in your debt."

The question of debt, Isham Rose told him, they could settle later.

"No," Wickliffe said.

They stood by a house with a side yard where the wall was bright with tall hollyhocks flowering in the sun. The air was sweet with the perfume of cinnamon roses.

"My right hand is still good," he asserted. He walked back into the side yard, followed by the man Charlotte Hazel had planned to marry.

"I protest against all of this," Rose insisted.

Wickliffe Sash said, "I challenged you originally. Are you satisfied with navy revolver at ten paces?" They took their positions on a narrow walk of planks. "Will you agree to turn and fire?" Wickliffe further asked. Isham Rose replied that he would agree to turn and fire. Wickliffe stood with his back to him. The side yard ended in a high fence that badly needed paint. "Turn!" he cried. He wheeled and let drop his revolver. There was a stunning sound like a bolt of thunder. The sun vanished in a pall of blackness.

He heard, very far away, a voice.

"In God's name," it begged him, "why did you hold your fire?"

He replied thinly out of the changing elements of dissolution: "I ran from my privilege to it."

The darkness rolled back: Wickliffe Sash was in the bluegrass, a wide pastoral land where horses grazed slowly with flowing manes and tails, and red Devon cattle, burnished by the sun, were like animals in copper. The woodland pastures were cool and gracious with shade. The great doors at Calydon stood open. His brothers called to him in their play. Nothingness gently enfolded him.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

In all this Hubbub about the new golf ball *one Fact stands out*

The change in size and weight next year does not affect the qualities that make some balls better than others . . . . . .

FOR years, golf balls have been made to a specified weight and a specified size. For years, some balls have been better than others.

And as it is now, so shall it be. The features that make the Kro-Flite a better ball in the present size will make it a better ball in the new 1931 size.

For a simple change in size and weight can't take from Kro-Flite the things that only Spalding *can* put into a golf ball.

Superior manufacturing methods—experience that has been accumulated since Spalding made the first golf ball ever made in this country—knowledge of ballistics, and scientific data on such subjects as the effect of cover marking on the flight of the ball—Spalding frozen core—Spalding patented vulcanized cover—these are the things that *belong* to Spalding. These are the things that go into every Kro-Flite whether it's the present ball or the new size ball of 1931.

And these are the things that make Kro-Flite, present size or new size, the toughest golf ball in the world. These are the reasons why, in tests on the murderous Guillotine, with every ball in the world, Kro-Flite never fails to carry off first honors.

This Guillotine is the laboratory equivalent of the very worst shot in any golfer's repertory. A heavily weighted steel knife drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a viciously topped iron shot.

Recently, every ball that is at present made in the new 1931 size pitted its strength against the Guillotine.

Of them all, the Kro-Flite alone came through unscathed. Most of the others were completely ruined. All were in sorry shape as far as actual play was concerned.

But the Kro-Flite came from under that brutal blade with nothing more than a barely perceptible dent.

Kro-Flite's amazing toughness!

In fact, that same Kro-Flite was in perfect shape to live through a natural life of play. And life to a Kro-Flite is a long affair. For a single Kro-Flite has been known to be hale and hearty at the end of 828 holes of play!

This Guillotine test is an old story. In hundreds of these tests, the Guillotine never yet has won a decision from a Kro-Flite Ball. It never yet has lost a decision to any other!

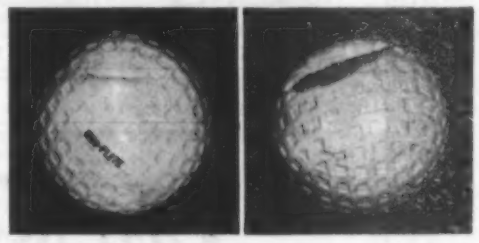
Kro-Flite has distance, too!

In recent tests on the Driving Machines at Chicopee, Mass., Putney, England, and Pinehurst, N. C.—the Kro-Flite once again proved that it is one of the longest balls made.

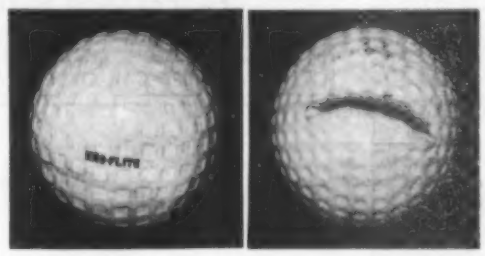
For in these tests as in former tests the Kro-Flite fell but a trifling distance behind its brother, the famous Spalding Ball, recognized by many of the game's leading players as the longest ball in the world!

Truly the Kro-Flite is the only ball in the world that combines first grade distance with maximum durability.

Your Professional, your Spalding Dealer, or any Spalding Store can supply you with either the Kro-Flite or the Spalding in the present size and weight or in the new 1931 size and weight. Dimple or mesh, plain white or Spalding Multidot Marking. 75 cents each.



Here are the two present size balls that made the best showing against the Guillotine. On the left is the Kro-Flite. On the right is the next most durable ball of the few balls that are comparable to the Kro-Flite in distance.



And here are the two balls in the new 1931 specifications that made the best showing in the Guillotine test. On the left is the Kro-Flite, still the Champion. On the right is the next most durable ball of the same group.

KRO-FLITE

MADE BY Spalding

EACH 75 CENTS

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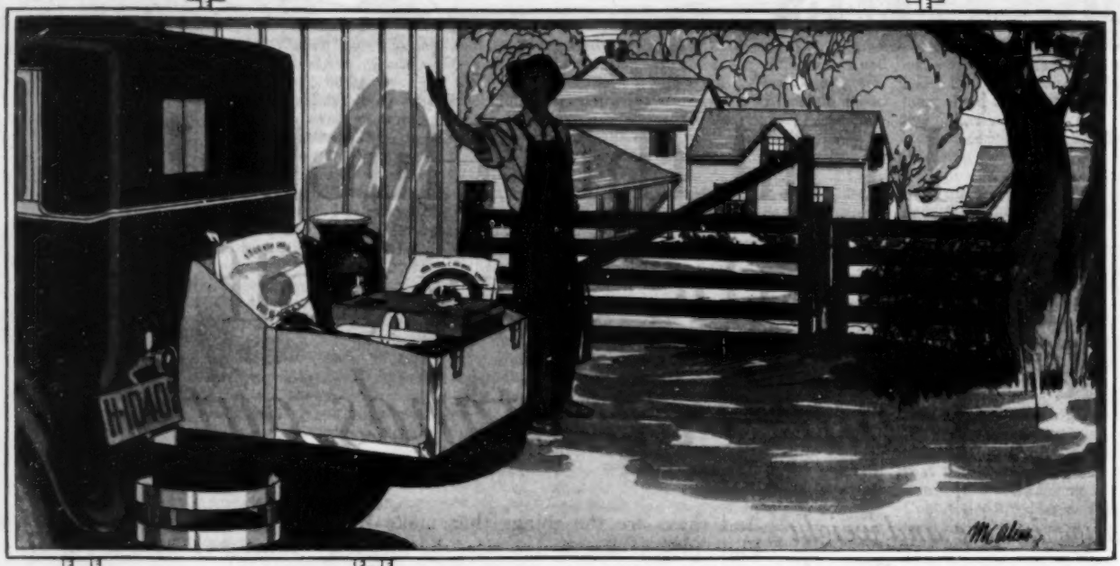
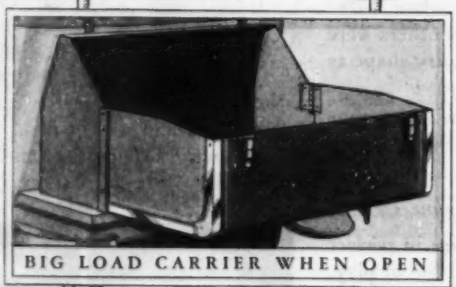


A THING OF BEAUTY WHEN CLOSED



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Farm relief—with a new idea

The American farmer was quick to sense the importance of Kari-Keen. And bought them by the hundreds of thousands. With its help he was able to make his family car do double duty. It became a light truck as well as a pleasure vehicle. And now the city man—the merchant, the salesman, the worker, the sportsman—follows the farmer's lead. He has discovered that the Kari-Keen is as handsome as a trunk and tremendously more useful. Adds nearly nine square feet to the car's capacity. Easily carries four hundred pounds. No whip. No rattles. No more ruined upholstery. No more crowded, uncomfortable cars. It is bringing relief to the farm and city alike. Get full particulars from your car dealer, or send to the Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company, Sioux City, Iowa.

KARI-KEEN

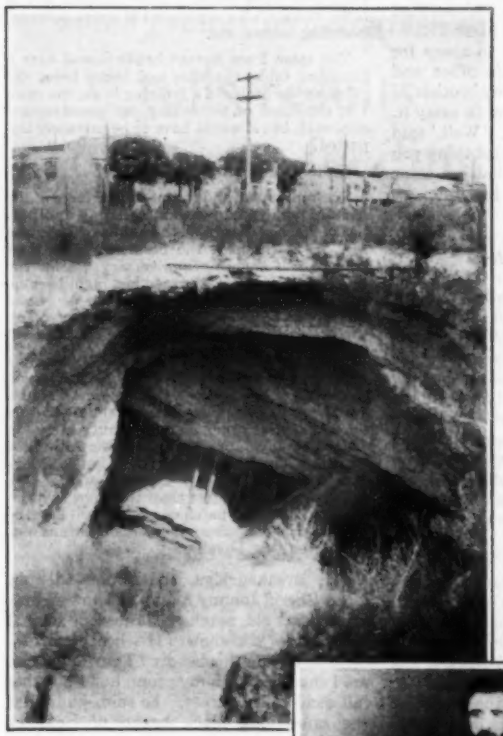
TOMBSTONE AND ITS EPITAPH

(Continued from Page 13)

Tucson while justice was meditatin' over his case. . . . That's how Wyatt got his name, The Lion of Tombstone, and we're on the way right now to the O. K. Corral where him an' Doc Holliday and his two brothers, Virgil and Morgan Earp, shot it out with the Clantons and McLowerys in October, '81. . . . Just there yonder by the fence corner where the old cartwheel lays, the two parties, with a blood feud workin', came together. Both the McLowerys and Billy Clanton were killed."

"And none of the Earp crowd?"

"Mebbe a scratch."



The Million-Dollar Stope

"Both parties began shooting at once?"

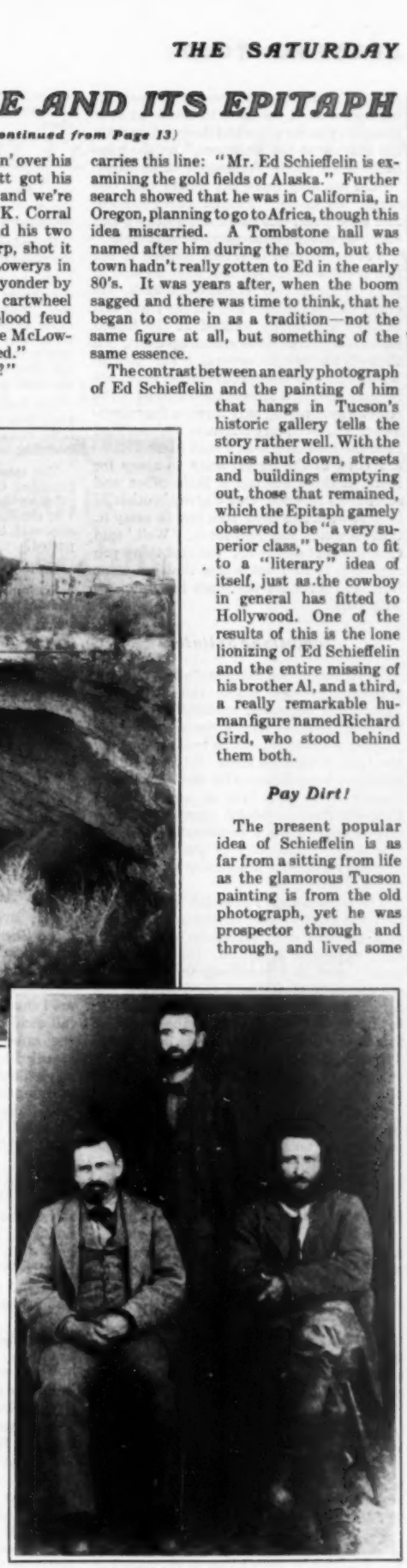
"Well," said Mr. Sanguinnetti, "there were several stories about that, but anyway it was the Clanton crowd that was wiped out."

Off to Fresh Fields

The Oriental Bar was broached, the gun-spattered walls of the Crystal Palace awesomely scrutinized, but the real virtue of those cobwebbed treasure chests seemed to evade Mr. Sanguinnetti's anecdotal urge. Boot Hill Cemetary was finally visited and the waning powers of the guide revived: "Boot Hill sure had to hurry to keep pace with the growth of the live town. Yes'm, the name came from the habit of leavin' the boots on the remains—a custom of them days. We don't do it no more. I happen to be the mortuary specialist of this town right now and sure ought to know. Been workin' on a mean case all night, but as a rule we're not so hurried as we was then."

It wasn't a matter of patience, but of unclocked absorption, falling back into the old story of Tombstone as it wrote itself from day to day in the Epitaph files. Mr. Ed Schieffelin, the accepted founder, was early gone, prospecting elsewhere. January 21, 1882, carries this line: "Mr. Ed Schieffelin is examining the gold fields of Alaska." Further search showed that he was in California, in Oregon, planning to go to Africa, though this idea miscarried. A Tombstone hall was named after him during the boom, but the town hadn't really gotten to Ed in the early 80's. It was years after, when the boom sagged and there was time to think, that he began to come in as a tradition—not the same figure at all, but something of the same essence.

The contrast between an early photograph of Ed Schieffelin and the painting of him that hangs in Tucson's historic gallery tells the story rather well. With the mines shut down, streets and buildings emptying out, those that remained, which the Epitaph gamely observed to be "a very superior class," began to fit to a "literary" idea of itself, just as the cowboy in general has fitted to Hollywood. One of the results of this is the lone lionizing of Ed Schieffelin and the entire missing of his brother Al, and a third, a really remarkable human figure named Richard Gird, who stood behind them both.



From Left to Right—Dick Gird, Al Schieffelin and Ed Schieffelin, 1878

Pay Dirt!

The present popular idea of Schieffelin is as far from a sitting from life as the glamorous Tucson painting is from the old photograph, yet he was prospector through and through, and lived some remarkably telling moments upon which important events hinged. Those moments were in the fall of '77 when he was working alone out of Fort Huachuca; when in the thrall of solitary discoveries he grew more and more bold about staying away nights from the fort.

The story of the Apache Trail actually rises to merit the word "blood-curdling." One has to know something of it from

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FRIENDLY TO THE FEET

"THE BEST PRESERVED & BEST DEVELOPED PREHISTORIC CLIFF DWELLINGS ARE THOSE IN THE MESA VERDE"

COLORADO

UPPER RIGHT: Balcony House, Mesa Verde. ABOVE: Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde. BELOW: A Dozen Valencia Onions.

CITY PLANNING isn't new, it began many centuries ago in Southwestern Colorado. The Government preserves the evidence in Mesa Verde National Park, where many fascinating ruins and relics of the high type of Cliff Dweller civilization are preserved. Few places in the world offer such unique and varied interest to the visitor... Colorado is like that, full of remarkable works of nature and of man. It's full of opportunity, too. You will be interested in the new Colorado book, which tells of Colorado's many-sided life in words and pictures—sent free.

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LEAKY ROOFS

you can add years to their lives at little cost

YOU don't need to spend a lot of money on that leaky roof. You can save the cost of a new roof, the cost and bother of frequent small repairs and save loss by leak damage. Simply give roof an all-over coating of Rutland Roof Coating. It's as easy as painting.

RUTLAND Roof Coating is made only of asphalt, asbestos and slow-drying mineral oil. There's no tar in it. After you put it on, the oil dries out and leaves on the roof a tough, mineral coating of asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres—thoroughly, lastingly waterproof.

Use on any roof except wood shingles. Red and black. One and 5 gal. cans. For factories, etc., 25 and 50 gal. drums. Also Rutland No. 4 Paste Roof Cement where paste is needed. At dependable hardware or paint stores. If you can't find it locally, write us. Free booklet, "How To Renew Old Roofs". Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt. Makers of Rutland Patching Plaster and Repair Products for 47 years.

Arizona's standpoint, become somewhat imbued with it, in fact, to know what it meant to wander alone and sleep out "within the shadow of the Dragoons," on the mesquite mesa where Tombstone later stood. "I did not stay there any longer than one night," Ed wrote. "I found some good ores and good float, but could not go there and stay long enough on account of the Indians."

Yet he lingered to satisfy himself of the rich promise of the section, then decided to hunt up his brother Al and come back. He packed his specimens and hit the trail. His brother was finally located at the Signal mine, but offered little encouragement. Ed showed his ore to several other people. Most of them pronounced it rather poor. He became tired of it himself, threw most of the stuff away, keeping only three or four specimens. His own story pursues: "About that time the company sent a man named Richard Gird to the Signal mine to assay for them, and he erected a little office and started his furnace. One day my brother Al took some ore to Gird, told him to assay it, that he would pay him for it. 'Well,' said Gird the next day to Al, 'the best thing you can do is to find out where that ore came from and start for the place and take me with you.'"

Tombstone Splinters

Never forgetting Ed Schieffelin's perilous preparatory work alone, the history of Tombstone depended entirely upon what followed Assayer Gird's decision and his journey with the Schieffelin brothers back to the Apache-haunted mesa. Ed Schieffelin's narrative is the keynote for the 1929 Tombstone revival. It is fully or partly printed and reprinted in books, pamphlets, even menu cards, while a profoundly more coherent and vital story of the Tombstone discovery remains practically unused and unheard of.

The occasional respectful mention of Richard Gird's name in the old Epitaph files, together with Schieffelin's allusion to him, awakened attention. On top of this came report of a positively unique action on the part of Richard Gird toward the Schieffelin brothers long after they had left town, and led to unearthing the fact that this man had also written his own story. Through the efforts of Kelly and Sykes at the Epitaph, the manuscript was later obtained.

Meanwhile the Tombstone caller was delving into the files like a returned native catching up on home news, and out in the streets they were making over the old town beyond recognition: welcome arches, fresh paint, carpentry and the rest. Why the police are enjoined to lock up or stand guard over the scene of a crime until the sleuths and the coroner arrive was forcibly realized at this time, for Tombstone was becoming bafflingly disheveled. However, the ancient Epitaph stood fast for the primal spirit, its crumbling pages literally peppered with intriguing items. There was a daily paragraph department called "Splinters" designed painlessly to make an addict of anyone who stayed with them:

"Trouble with Indians in Montana," reads a telegram of the day. Lord, if that was all the matter with us.

We learn that it is Mayor Carr's intention to issue no permits for weapon-toting, except to business men who live in the outskirts. Hell, only those who live in the outskirts are safe!

A new revolving cannon is being constructed in Germany, according to foreign dispatch. Just how soon it will be seen in the streets of Tombstone is a matter of weather on the high seas.

Ike Isaacs, the Keno man, is doing a rushing business. The reason for this is Ike's game is strictly square.

The stage was several hours late yesterday. Wait a minute, my friends. It was a delayed train in Benson.

In God we trust, but reserve suspicion on everyone else.

Tom Fitch took occasion to animadvert scathingly upon the cowboy element. The Arizona Democrat says Tom's life is not worth a picayune if he remains in Tombstone. This situation makes a feller feel low down as a fish's chest.

HIS DECISION WILL BE FINAL

At the Pearce-Tombstone ball game Sunday, a crippled man alone could be pursuaded to umpire. He took no chances, flourished his gun at the opening of the game announcing that his decisions would be prompt and final.

Round and round the little wheel goes; where she stops they's nobody knows.

The ice cream and strawberry festival at the courthouse grounds last night was a great success. Tombstone's fondness for luxuries was never more forcibly illustrated. Chinese lanterns were hung beneath the trees and the bright dresses of the ladies completed a picture not often seen outside of the more pretentious commonwealths.

The town of Total Wreck is pleasantly situated, four miles westerly from Pantano and is brisk with its full complement of stores, saloons, boarding-houses, etc.

The more I see human heads bowed over a gambling table, the wins and losses being decided by the brains of a jumping bean, the more I'm reminded of something my grandmother once said, but it would have to be privately imparted.

Go to church today.

The reportorial and compositorial force of the Epitaph enjoyed an elegant collation and bottles of Cachet Blanco at the hands of Mrs. and Mr. T. E. Sumner, the occasion being their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. May the silver life link commemorated last night become golden under autumnal life tints and the russet of autumn be followed by the snows of many winters ere the Gleaner will say "Come home."

It is a slander to Tombstone to suppose difficulties cannot be settled without calling on the deadly bowie or the popular 6. The recontre yesterday in the courthouse grounds between the district attorney and a deputy clerk, in which the only damages reported were an eye or two in mourning and a barked knuckle, answered every purpose of the contestants. We ask if this is not better than the Boot Hill finish. As it is, that patch of ground will later be located as a lead mine when our silver runs out. Ponder on this, boys.

Bill Breakenridge, the famous deputy under Sheriff Johnny Behan and now eighty-three years old, reached Tombstone several days before the show. His heart was uncertain, but not his head. "The doctor told me I should stay in my room, but I'd rather fall dead in the street," he said, pulling at the same long black brand of cigar he steadied his jaw with as the "go-gettin'est, single-handedest" deputy of Tombstone's undying flare. Mr. Breakenridge is a bachelor, "always was and always is" and has occupied the same rooms at the Pueblo Club in Tucson for the past seventeen years.

Among the first he talked over old times with, in Mrs. Macia's Arcade in Tombstone, was H. C. Stillman, one of his fellow deputies under Behan. Together they helped to chart Arizona trails as well as Border Western literature, and showed a profound respect for each other nearly a half century later.

An Invitation to the Court House

"You won't get the story of Wyatt Earp out of the Epitaph," Mr. Breakenridge said. "If you knew how politics were working in those days you'd see why. It was this way: Johnny Behan was practically the only Democrat in politics around Tombstone then.

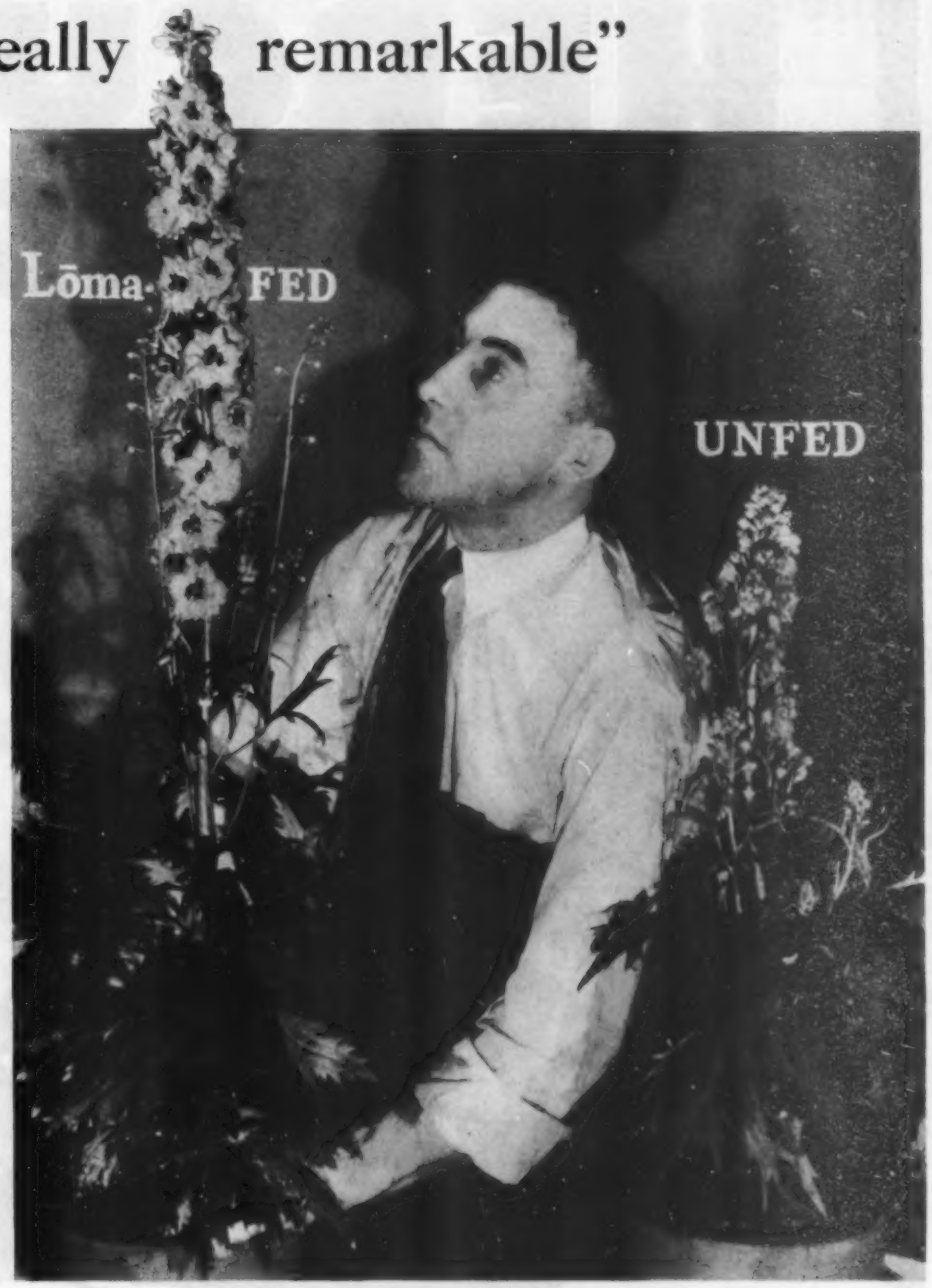
"When we asked for a county and were cut off from Pima, becoming Cochise, the territorial governor was no less than John C. Fremont, the pathfinder. He was a Republican in a Republican administration, but he believed Behan to be the best man for our sheriff's job, which was a plum worth thirty-five thousand dollars a year. It included for instance the office of tax collector and an allowance of 10 per cent of his collections. The Epitaph fought Behan all the way and got the reputation of backing Earp because he was Behan's rival."

Pioneers discussed an outstanding day in Tombstone's history—the great hanging in the courthouse yard, March 28, 1884. "I remember the date because it was my wife's

(Continued on Page 189)

"The *increase in the size* of the fed plants was really remarkable"

MR. WILLIAM C. DUCKHAM,
noted grower of delphiniums,
tells results of Lōma-feeding



RANGING in color from the deepest indigo blue and violet to the faintest lavenders, mauves and peach-cheek hues, Duckham's Delphiniums have brought beauty to gardens in every State in the Union.

In his nurseries at Madison, New Jersey, Mr. Duckham himself applied Lōma to three rows of delphiniums. There were more than 100 plants to each row. Alongside, three other rows were left untreated.

"At the end of two weeks," says Mr. Duckham, "there was a marked increase in the size and vigor of the fed plants as against the unfed. The color of the foliage in the fed plants, too, was much richer, and they were well on the way toward producing some record blooms."

* * *

You, in your own garden, can secure results with Lōma that will surprise and please you as much as did the results which Mr. Duckham secured in his nurseries. For the value of Lōma in feeding lawns and flowers and vegetables has been demonstrated by tens of thousands of home-owners throughout the nation.

There's a very simple reason for the amazing achievements of Lōma. This scientific plant food is a *complete* diet for plants, combining, in carefully balanced proportions, nitrates, potash and phosphates in a richly concentrated form. And it is distinctive in that plants can use it at once, so that results come quickly.

For your own satisfaction, try a ten-day test of Lōma by first using a small package on a selected spot in your lawn or garden. You can get Lōma either in bags or cartons from any dealer in lawn or garden supplies. Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corporation, New York, N. Y.

At the International Flower Show in New York City, where the world's best growers exhibit, this special Gold Medal was awarded to William C. Duckham for his nationally prized Duckham's Delphiniums.

"We certainly demonstrated *the value of feeding a lawn with Lōma,*" *says the gardener who conducted a test with this plant food on the lawn of Mrs. Kendall Preston of Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Mrs. Preston is proud of her lawn and is determined to keep it in good shape by regular feeding. A two weeks' demonstration proved here, as it will on your own lawn, the value of Lōma in increasing the vigor and beauty of the grass.*

"So many people," *Mrs. Preston said,* "*asked why one side of the lawn was so much greener than the other.*"

Lōma

Apply it now + for a beautiful Lawn and Garden

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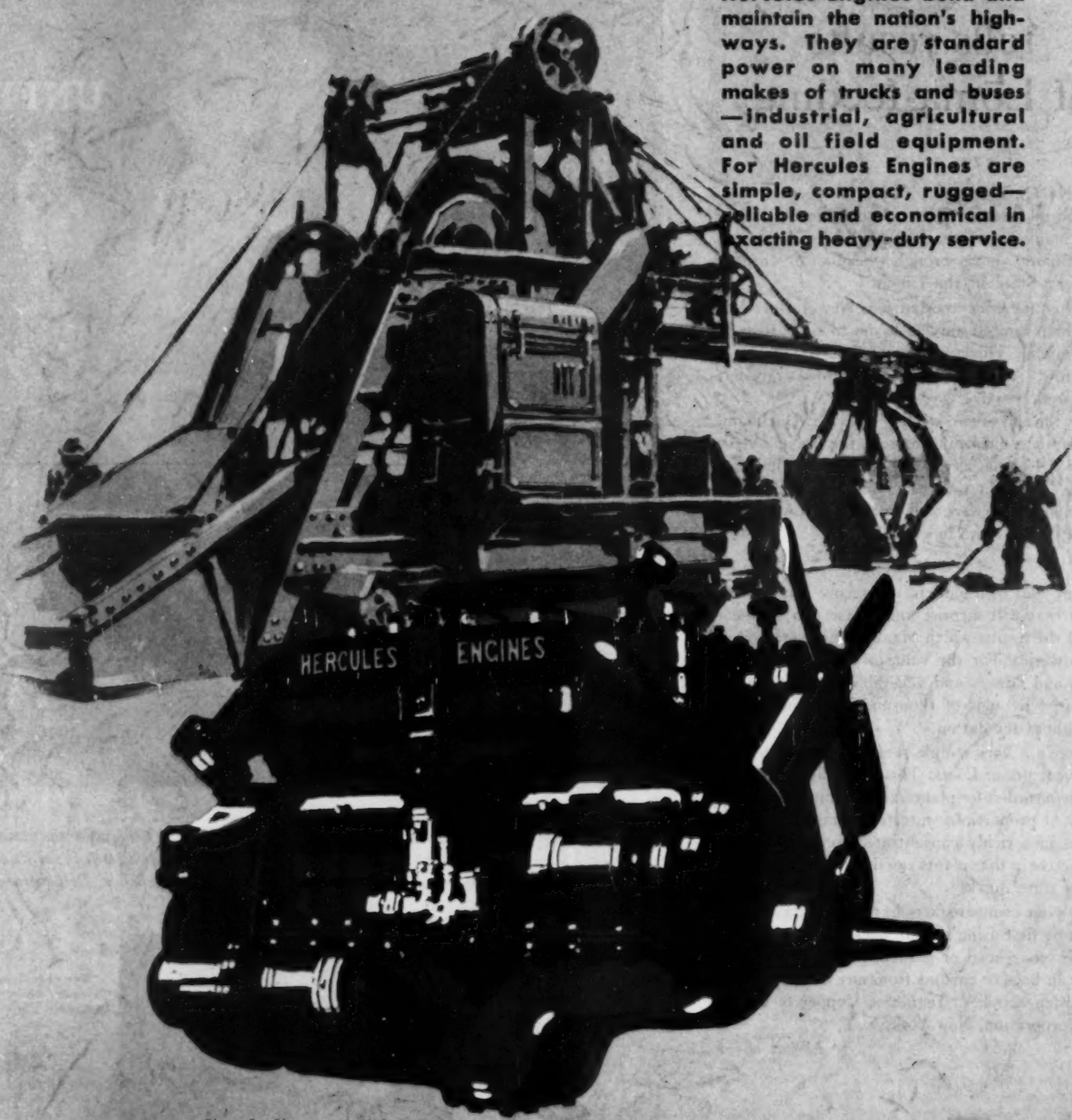
HERCULES ENGINES

On shovels, concrete mixers, locomotives and paving machines—scrapers, rollers, sweepers and snow plows—Hercules Engines build and maintain the nation's highways. They are standard power on many leading makes of trucks and buses—industrial, agricultural and oil field equipment. For Hercules Engines are simple, compact, rugged—reliable and economical in exacting heavy-duty service.



HERCULES MOTORS CORPORATION, CANTON, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 186)

birthday," Mr. Stillman said. In his possession is the black-bordered card of invitation:

> EXECUTION OF
> DANIEL KELLY, OMER W. SAMPLE, JAS. HOWARD, DANIEL DOWD AND WILLIAM DELANEY
> AT THE COURT HOUSE, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA
> MARCH 28, 1884, AT 1 O'CLOCK P.M.
> J. L. WARD, *Sheriff*
> By A. O. WALLACE.
> Not Transferable.

The crime for which this five-at-one-drop execution was the judicious calculation was a peculiarly wanton hold-up in Bisbee, December, 1883. Dan Kelly, Red Sample, Tex Howard, Dan Dowd and Bill Delaney rode into Bisbee and proceeded to rob the Casteneda Mercantile Company. Two of the outlaws shot up the streets, while their three companions ransacked the store and filled a grain sack with loot. The five then rode down Tombstone canyon and on to the plains of Sulphur Springs Valley, leaving behind them one woman and four men dead in the streets of Bisbee.

Etiquette for the Sheriff

Posses were organized and took up the trail. The first was led by a deputy sheriff and included a gambler named Heath, who was presently under suspicion of having joined the chase to lead the pursuers off the trail. In this, it is alleged, Heath accomplished his purpose, losing the posse several hours of valuable time. The bandits reached the Chiricahuas and separated, but were later captured in the wide spaces of New Mexico and Sonora. Heath had meanwhile been held, and was sentenced to life imprisonment, while the five others were condemned to the ultimate.

Bisbee residents were not satisfied. The court's decision in the case of Heath rankled, and a half hundred men were appointed in mass meeting to correct the error. They rode over the divide to Tombstone, dismounted at the county jail, took possession of the prisoner and hanged him to a telegraph pole. A certain small incident of the doings appealed to the Epitaph, which covered it in an unobtrusive head:

NATURAL: HE WANTED TO KNOW

At the lynching of Heath yesterday, one of our citizens was invited to climb the telegraph pole and put the rope over the cross-arm. This citizen would not participate, but another quickly climbed to the task. When he came down and Heath was drawn up, he asked what they were lynching him for.

Arizona has always been "romantic" and shown a desire to be elegant as well. Revised statutes of her penal code, Title X, sec. 1849, page 807, made it obligatory for a sheriff to issue invitations to executions. The fact that the form was not prescribed became a predicament. Sheriff Ward's boiled-down bid to the Cochise ritual, as shown in preceding paragraphs, made the best of the situation, but others anguished in the throes of composition. Sheriff Wattron of Navajo County met nothing short of a crisis in his tenure of office. His first attempt to summon guests was:

> You are hereby cordially invited to attend the hanging of one George Smiley, murderer. His soul will be swung into eternity on December 8, 1889, at 2 o'clock p.m. sharp. Latest improved methods in the art of scientific strangulation will be employed and everything possible will be done to make the surroundings cheerful and the execution a success.

A few purists took exception to his form. The execution was postponed. Sheriff Wattron bit his pencil and heroically tackled it again, with a second result to this effect:

> With feeling of profound sorrow and regret I hereby invite you to attend the private, decent and humane execution of a human being; name, George Smiley; crime, murder. The said George Smiley will be executed on January 8, 1890, at 2 o'clock p.m. You are expected to deport yourself in a respectful manner, and any "flippant" or "unseemly" language or conduct on your part will not be allowed. Conduct on anyone's part bordering on ribaldry and tending to mar the solemnity of the occasion will not be tolerated.

Even this met the usual fate of revised versions, though the execution went through. Sheriff Wattron's struggle in this situation is clearly shown through one of his later acts of office, which was to make a plea to the then Governor Murphy to appoint a committee of editors whose sole business it would be to evolve a form of invitation to executions, and have same embodied in the Territorial laws.

Throughout the celebration the name of Richard Gird was rarely heard. In her own good time Arizona will look up his case. Ed Schieffelin's narrative was the bible of the half-century revival; it is no rash hazard to say that Gird's manuscript will be that of the centennial. It is lean and vital all through. Bits of its quality are shown here:

"I ought to say at the start that the name Tombstone never was given to a claim or to a mine, but became the generic nomenclature of the district and eventually the name of the town that sprang up near the mines. . . . The sequel will show that the first claim located was dubbed The Graveyard, because it proved worthless, and for no other reason. As I will show, the first claim located that proved valuable was the Lucky Cuss, about nine miles distant from where Ed Schieffelin thought he had discovered what are now known as the Tombstone mines.

"In the winter of 1878 I was working for the Signal Mining and Milling Company as mining and mechanical engineer and assayer. One day Al Schieffelin showed me a small piece of ore that I at once recognized as rich. It was of a character that should come from a certain geological formation only. I had previously made a topographical map of Arizona, which the legislature by an act had authorized, knowledge that enabled me to predict the kind of geological formation that produced that ore. The piece was nearly the size of a hen's egg."

The Lucky Cuss Ledge

The story of leaving Signal, of that shivery journey of three hundred miles in the winter of '78, by buckboard with two mules, Beck and Mollie, follows. The outstanding difficulties were Apaches and the cold. "We were rather thinly clad," he writes, "for when we spread our blankets on the ground, we found before morning it was necessary to rustle out and to get warm. My past experiences with Indians admonished me that it was the part of prudence to take all precautions possible in our way of traveling. In an Indian country they are most to be dreaded when there is no sign. While on the lookout before daybreak one morning, I found a wristlet—a rawhide band which fastens around the wrist to keep the bowstring from cutting the left wrist and hand . . . their thin trail showed plainly in the dewy grass. . . . It was a well recognized fact that one of the Indians' most favored modes of attack was to secure a point of vantage near a camp during the night and to attack early in the morning while the campers were crawling out of their blankets. . . ."

He tells of reaching the place Ed had found the ore and of the necessity of improvising a button balance. "I polished a piece of soft, flat steel, about an inch wide and eight inches long, upon which with a sharp scratch-awl, I drew two fine divergent lines, inclosing a very acute angle. By taking buttons of known values and adjusting them to places on the divergent between the two lines, and marking the values opposite, I found that with care a very close approximation could be obtained. . . . We sallied out about two miles to see the place from which Ed had taken the samples that he had brought to Signal. It was a great disappointment. He had found a

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Old Hampshire Bond

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little stringer, showing for one hundred feet or so along a low porphyry ridge, which contained a little black petanca in one place. . . . Of course our disappointment was great; the find not inappropriately named The Graveyard.

"The next morning, after we concluded that The Graveyard was not worth while, we began a systematic trailing up the gulches. One afternoon, I was assaying when Ed came in with a lot of rock for me to examine. Among the rest was a water-worn piece that looked good to me, and on breaking it open I found it full of horn silver. As there was still time, the furnace being hot, a piece was quickly pulped and I put it through, getting an immense button. The next morning after the find, I went with Ed to the spot where he had picked up the piece of float, and without much difficulty we followed up the gulch and soon found the Lucky Cuss Ledge—the real discovery of the mines now known the world over as the Tombstone mines. I picked up more rich float, some of the pieces assaying as high as $9000 a ton. And this is the true story of the finding of the Tombstone properties.

"Regarding my associates, a better, more honest, truthful and naturally good man it would be hard to find than was Al Schieffelin. Ed was somewhat self-conscious, given to personal display, ever worrying about what others might be thinking of his goings and comings. Withal, at bottom, Ed in all affairs of life was honorable and true. Neither of the boys remained to work the property."

Now follows Richard Gird's personal reference to the action which particularly attracted his part to this Tombstone presentation.

"From first to last there never was a scratch of a pen to any agreement between the brothers and me. Both of the Schieffelins sold their respective quarter stock interests in the mines long before I did and greatly against my advice. When I sold later, I got for my interest as much as they both obtained for their joint interests. Though under no obligation to do so I divided the excess that I received between the three of us, so that in the end we all shared alike."

He adds:

"Ed's picking up of a little piece of black rock resulted in the finding and the opening up of those wonderful Tombstone mines causing an influx of prospectors into that heretofore unknown country, from which came the discovery of the copper camps at Bisbee, Nacozari and Cananea, the extraction of hundreds of millions of dollars from the rock-ribbed earth, and the employment of thousands of men, besides the far-reaching effects upon the industrial world in consequence of the supply of gold and silver and particularly of copper, in this day which leaves behind the age of iron, and ushers in the conductors of electricity."

A Ditch That Was Wrong End To

The red glistening thread of the Apache wove constantly through the gray fabric of pioneer talk, far more interesting than the attempt to put the old town back that was taking place in the streets. The effort to attend a remote mining claim or promote a cattle ranch, and at the same time bring up a family in the early 80's, was one that called for unbeatable courage, fiery enthusiasm and red-blooded health. Some of the old "girls" who lived through were back for Helldorado, dressed in the layouts of the period when you put on everything you had and trusted to crash an effect. Maids then, they were fellow pioneers now, nothing to renew but ineffaceable friendship, founded in a united struggle just to live, against conditions of which the Apache was the ever-harrowing and ever-present fear. This renewal of lives was the telling feature of the show days.

Dave Adams came down from his big cattle ranch in the Dragoons, telling a winsome story of his coming to Arizona with an apple-cheeked bride: "Speakin' of Old Cochise, he was the best friend I ever had. I'll tell you why. I came out to the Gila River country in '78. Young, mister? You haven't any idea. You couldn't have. That wasn't all, bringin' the young missus with me. It was a land boomer in Cali forny got me goin', or rather comin' this way. We wanted a lot of land for little money and we listened to him tell about the ditches already dug an' the punkins to be growed, and the missus and I came along out, so fresh from bein' married we was afraid of each other. And there was the Gila, an' there was the ditches, just as he said, an' all around was landscape where we was goin' to spend our lives. Along came a big rain, just as the land boomer said it would, only I noticed the flood goin' the wrong way, on the piece we had set ourselves down on. Before the flood was over, that ditch pretty near spoiled the old Gila's river bed, emptyin' so much of it into a big bottom country of mesquite and ocotillos and greasewood for a lake. What they'd done was to put the ditch into the river wrong end to, and a year and a half later when the next rain comes, we got pretty sour on ditches, bein' down to one skinny team and no punkins bigger'n a pear."

The Tumult and the Shouting Dies

"So we took our hosses an' started for Texas late in '79, and we got this far, down here on the mesa, and was campin' one night when we heard noises but went back to sleep. When I woke up it was gray daylight an' the missus was sittin' up and her hand comes over and shuts off a yawn I was startin'. 'They've got between us an' the hosses,' she whispered. 'They're drivin' 'em up the draw.' 'But,' I says, 'we got to have them hosses,' reachin' for my gun. 'No, we don't. There's fourteen of 'em,' she says close to my ear, meanin' Apaches. 'Just keep still.'

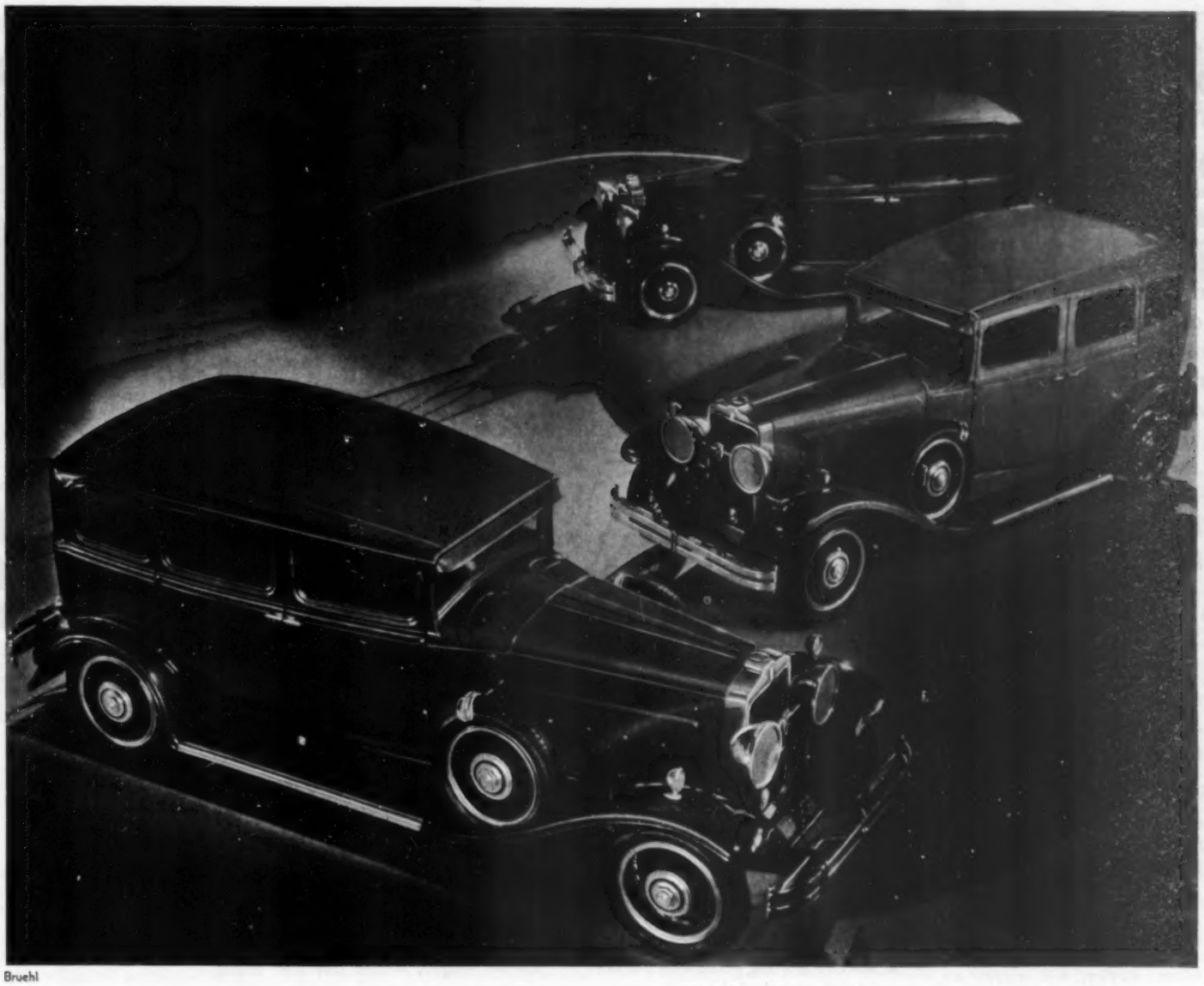
"Which I did, still bein' afraid of that woman. That day we started walkin' with what we could carry, which wasn't much. I remember there was a fine wool petticoat we debated on leavin'. Some Apache got it afterward. There were some things for a baby comin' and four or five tired-out little apples from the Maricopa. All that day we kept a-goin' with our bundles, and at sundown we saw smoke and pushed farther to this big camp which was Tombstone, the missus makin' it as she munched her last apple. Not havin' any hosses, we couldn't get out for Texas, and by the time we had earned us another team, we had got to like it, an' here we are yet, with ten sons workin' out from here, one as far as Araby, but a place to come home to when he gets ready. What I started sayin' was them Injuns were Cochise's braves, and they did us a better turn than we knew for a long time, but we know it now."

"Silver went down—water came up"—the same old story in Tombstone after the noise of the show died down. The beards were gone the next day, the false fronts of the empty buildings showing foolish as masks after the ball. Tombstone made itself over for a few days to meet the world's glass eye and now has to meet itself.

Those who are left, "a very superior class," to be sure, have the fight of their lives on to retain the county seat. A rather commonplace little issue, this holding on to existence as one of countless villages of the plain, but not so from a local point of view, which ever conflicts with the national. Tombstone is importantly set apart like Arlington and Mount Vernon in having a national significance, in being the high, vividly limned point of the Apache Trail, the haunting corner with Sonora opposite, the romantic capital of the Southwest. Its past does not need to be restored from a showman's standpoint, nor through the plugging on of its merely local existence.

Its history is brutal, blithe, cagy, abrupt—of the very core of the state-building breed. It met the keenest, cruelest of foes in the Indian and in itself. Its wet mines and rows of empty adobe buildings should become a volume in the national library of shrines.

THE NEW PEERLESS



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Prices quoted are at factory

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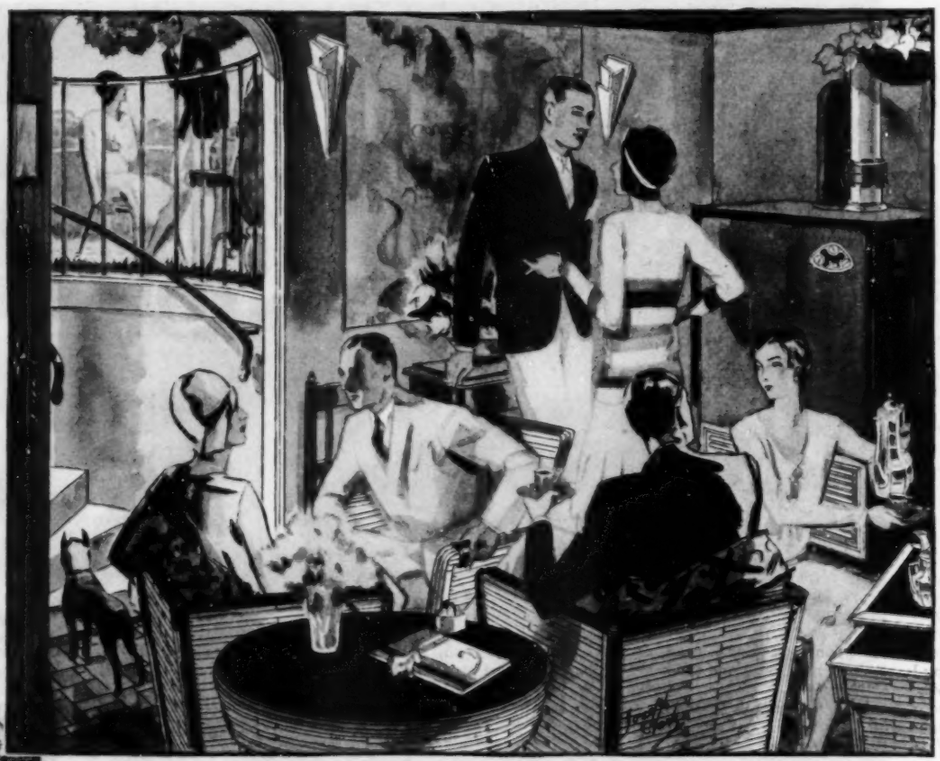
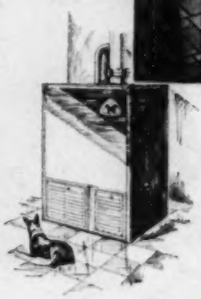
EVEN ON SULTRY SUMMER DAYS the home with BRYANT GAS HEATING is a home to be envied.

What is the coolest spot in the house when the temperature outside is soaring? The basement, of course.

In Bryant-heated homes the basement is as clean as any room above and can, therefore, be made just as livable. A basement recreation room, with a Bryant *Model 45 Boiler* in the corner, can furnish a charming retreat from summer heat, where children can play in comfort, safely protected from the broiling sun, where friends can be brought for delightfully cool suppers or evening entertainments among novel surroundings.



All summer, complete cleanliness, without soot, dust or grimy odors. All winter, exactly the same utter freedom from dirt. And "the pup your Furnace Man!"



Until recently, an invitation to a "basement party" was a signal for old clothes and the finery of other years. Today, in the home that is new or modernly remodeled, Bryant Gas Heating has removed the "WatchOut for the Dirt" sign that formerly made the basement forbidden ground to family and guests. Clever hostesses are making basement entertainments a popular innovation.

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Who says we can't entertain successfully in a hot spell? We'll give a basement supper and make our guests additionally grateful for being invited.

KULTUR OF THE SABER

(Continued from Page 7)

other they turned fresh, unblemished countenances. But both were nervous. Neither was more than sixteen.

At the first passage of arms, one took a quick step back. Immediately the cry, "Halt!" from the seconds. Then severe reprimands—not only from the seconds but from the fellow corps members in the front row. The unfortunate youth reddened under the harsh criticism from his elders. One reminded him of his honor as well as his duty. Another explained to an old grad that the youth certainly seemed all right beforehand, because his beer honesty had been attested weeks before, nor had he failed in any of the awkward tasks set for him by the elder undergraduates. Beer honesty is proved by draining the biggest tankard obtainable—several quarts or so—at one draft, under the eyes of judges, and then immediately turning it bottom up and proving that not enough liquid remains to cover the thumb nail.

During the next passage of arms this youth gritted his teeth and slashed with such fury that the other lad gave ground. Again came the cry of "Halt!" and the judge immediately declared that the duel had been no combat. He then explained briefly that the pair were too inexperienced and must try again at a future date.

The third bout was somewhat like the first, with an equal number of gashes—a good half dozen—bestowed by each fighter upon his opponent. In the fourth duel one contestant received so severe a wound as to send him to the hospital. It also involved a matter of corps honor.

The incident occurred almost at the beginning of the first passage of arms. One duelist, according to the argument of members of the opposing corps, hacked ahead of the signal—that is to say, before the seconds' swords were fully down. Anyhow, he caught his opponent full on the head, causing him to reel backward, and the swords of both seconds then intervened. There was no question of the duel's continuing. This young duelist, instead of going to afternoon classes, proudly wearing strips of plaster across his countenance, was quickly taken out of the building, placed in a taxicab and rushed away for better medical attention than the busy doctor in the dueling hall could bestow.

The Old Grad Talks

A long argument followed as to whether this duel should be allowed or whether it, too, should be fought over. Several witnesses from each corps were chosen and appointed a special committee to study the case—to decide whether the blow had been a foul. This committee was to meet as soon as possible and report its decision to the central bureau of corps commanders, which is the G.H.Q. of student existence and decides all such matters.

During this interim, the old, old grad, the septuagenarian, further regaled us. We sat in the long corridor leading from the hall to the cloakroom, where waiters circulated with large trays piled high with beverages. We peered behind the stained velvet draperies that concealed the windows. The morning was half gone and a pale winter sun sneaked down the narrow street. The old grad tugged at our arm. It was best not to be seen at the windows, he explained. The building was empty, to all purposes, except when the cheap jazz orchestra turned up at night for the amusement of the neighborhood couples. He then asked what we thought of it all.

Didn't we consider it splendid that the youth of Germany—the new Germany—still conducted itself manfully, despite the vicissitudes of the Fatherland? We attempted to argue, but felt it rather useless before such enthusiasm. We did, finally, manage to interpolate our thought that it seemed rather futile—we didn't like to say silly—such striving for facial decorations. We even dared suggest that one might get the same result by the careful manipulation of the razor, and so save the expense of a college education.

But the razor wouldn't do the job half so naturally, we were informed. Besides, one could hardly get enough scars except in the full college duel course.

Standing Up to Trouble

Again he called attention to the seams and sears covering his own countenance and for a few moments lived several of his fifty duels over again—mentioning the names of several illustrious adversaries. He, too, bore an illustrious name—one known on both sides of the Atlantic, in the world of science. We could not help but admire him, even as he shouted us down, sitting there beside his big beer stein, munching his sausages, impatient for the next number on the program. So we forbore to air our opinion that college football might bring out the honor and valor of corps members just as well as saber dueling. Then he gave us another idea to digest.

"You must understand," he said solemnly, "it isn't just the question of scars on the face. This saber fighting illustrates our idea of standing up to trouble at close quarters. Duel rules, which forbid a man to give ground, or even speak during the combat, or to cease fighting until the time is up, unless incapacitated, mean far more to us than mere scars and swordsmanship. There is skill in this German saber play, despite your opinion that it is so inferior to the French"—we had previously made such invidious comparison—"and, anyhow," he continued, "it certainly takes more nerve to stand up against an adversary when you know you will be disqualified by giving way.

"You will recall, perhaps, during the war, when you people and the English and French termed us 'barbarians' and 'Huns' that, for our part, we never retaliated by calling names. At no time during the war did Germany ever apply terms of opprobrium on the enemy. Such lack of propaganda may have been bad, but that was our way." He paused, then shrugged and continued, "You will forgive, please, this apparent lack of good manners, but as we did lose the war, perhaps I have the excuse to say these things, and because we did not commit those atrocities with which the Allies so fully credited us. You yourself don't believe in the atrocities nowadays."

The clang of sabers was heard from the big dance room. The old grad started from his chair, but we interrupted.

"Is this reactionary Germany now speaking?" we asked. "Is this the Germany that wants an empire again, or is it republican Germany? And these boys with these dangerous playthings that have been spilling their blood this morning—what are they?"

"Republicans," the answer came quick as a shot. "Get it out of your head that our universities or our teachings are reactionary. Even our sons of the rich, who constitute the majority of these student corps, who fight these duels, do not want the empire back—or only a very few of them perhaps. Our duels have nothing to do with our form of government. Kings delivered edicts against duels, the same as republican parliaments—notably Louis XIII of France, a few centuries back, and yet D'Artagnan paid just the same attention as these lads. Come along; you will see some real saber play this time—and never mind about football. We Germans are ready to play football, too, just as we have gone in for boxing, tennis and track athletics since the war—and with an amount of success, you must admit. We are really like other people, but all people have their little ways. Just please consider student dueling one of our little ways."

As our learned friend suggested, this fifth and last combat on the students' part of the program was the star turn. It was between two corps chieftains. Both had almost the required number of duels to their credit, so they were considered old-timers, complete masters of the art of saber play. In their hands the heavy sabers did not seem so clumsy. Real deftness was apparent in the way the blades slithered the air, just missing craniums by fractions of inches before the parry would slide them aside harmlessly. Five minutes of fighting and no blood drawn. Ten minutes of fighting with the same lack of result. Then suddenly a clean clip on the cheek; a magnificent scar would be the result of that. In the final passage of arms, just before time was called, blood flowed from the other fighter. Another life memento from a neat wound extending from under the tip of the ear to the point of the jaw. Both battlers were highly pleased with the result; smart work they called it as they shook hands and went arm in arm to the patching bureau. The duel winners are never announced. At these combats it is all a matter of endurance and the resulting number of scars.

Came a lull while the floor was mopped up and the rules gone over for the hate duel, which was to be the finale of the morning's program. The principals in this combat had been kept waiting in a couple of stage dressing rooms. It appeared that their hate was too great for them to sit in the same room. Their seconds waited with them as they undressed and prepared for the fray.

Lastly the Hate Duel

Previously it had been decided that during the hate duel only the two corps sponsoring the affair might remain as witnesses, but on account of the lateness of the hour—it was eleven o'clock—with the workday crowds in the streets, it was considered better to keep everyone instead of half clearing the hall. Thus, if official attention were drawn to the place, it would come after all had ended.

We sought out our host, who had again retired to the refreshment parlor; we desired to gather a little data on the forthcoming entertainment—the names of the participants and what it was all about.

Our host, genial, and going out of his way to please in all else, at once, on the question of what it was all about, became a heel-clicking automaton of the best German school of formality.

"The cause of the difficulty may only be revealed by the principals or their seconds," he declared, a bit pompously.

"Even so," we agreed, "but we understand one of the seconds is a pal of yours, so we thought perhaps you might get his ear for a moment, and incidentally the low-down—unless, of course, a lady's name is involved and ——"

He interrupted with a haughty wave of the hand. "I am able to inform you," he said stiffly, "that a lady is not the cause."

We were relieved, we said, but this absence of the cause feminine made the scrap all the more intriguing. We could imagine several good reasons for blood spilling were a lady involved, but otherwise, what could it be all about?

Our friend would consult his friend, the second, he said, and later he might be able to shed a bit of light. He disappeared; returning in a few minutes to repent a statement made earlier—that the cause of the difficulty was "very grave" and he could say no more.

The atmosphere was more electric than during the earlier student encounters. We insisted that our friend get after his friend again—perhaps, after the fight ended.

"My friend," our friend said finally, "may only reveal the cause of the quarrel with full permission from his principal. Later, if the affair is settled to the entire satisfaction of his principal, we can then ask whether he cares to seek such permission. But"—his face lighted—"I am able to tell

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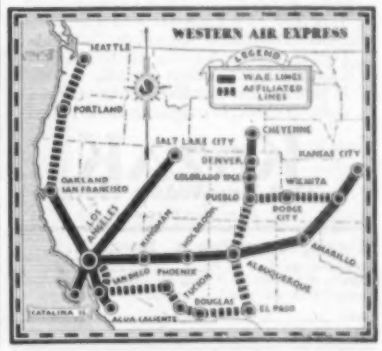

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you this: The cause is so highly interesting and such hate is involved that no possibility exists that the duel may not be fought." He smiled while we stared.

"You see," he then explained, "the judge of the duel must even now attempt a reconciliation. I am fully able to inform you that he will not succeed." With this consolation, we took our places on a somewhat wabbly table at the end of the room.

The two principals were seated on chairs at opposite ends of the fight platform. Both were stripped to the waist, except for neck pads to guard the jugular veins. Below they wore the usual heavy leather fencing pads. Across the eight feet of space they glowered at each other in the approved fighting fashion.

The army captain was a beetle-browed, swarthy person, hairy chested, lean, hard-looking. He seemed about forty years old. His opponent, the lawyer, appeared younger, his body white, slender. He was blond, with crinkly fair hair. The captain thrust both head and body forward, but the lawyer held himself straight. His head was thrown back and he met the captain's steady stare with eyes that clearly flashed their hate.

Honor is Satisfied

After a long parley with the seconds the judge, selected from the corps captains, approached each principal and in low tones made what purported to be a formal demand for reconciliation. Each duelist shook his head vigorously. The judge then mounted a table at the side of the fight platform and addressed the assemblage at large. First, he suggested that pipes, cigars and beer steins be set aside during the final number on the program and also that silence was a condition to be desired. Then he made a formal but curious speech. A speech, curious not only in its brevity but also in the speed of its delivery. For it contained no pause for punctuation marks. It was as though he feared that in case he permitted the necessary formal warnings to sink into the imagination of his auditors, something might occur to break up the procedure. In brief, his words were:

"Gentlemen it is necessary that I warn you that you are here in violation of the law and that as witnesses to the duel that is about to follow you are likely to arrest I have already privately asked the principals in this combat to compose their differences It is now my duty to again make this request publicly I can see quite plainly that they do not intend to be reconciled therefore I now formally permit this duel to take place."

During this hurried performance of duty, the judge did indeed glance hastily, and to us it seemed fiercely, at the opponents, but had they had any twelfth-hour intention of shaking hands, it would have been impossible for them to get their desire across before the judge leaped from the table, crouched beside the platform and called for them to take position.

The army captain, however, did get a word in before following the judge's instructions. In a loud voice he declared that during his army service he had received an eye injury; that, therefore, he considered it his right to wear an eye protector during the duel. A loud, nervous laugh from the lawyer caused the seconds of both duelists to seize their men's sword arms. The younger man was evidently so excited that the seconds felt he might attack ahead of signal. The youthful judge was severe upon the elder warriors.

"You came to us to arrange this fight," he declared; "therefore, you will abide by the code of honor as we interpret it. You"—he turned to the captain—"should have made this request earlier. You"—turning to the lawyer—"will remember that you are to keep silence after you are called on guard. My decision is that eye protectors shall be worn by both parties."

A wait while the eye shields were sent for and adjusted by the seconds. Again the adversaries were placed on guard, the seconds measuring the distance of a sword's length between the duelists' naked breasts.

A tense pause. Principals and seconds posed statuelike—the former with sabers raised high above their heads, ready to swing at the command, the seconds holding their blades crossed directly before those of the principals, so that no blow could be struck ahead of the signal.

The seconds leaped back, the duelists' sabers flashed viciously, the blades meeting with a resounding clang; then swinging again and again in desperate parry and riposte, until eight thrusts had been given. Just as in the case of the student encounters, the seconds rushed in; one hand seizing the duelists' sword arms and with their own blades crossed between the duelists during the halt period. From the initial signal it was evident to all of us that the lawyer's excitement—either from anger or nerves—made his sword play wilder than that of the careful captain, who, although he was rather sluggish in movement, fought cold-bloodedly. Had he been more active, he might have quickly ended the combat, but the first passage at arms resulted in no blood spilling.

In the next encounter again—had not the students' dueling rules prevailed, forcing both duelists to stand fast with spread legs, rigid in one position, instead of advancing and retreating—the captain might have saved himself from a vicious blow that almost, but not quite, eliminated his right ear. The attorney, from the sheer nervous force of excitement, had succeeded in breaking down his guard. At once the seconds halted proceedings while the doctor made an examination—but the captain's honor had not received satisfaction.

However, the third passage caused a reversal of bloodletting; the captain, his wound streaming blood, still bore in, jaw thrust forward, and this time succeeded in laying open the cheek of his opponent. Again the seconds intervened and suggested, in as much as both men were copiously bleeding, that perhaps honor was now satisfied; but both men merely shook their heads. The next encounter, however, was the final one and settled all matters—honor included apparently—for otherwise it appeared that these furious warriors might pass eternally to a happier hunting ground. The attorney again caught the captain—this time on the top of his skull, causing a deep gash—but, almost at the same instant, the captain's blade bit into the attorney's shoulder with such effect that the sword dropped from a hand that had suddenly gone weak.

The judge's decision concerning honor and the drawn outcome of the battle was hardly necessary. Both men were so weak from bloodletting that scarcely could they stand, and, indeed, both were half carried by their seconds to their dressing rooms.

Recovering From Their Wounds

The crowd lingered. Again filling the long corridor were the waiters, dutifully appearing with a new supply of sausages and beer.

It was necessary to get the doctor's decision on the wounded warriors and see that they were safely out of the building before we could evacuate. We discussed the morning's entertainment and had some more beer. The general opinion was that it had been quite a successful matinée, barring, of course, the faults of the altogether too fresh freshmen and the unfortunate blow which might yet be called foul. In that case, matters might become grave, as corps honor as well as individual honor was then at stake, and so all members of the one corps might be forced to challenge all members of the other corps before a real settlement was secured, such being the duel code in German universities in the year 1930.

The old, old grad was full of chuckles. Evidently he hadn't been able to witness dueling for some time. The weather had been bad and his health uncertain, so the morning, for him, had been a real treat, and he insisted on ordering fresh beer; especially for the foreign gentleman who had been so fortunate as to be present. Word came finally that the wounded were all doing nicely and that the participants of the hate duel considered their grudge already healed, or at least it would be as soon as their wounds permitted them to leave the hospital, where both, it appeared, would probably be confined for some days.

We made a final try to learn the cause of the encounter, but we were balked this time by the mere fact that whatever it was, it had now been settled in such an agreeable fashion.

We groped about for our hats and coats and wandered out into the noonday. The program had taken exactly four and one-half hours. Near the door patrolled a policeman. He grinned at us amiably; we grinned, and several began to whistle, and he whistled too. We recalled matters that are prohibited in other lands and how it has been vaguely whispered that sometimes the cop on the beat knows all about it, so sometimes he stands by just in order that the lads be undisturbed.

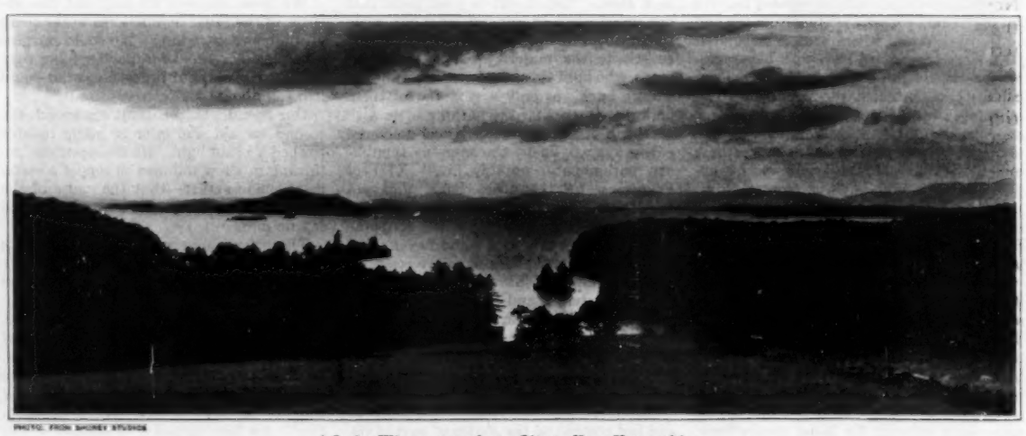

PHOTO. FROM SHORES STUDIOS

Lake Winnepesaukee, Alton, New Hampshire

THE STOCK EXCHANGE IS HIS ONLY "GYM"

. . . Yet he has "Athlete's Foot"

THE only game he knows is the market. His daily exercise is a stiff work-out on the floor of the Exchange. His muscles are strangers to "gym" routine and he wouldn't know the difference between a "back-hand" and a "birdie."

Yet this fast-stepping floor trader has been futilely fighting an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot" for six months and—*he doesn't even know what it is!*

An unpleasant, soft moistness with itching between the toes of his left foot worries him and bothers him more than a ten point drop in one of his favorite stocks.

And the thing that bullies this man in the game of bulls-and-bears is a tiny ringworm germ called *tinea trichophyton*—hardly noticeable at first, but stealthy, *persistent* and *terribly annoying later on.*

*Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—so Easily Tracked into the Home

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere*. It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds "*it is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*" And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

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This will be good news to many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched for it is *persistent*. The person who is seriously afflicted with it today may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition — or a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed below at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

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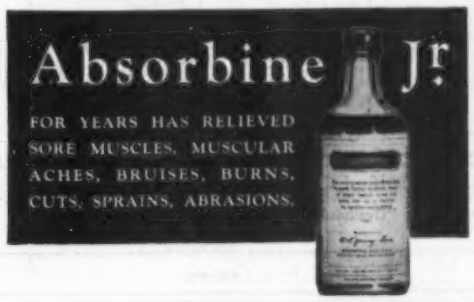
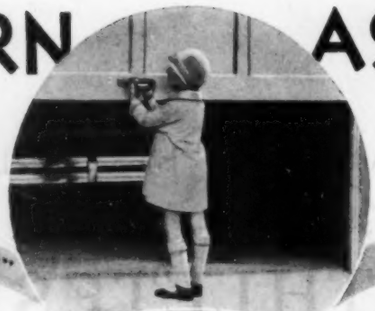


***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

MODERN AS THE FINEST CAR



Modern architecture has turned its attention to the garage, with the result that it now expresses its owner's taste and individuality as strongly as does the home itself. No home today is modern without a modern garage, and no garage can be modern without The "Overhead Door."

The "OVERHEAD DOOR"

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FITS TIGHTLY AT TOP SIDES AND BOTTOM

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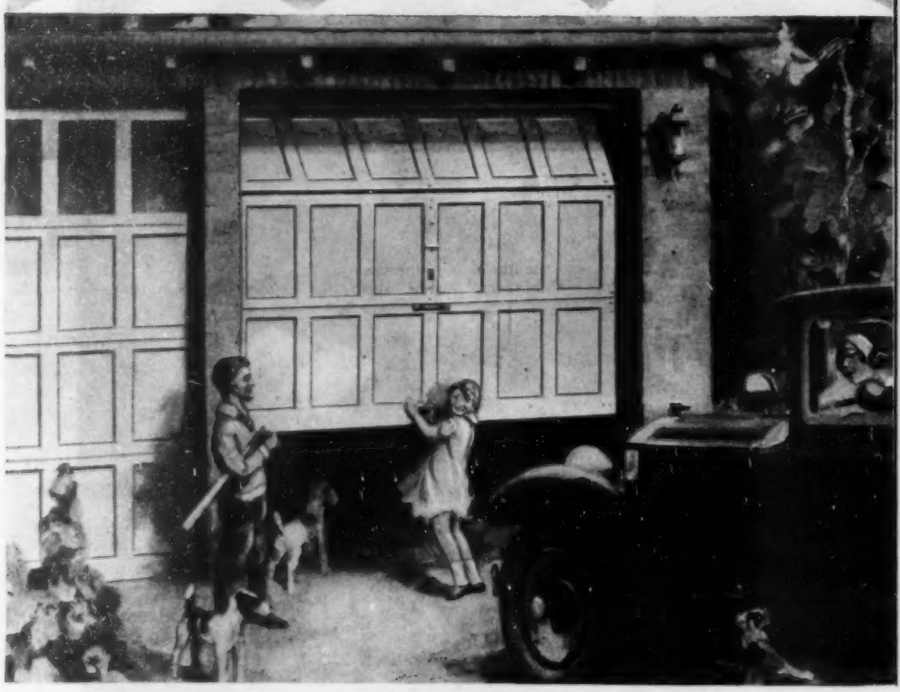

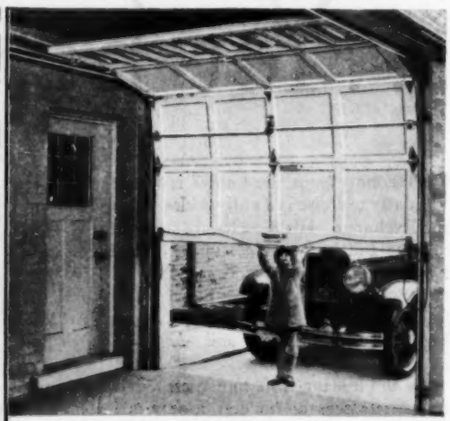

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Our interest in each purchaser of The "OVERHEAD DOOR" does not terminate with the sale. That's where our interest really begins! For every purchaser is assured the most skillful and intelligent year to year or month to month service—a service which is perpetual. We maintain our own individual world-wide sales service organization, designed to afford every "OVERHEAD DOOR" user the utmost in door operation and satisfaction. This service is immediately available wherever The "OVERHEAD DOOR" is in use.

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Because of its ease of operation, economy of space, low maintenance costs and universal conscientious service The "OVERHEAD DOOR" is indispensable for public garages, factories, warehouses, oiling and filling stations and similar buildings.

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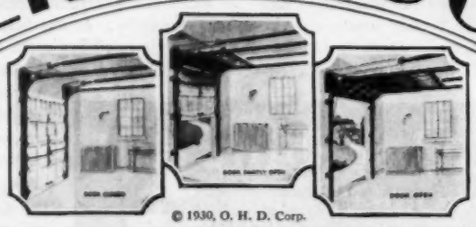
The "OVERHEAD DOOR"



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THE VICTORY SHIP

(Continued from Page 54)

"Amidships! Left rudder! Left rudder!" the pilot exclaimed excitedly as the bow continued to swing.

Wynne jumped for the ladder, ran aft.

"She won't answer, sir," the helmsman reported anxiously.

"Stop!" Duncan shoved down the annunciator himself. "Steering engine jammed," he explained to the pilot. "If you have room here I'd rather not back her down. We can't trust our backing turbine."

The pilot trotted to the rail and noted that the Sark was drifting into the wide bay that held only the ammunition ships. "How long she take?" he asked excitedly. "The admiral, he goes on."

Duncan pointed to the forepeak where the breakdown flag was already flying. "He'll see that and wait." As he spoke, the bell on the steering-engine voice tube rang. He applied his ear. "Very good. . . . Two or three minutes," he explained to the pilot.

A plume of white steam shot up from the safety valve of the yacht, then a signalman climbed above her bridge, waved his hand flags.

"Falcon calling, sir," the quartermaster announced. "Report nature of casualty immediately," he translated.

"Give them this," Duncan directed: "Governor valve on steering engine jammed. Be ready to proceed in five minutes."

The pilot's shrewd little eyes twinkled. "You know what to expect of this ship of yours, eh? How long she take to build—thirty days?"

"Forty," Duncan corrected with a grim smile. "But that's it. She'll be all right when we get her finished."

The procession started again. Passing the first ammunition ship, they heard cheers from the men assembled on her forecastle. Beyond, the next ship's whistle growled hoarsely.

"They all seem to know us." Wynne waved at the other ships as he reached the bridge.

"The papers—they have been full of you," the pilot answered. "On the dock the whole city waits. Such generals! Such admirals! All they wait to greet the Victory Ship."

"Well, they'll get their eyes full if she gets that far." Wynne leaned over and stared up at the immaculate upper fire-control station. "We've got enough paint and brightwork to shame the Kaiser's yacht."

As he stopped speaking, the still air shuddered mildly.

"Look at that!" A signalman pointed at one of the ammunition ships.

A small flame spouted from the ship's well deck; then a huge eruption of fire and smoke that was dotted with blazing powder cases and wreckage. The bellow of the explosion beat against their eardrums.

Instantly the sea about the stricken ship was covered with floating crates. As fire ran among them, the watchers realized with a thrill of horror that the cases held ammunition, kept afloat by the crates in which they were boxed. The thudding explosions sent twenty-foot geysers of flame and water into the air.

As Duncan snatched his glasses, débris rained on the Sark's deck. In the center of the burning area the ship still floated, hemmed in by explosions and a boiling sea of burning oil. Men appeared momentarily on her rail, plunged overboard into the oil-covered water.

In one swift glance, Duncan took in the yacht ahead, the gay picture of the bay beyond her.

"I'll take her now, pilot!" He slammed the annunciator down to "full speed." "Left rudder, Williams! . . . Wynne, man the lifeboat. And break out plenty of heaving lines. We'll see what we can do over there."

The ship throbbed violently as her one screw picked up speed. The engine-room bell rang. Duncan jumped to the voice tube: "Yes, Corrigan, full speed—all you've got! And I'm going to back her down in four or five minutes!"

The tone silenced possible protests. Down below, Corrigan turned away to speed up his pumps and pray that for once his engine would not fail.

Abrupt white splashes shot up about the Sark's bow. Wells, the gunnery officer, arrived on the bridge at the run, saw the splashes and gasped "Shell!" to the white-faced pilot.

Black oil smoke blotted out the wreck, boiling up in solid masses whose lower edges were bordered with red flame. Fire ran along the surface, raced down upon a raft of closely packed boxes to which clung three men. A groan went up from the Sark's deck as it closed about the raft. A pair of white arms flung up, disappeared as the raft went up in one vivid flash.

Metal was rattling sharply behind the bridge. A ragged hole appeared in the second stack.

"Boat and life rafts all ready to put over, sir." Wynne's head appeared at the top of the ladder. "But that stuff is so thick, I doubt if a boat can get through it."

"We'll cut a lane with the ship." Duncan was staring ahead intently, praying that nothing would happen to his engine. She was shooting ahead now, making well over twenty knots.

Abruptly they passed from brilliant sunlight into a lurid twilight that was lanced everywhere with leaping tongues of flame. Through a rift in the smoke they saw that the stern of the wreck was rearing. Her name—Mary Gill—was plainly visible under her taffrail.

Something crashed on the forecastle. "Never went off!" A seaman pounced upon the shell, hove it over the side. But there came a blinding flash amidships, flame spouted above the stacks and the droning note of the blowers altered slightly.

"Shell through the galley," Wynne reported a minute later. "Got Mason, the cook's striker. Cut No. 3 blower casing."

The Sark's bow bore down upon the mass of wreckage, cut into it. The men on her deck watched tensely, wondering if the cases would explode on impact. The first bumped against the stem and nothing happened.

Duncan caught a quartermaster by the arm. "Jump aft and tell the gunner's gang to do what they can to keep fire away from the depth charges."

Within five hundred yards of the Mary Gill, the Sark was swinging to come down parallel with her. Terrific heat closed in. Powder cases let go right alongside, while the paint rose in great blisters and melted away.

Out ahead bobbing faces appeared on the water. Here and there a man's arm was visible around a scrap of wreckage. Astern, a narrow lane marked the path of the destroyer. They passed some of the heads, but Duncan held on, his eyes probing into the rolling cloud around the Mary Gill.

Flame spurted up from the forecastle, half of the glass bridge front crashed around their feet, and the space about the forward gun seemed full of sprawling figures. The shell had exploded fairly against the gun mount, which was tilted now at a crazy angle, the muzzle pointing down toward the rail.

Duncan's face paled, but he held on grimly for a minute longer. "Back one-third!" The annunciator clanged and the stern trembled slightly. "Back full!"

The wreck was less than two hundred yards distant now. A man's head popped up right alongside. A line shot out from the Sark's waist and the fingers closed around it. The stern thrashed violently, but Wynne's eyes lit with admiration as he saw that Duncan was swinging her around, using the hull to sweep a clear space. Aft, a dozen men watched to catch any unfortunate who might be drawn in by the suck of the screws.

"Lower away!" Duncan shouted to the men in the lifeboat. It dropped rapidly. He stole a glance at the Mary Gill, wondering how soon her after hatches would go up in the final explosion. Louder reports were coming from her now. Overhead they heard the trundling noise of heavier shell.

A length of signal yard crashed through the side of the emergency cabin, barely missing the pilot. Aft, the whole side of the damaged second funnel split into a jagged tear.

But survivors were coming aboard now. Dripping black figures were hauled onto the forecastle. A gunner's mate dove from the stern, reappeared supporting a badly burned man. The lifeboat pulled rapidly away. At the edge of the clear space swept by the ship, it paused. Wynne stood upon a thwart, scanned the murk ahead, then motioned forward. Using their oars as poles, the crew shoved straight into the clutter of smoldering boxes.

But on the Sark there were other things to think about. Shells were still falling intermittently, sending up boiling mounds of oil-streaked water alongside, occasionally crashing down on deck or exploding in the air and raining steel fragments. At a dull smack close at hand, those on the bridge turned, saw the helmsman sag over his wheel.

Without a word, the little Frenchman lowered him to the deck, took his place. There were still many heads in the water near the ship. The lifeboat was returning, loaded down. In the water on the starboard side, a man screamed; a mutilated face appeared, with sightless eyes turned upward. Grogan ran forward, snatched a life jacket and dove overboard.

"Give us five minutes more in the boat and we'll have all of them," Wynne called to the captain as he reached the bridge.

Duncan stared through drifting smoke at the Mary Gill, then back along the side to where the lifeboat was discharging its load of rescued men. The Sark was stopped now, drifting in the midst of blazing wreckage that sent choking smoke across her decks. "Go to it," he agreed, after a momentary pause, and his eyes instantly returned to the burning cargo ship.

The main deck of the destroyer was only a few feet above the water and, as the wind rose, flames licked out at the men who were hauled up to safety. Astern, the wreckage was closing across the path that she had swept. Ahead, the whole sea was ablaze. Burning embers had started fires in half a dozen places. The motor dory was burning fiercely in its skids, unheeded.

But the lifeboat was again forcing its way toward the Mary Gill. It stopped twice to pick up men, then went on with its planking smoldering. Soaked with oil as it was, escape from the hungry flames seemed impossible. But at last a yell went up from the Sark as it turned and headed back, with the crew poling madly among the floating litter.

Duncan turned to snatch a megaphone, his foot slipped on a dark smear. "Never mind the boat!" he shouted as the boat came alongside. "Cast it adrift."

The men were hauled up the slippery side. They were led forward oozing black oil. It was so hot that men panted for breath in the choking, gas-filled air. But the destroyer moved ahead, cleaving a path through the wreckage, heeling over as she felt the drive of her one screw.

Ahead, the smoke thinned; then, as her bow shot out into the bright sunlight, the air shook with a terrific concussion; the smoke astern was ripped aside by a great jet of flame. Metal plunged down upon them again. Wynne, wearily hauling himself up the ladder to the bridge, abruptly clutched at his middle, faltered and fell forward on his face, slid, face down, back

Do You
HATE TO ASK
for Money?

HAVE you ever dreaded asking mother, father, or husband, for the money you want? If you've felt that way, you're just like many other folks in the world. But you don't need to. For hundreds of wives and young people have found the way to carefree spending through our pleasant earning plan.

So if you'd like to buy new clothes . . . accessories . . . or take a vacation trip with your own money, soon . . . fill in the coupon below *today*. Details will be sent you without expense or obligation.

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791 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please tell me how to earn my own money.
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A NEW MOTO-MOWER AT A NEW LOW PRICE

Thousands who may have felt they were not justified in purchasing a power lawn mower can now afford the Junior Moto-Mower. The Junior cuts 18 inches wide; the City Model 21 and the Detroit Model 27 inches. Get our new 1930 catalog. $138 50

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LAWNS need light weight rolling in Spring; heavier rolling as Summer approaches. Dunham Water-Weight Rollers are easily adjusted by filling the hollow steel drum with water or sand to weight required. Strongly made, nothing to wear out. Easy to push or pull. $12.85 up in U. S. Sold by Hardware, Seed and Department Stores.

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Metal Egg Crate Co., 804 Wolfe St., Fredericksburg, Va.

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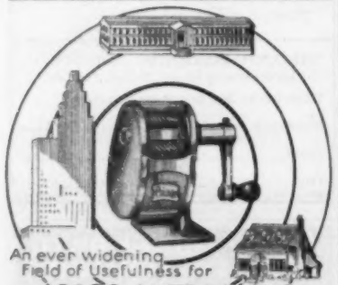
Glo-Co also relieves dandruff and stops hair from breaking or splitting. At all Drug Stores, 50c and 75c. Glo-Co Company, Los Angeles, California.



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In SCHOOLS—*An increasing demand*

And now IN THE HOME—the "CHICAGO" at $1.00, or its companion model the "GIANT" at $1.50, are rapidly becoming *"Household Necessities"*.

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CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Straight hanging
Long wearing
Easily laundered
Inexpensive

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Ask your dealer to show them

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

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June 28 . . . Cruise 52 Days . . . $725 up
Spain, Italy, Across Europe, Norway, Scotland, Holland, Paris, etc.
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BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 724-9th St., Washington, D.C.

to the deck below. Astern, the black pall closed over the last of the Mary Gill.

The war had brought many queer spectacles to the base, but the scarred and battered destroyer that nosed alongside the pier that morning was easily the strangest. One funnel was completely wrecked. The deck house was a blackened ruin, and the motor dory still smoldered in its skids. Red-eyed men in uniforms that were smeared with oil moved over cluttered decks that reeked with it.

The thousands who had come to see the ceremony stayed to watch the welcoming delegation draw aside for hurrying ambulances.

At the gangway a slight man in what had once been a commander's uniform briefly greeted a silk-hatted civilian, waved significantly at the tossing figures on the deck behind him and turned away.

But late that night a rumor ran through the Sark that brought sleepy men tumbling out on deck. An excited shout went up from cracked lips as they clustered around the bulletin board where the captain himself had just tacked up a radio message:

TO COMMANDANT BASE FIVE REFERENCE YOUR INQUIRY CONCERNING REPAIRS SARK STOP HER CREW NEEDED FOR COMBATANT DUTY STOP IF COMMANDING OFFICER DESIRES DIRECT HIM BRING HER TO QUEENSTOWN STOP OTHERWISE SEND ME ALL PERSONNEL REFER REPAIRS TO NAVY DEPARTMENT STOP SIGNED ADMIRAL COMMANDING FORCES AFLOAT

The same question was in all their faces as they turned to Duncan. It became a grim joy as he nodded.

"We'll put her to work."

Getting On in the World

Reducing Prices for Profit

IT MAY sound parodoxical to advise those engaged in selling merchandise to reduce prices for the purpose of increasing profits, but here is what one man did in that respect.

Several years ago this man gave up an office position in a city because it was too confining and went to a town of less than 1000 inhabitants in a sparsely settled locality 100 miles away.

Having had previous experience in the lumber business, he managed to secure a position as assistant in the town's only lumberyard, owned by a large lumber company in the city which he had left.

The sales at the yard were supposed to run from $2250 to $2500 a month. However, during the first month that the man was employed the total sales were only $1800, and the yard was operated at a loss.

The manager of the local yard was advised by the general office that he would have to do without an assistant in order to reduce expenses.

No sooner had the man lost his position than the inhabitants of the town began to come to him with complaints regarding the outrageous prices that were being charged by the local lumber company.

The man encouraged these disgruntled citizens to give him information. They all agreed, he found, that they could purchase building material in the city 100 miles away and have it delivered by truck for considerably less than they could purchase it at the local yard. From further investigation and his own observation, the man learned that nearly 50 per cent of the building material used in the town and the surrounding territory was being purchased from the metropolitan yards.

He opened negotiations with the owners of the local yard and bought it. The first thing he did after acquiring possession of the yard was to reduce prices. He arrived at selling prices by adding an average of 33⅓ per cent to the cost of the material, delivered at the yard.

His predecessors had established their selling prices by adding from 50 to 75 per cent to the delivered cost of the material.

The next step of the new owner was to advertise the change in ownership and the reduction of prices. He did not depend entirely upon the local newspaper. He made it a point to get in personal touch with as many prospective customers as possible and advise them of the change. He invited them to verify the prices and inspect his material, and promised to give them as good values as they could secure elsewhere—and he lived up to his promise.

During the first month under the new management, the total sales were more than $3000. The next month they were slightly less than $4000.

The new lumberman was not yet satisfied, however. He had not been too busy with the details of his own business to note that he was paying a great deal more for his clothing, groceries, meats, fruits and vegetables than he had formerly paid in the city and that, as in the case of building material, a large percentage of these commodities was being bought in the metropolis by local consumers.

A community gathering, a sort of informal get-together of leading citizens and business men, gave him the opportunity he was looking for. These gatherings were annual events. It was customary to call upon some of those present for brief remarks befitting the occasion. In the past, these speeches had been confined to laudatory comment. When the lumberman was called upon to speak, he threw a figurative bomb into the meeting by his unexpected statements.

With startling frankness and brevity, he informed his audience that the criticism which had been so willingly voiced in connection with the lumber business could be applied with equal appropriateness to other lines of business in the town, and that the dealers in other commodities could improve conditions for themselves and for the entire community by adjusting their prices as he had done.

The speech bore fruit. One after another the business men of the town lowered their prices and made a bid for the entire trade of the locality in their particular lines of business.

This had a further stimulating effect upon the lumber business. Within six months the yard was doing an average business of more than $6000 a month.

The result of this increased volume of business may be summed up as follows: Taking $1500 as the average cost price of the material sold per month by the former owners of the yard, and adding to this their average gross profit of 60 per cent, or $900, would give monthly sales of $2400. On every $1500 worth of material, figured at cost prices, which the present owner sold, he made a gross profit of 33⅓ per cent, or $500, making his selling price $2000. It can readily be seen that if his total monthly sales were $6000, his turnover was just three times that of his predecessors, and his gross profit $1500 for the month's business against the $900 of the previous owners of the yard. Incidentally, the dealer saved his customers $1200 on each $6000 worth sold.

The investment and operating expenses did not increase. By replenishing his stock at frequent intervals, the dealer did not have to increase the amount of material carried on hand. He hired an assistant, as his predecessors had done until lack of business forced them to dispense with this extra man.

Under this stimulus the town grew rapidly, and today is a thriving place with more than twice the population that it had before the lumberman showed its business men how to increase their profits by reducing prices.

—O. L. DEHLER.

C'mon, Fellows,
Get YOUR *Prizes!*

More Than 400 More

Money, Prizes and Business Training

EARN fine prizes—and plenty of spending money too—delivering copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* to your friends and neighbors. Hundreds of boys earn Curtis prizes each month and at the same time get excellent business training. Why not you too? We'll help you make good.

Mail the Coupon Below

Talk this over with Dad and Mother. Tell them you want to earn prizes and spending money. Get their consent, then carefully fill out the coupon below. Mail promptly and we'll help you get started quickly!

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Dear Prize Man: You bet I want to earn prizes and cash. Start me as soon as you can.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(Have one of your parents sign the following statement.)

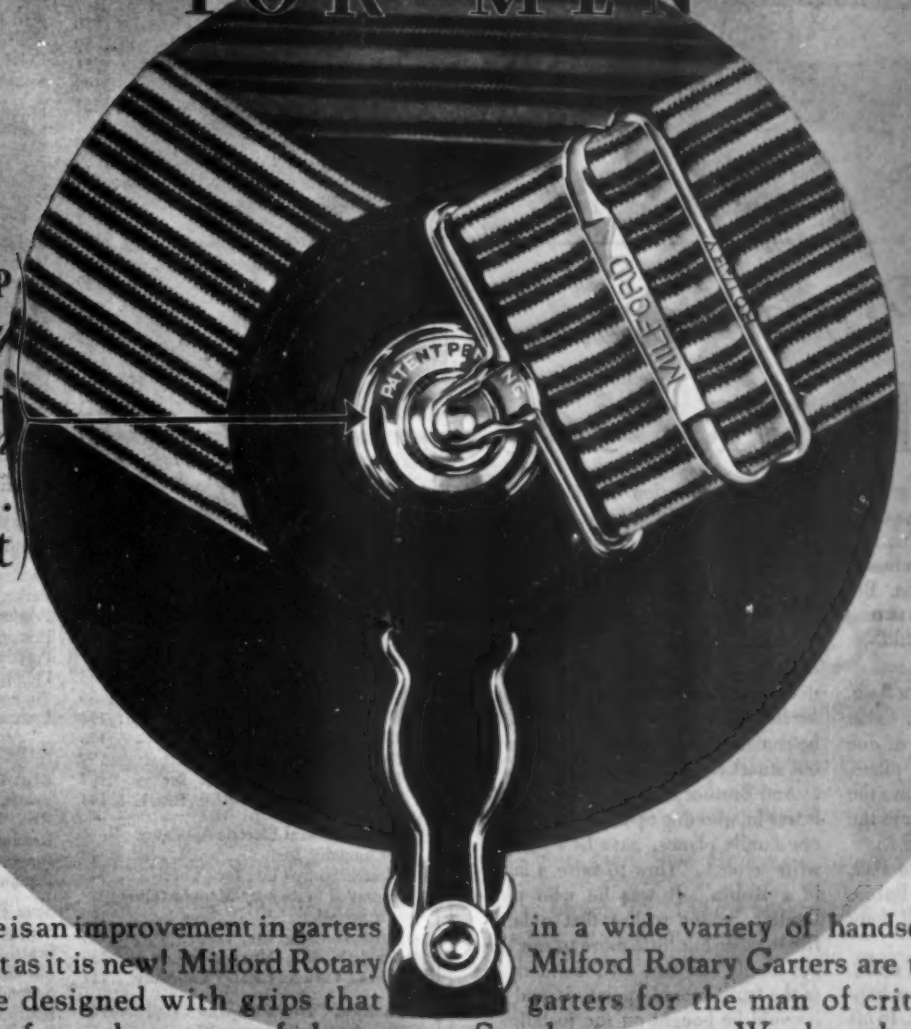
I shall be glad to have my son take advantage of your business training.

.....
(Parent)

NEW!

MILFORD

ROTARY GARTERS FOR MEN



ROTARY GRIP *allows free play of garter with every leg motion*
More Ease... More Comfort

Fits perfectly on either leg **Holds hose straight & smart.....**

Men!—here is an improvement in garters as important as it is new! Milford Rotary Garters are designed with grips that pivot freely from the center of the garter pads—yield smoothly to every leg movement without relaxing their firm, trim hold on your socks.

The felt-backed circular pad is an added assurance of comfort. The Rotary Grip makes either garter fit perfectly on either leg—and you know what an added convenience that is!

Faultlessly tailored, of fresh live elastic, in a wide variety of handsome colors, Milford Rotary Garters are the modern garters for the man of critical tastes. See them now at Woolworth Stores—an outstanding example of the values achieved through Woolworth's great buying power.

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MILFORD, CONN.

10¢
Each Garter
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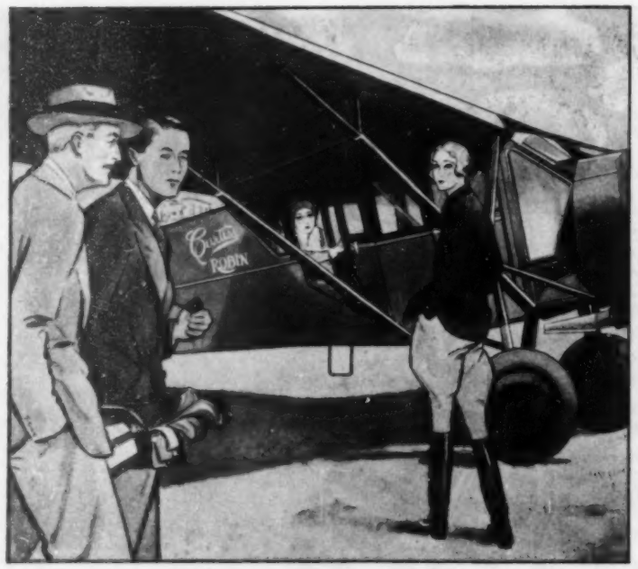


ONE *Plane and* FOUR *Aces*

JUNIOR started it. He attended ground school while still in High. Was crazy to fly—and did. Got a job one summer at Columbus Field. Saved up enough to take a course. Got his license. But it's one thing to fly and another to *own* a plane. And nothing less would do. But how?

One day it came to him, like a flash. Curtiss Robin—Round Robin. That was it—a joint affair. Instead of one plane, one pilot, why not one plane, four pilots. Share the plane, share the fun, share the expense. Four times the flying. One-fourth the overhead.

That's how he sold the idea to Dad. Now the Bentleys own a Curtiss Robin. They all fly it. Their friends call them the four aces.

Dad is the ace of clubs—golf clubs. He thinks nothing of flying two hundred miles to his favorite course. In *his* Robin he makes it in two hours. Takes his foursome with him and they think he's a prince. Uses it in business too. Gets a great kick out of flying to sales conventions.

Mother's the ace of diamonds. Took up flying for social reasons. Flew *her* Robin and three dowagers to the last D. A. R. convention and landed right in the middle of the front page. Worried? Not a bit. She couldn't fly a safer plane. It almost flies itself—but of course the family don't tell her that.

Sister, you guessed it, is the ace of hearts. Insists on wearing one of those cute flying suits, though of course she does not need it in the snug cabin of *her* Robin. But, heavens, flying wouldn't be romance and admiring glances without smart flying clothes.

And Brother is the ace of spades, for it was he who dug up all the facts about one-family planes. Says he's going to write a book, "How to raise a family in a Robin." It was he who made Bentley Senior realize that a family Robin costs but little more to run than the family car, that all four members of the family could operate it, and that it could be bought on the installment plan just like their car.

* * *

The Robin is the plane that flew 17½ days at St. Louis and then had to be told to come down. It is produced in models to suit any family and purse. The 4-place, powered with 185 h. p. Challenger engine, is $7,995; the 3-place with 165 h.p. Wright Whirlwind, $5,995, and the 3-place with the 80 h. p. Curtiss OX5, $2,495.

Detailed literature about the Robin—America's family plane—will be sent you gladly if you will write Dept. R-9, Curtiss-Robertson Airplane Mfg. Co., Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT, 27 West 57th Street, New York.

For

Business · Pleasure · Instruction

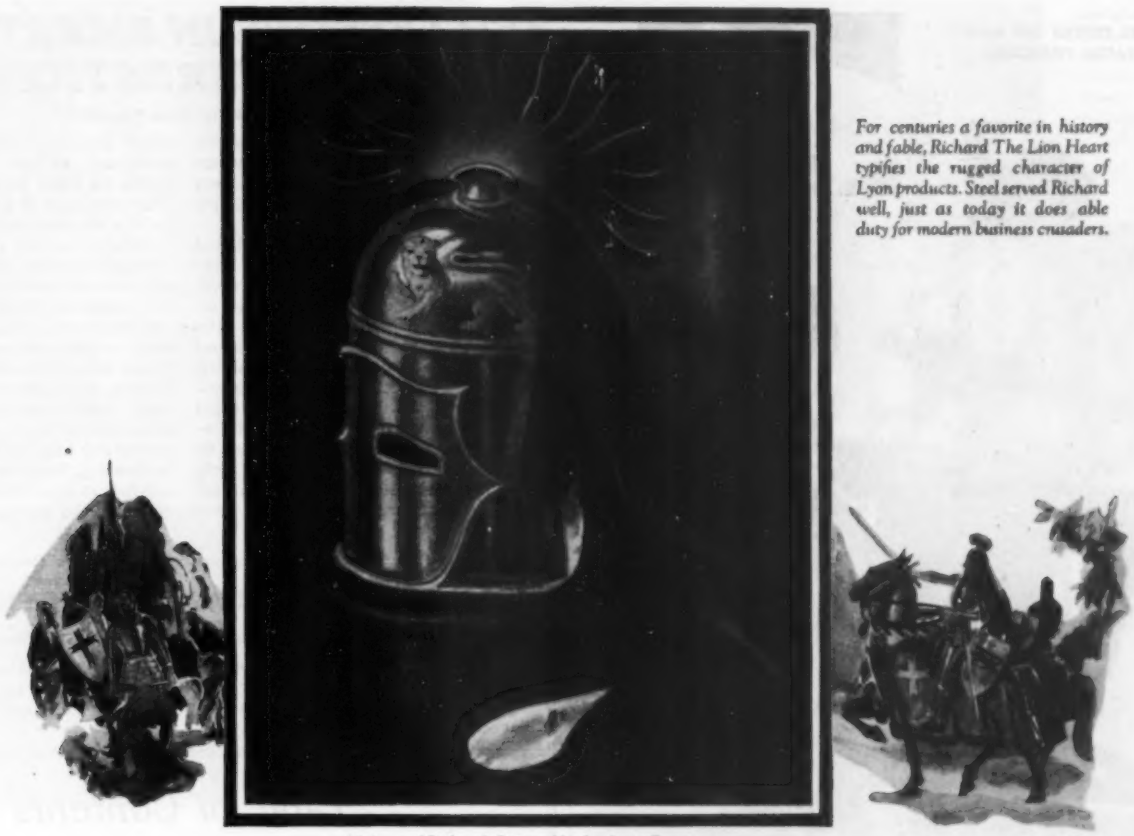
CURTISS ROBIN

Index of Advertisers

April 26, 1930

	PAGE
AC Spark Plug Company	84
Addressograph Company	171
Alemite Corporation	73
Allegheny Steel Company	140
Alligator Company, The	186
Aluminum Company of America	93
American Optical Company	110
American Pencil Company	167
American Safety Razor Corp.	150
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	59
Auburn Automobile Company	51
Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.	198
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc.	69, 202
Berry Brothers, Inc.	116
Bird & Son, inc.	89
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	108
Boott Mills	198
Bristol-Myers Co.	101, 151
Bryant Heater & Mfg. Co., The	192
Buick Motor Company	45
Byers Company, A. M.	159
Cadillac Motor Car Company	63
Californians Inc.	92
Campbell Soup Company	31
Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Corp. (Pyrofax Division)	81
Celotex Company, The	126
Champion Spark Plug Company	55
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc.	106, 107
Cities Service Company	132
Clark, Frank C.	198
Clipper Belt Lacer Company	138
Coleman, Watson E.	198
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	77
Colorado Association, The	185
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	36
Curtiss-Wright Corp.	200
Cycle Trades of America, The	156
Defiance Spark Plugs, Incorporated	133
De Soto Motor Corporation	35
Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co.	194
Ditto, Incorporated	125
Donahue Corporation, A. J.	199
Dunham Lawn Roller Co., Inc.	197
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	144
Edison General Electric Appliance Company, Inc.	40
Electric Sprayit Co., Inc., The	145
Engraved Stationery Manufacturers Association	190
Enterprise Mfg. Co., The	166
Ethyl Gasoline Corporation	139
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Company	117
Faultless Caster Company	146
Fleischmann Company, The	57
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	152
Ford Motor Company	68
Franklin Automobile Company	112
French Line	170
Fuller Brush Co.	105
General Electric Company	70
General Tire & Rubber Co., The	100
Gilmer Co., L. H.	178
Glo-Co Company	198
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	82, 83
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	42, 43
Graham-Paige Motors Corporation	53
Gruen Watch Makers Guild	130, 131
Hamilton Watch Company	180
Hampshire Paper Company	189
Hanes Knitting Co., P. H.	164
Hart, Schaffner & Marx	2
Heller-Deltah Co.	182
Hercules Motors Corporation	188
Homeland Tailoring Co., Inc.	113
Houde Engineering Corporation	122, 123
Hudson Motor Car Company	74, 75
Indemnity Insurance Co. of North America	78
International Mercantile Marine Co.	181
Jacobs Bros. Co., Inc., The	158
Jarman Shoe Co.	185
Johns-Manville Corp.	114, 115
Johnson Motor Co.	134, 135
Kari-Keen Manufacturing Company	184
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	137
Kelvinator Corporation	154, 155
Kozak, Inc.	194
Lacey & Lacey	197
Lambert Pharmacal Co.	95
LaSalle Extension University	198
Lehn & Fink, Inc.	149
Lorillard Co., P.	64
Lyon Metal Products, Inc.	201
Maine Development Commission	161
Marmon Motor Car Company	204
Metal Egg Crate Co.	197
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	87
Moto-Mower Company, The	197
Myers & Bro. Co., The F. E.	136
Nash Motors Co.	148
National Carbon Company, Inc.	65, 165
National Home Furnishings Program	160
National Lead Company	162, 163
New Departure Mfg. Co., The	49
Oakland Motor Car Co.	38, 39
Ohio Varnish Co., The	173
Olds Motor Works	86
Overhead Door Corporation	196
Packard Motor Car Co.	79
Parke, Davis & Co.	147
Peerless Motor Car Corporation	191
Pennzoil Co., The	124
Perfect Circle Company, The	97
Phillips Chemical Co., The Charles H.	85
Plymouth Motor Corporation	71
Probak Corporation	69
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.	121
RCA Victor Company, Inc.	IV Cover
Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc., A. J.	141
Reid, Murdoch & Co.	III Cover
Remington Rand Business Service	98, 99
Revere Copper & Brass Inc.	176, 177
Rutland Fire Clay Company	186
Save The Surface Campaign	119
Scripps-Howard Newspapers	169
Seattle Chamber of Commerce	168
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A.	1
Simonds Saw and Steel Company	127
Smith-Lee Co., Inc., The	94
Spalding & Bros., A. G.	183
SpeedWay Manufacturing Co.	143
Spencer Heater Company	76
Stinson Aircraft Corporation	61
Swift & Company	33
Tennessee Copper & Chemical Corp.	187
Texas Company, The	88
Timken Roller Bearing Co., The	46
Union Pacific System	111
United States Rubber Company	90, 91
Upson Company, The	142
Vacuum Oil Company	66, 67
Wahl Company, The	172
Watkins Company, The R. L.	109
Western Air Express	193
Western Company, The	203
Western Electric Co.	179
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.	II Cover
Willys-Overland, Inc.	102, 103
Winchester Repeating Arms Co.	129
Wooster Brush Co., The	118
Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.	198
Young, Inc., W. F.	195

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.



For centuries a favorite in history and fable, Richard The Lion Heart typifies the rugged character of Lyon products. Steel served Richard well, just as today it does able duty for modern business crusaders.

Helmet of Richard. Painted by Ludwig Gassner

STEEL—TO BEAR THE HARD ABUSE THAT MODERN BUSINESS PRESSURE DEMANDS

Factories speeded up to meet immediate shipments or to produce new merchandise! Sales urged on to hold their own against competition and quotas! The demand is MORE BUSINESS, MORE SALES, QUICKER TURNOVER! Only those firms whose stocks and supplies are in order to fill needs without lost motion will profit. And those firms, in tune with modern merchandising methods, realize that man power is in its ascendency—able man power backed by *organized* manufacturing facilities. Lyon Steel Equipment possesses the advantages of permanence plus adaptability—space economy plus rugged strength—beauty plus utmost convenience. This organization, dominated by the spirit of serving others, is ready to give its experience to manufacturers who seek economy of space and new markets, to wholesalers who seek new outlets for retailing, to retailers who seek new consumers. A brochure, "Equipment and Man Power," awaits your request. . . . .

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Converters of Sheet Steel into Practical Conveniences
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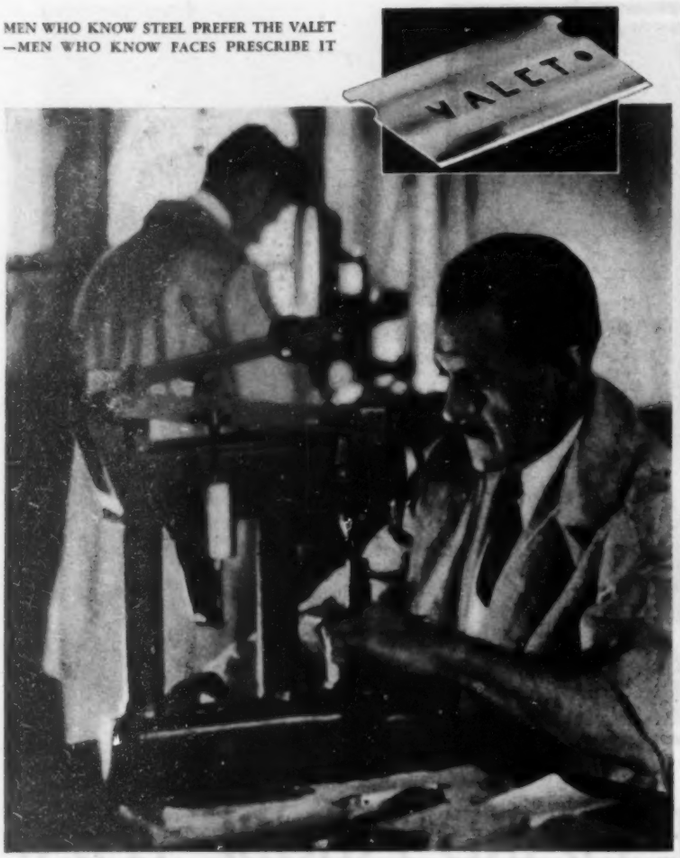
Branches, Jobbers and Dealers in All Principal Cities

STORAGE AND DISPLAY EQUIPMENT IN STEEL
STORE FIXTURES · COUNTERS AND SHOW CASES
SHELVING · LOCKERS AND CABINETS
FOLDING TABLES AND CHAIRS

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



HARDNESS
must be just Right!

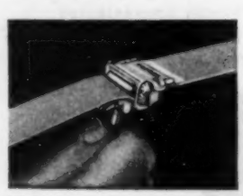
DOWN comes the diamond point of the Valet hardness testing machine—with powerful pressure. Up mounts the needle of the recording dial. It must read just right. Valet steel must be neither too hard nor too soft to take and hold the micro-perfect shaving edge.

Men who know steel prefer the new Valet blade. Tests made in one laboratory after another have proved its superiority and won for it the praise of metallurgists, engineers and chemists. Dermatologists—the skin specialists who know faces—prescribe the Valet to correct conditions caused by harsh shaving. It glides across your face lightly—without irritating the skin.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop Razor—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. It always holds the blade at a friendly, scientifically adjusted angle. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Shave with the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock

The NEW
VALET
AutoStrop BLADE



AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

TEN LESSONS IN SMART SOCIAL CONVERSATION

(Continued from Page 58)

The way I happened to give up performing was this: I was invited to dinner where were to be some celebrities. Before I went I gave myself a treatment not to try to get in the conversation.

It was a success. I even imagined that they all turned to me to see if they were pleasing me, and I would hardly say a word, but gave back a look of sad, detached intelligence. I even think they were a little afraid of me, and wonder to this day about that dark, burning, perspicacious, vital person—me—and whether or not they made fools of themselves. From that day to this I have been in favor of a new school of conversation. Say what you mean. Feel no obligation to laugh, drink, yell, look arch, or to whack men on the arm with your fan. Be curious. It is true you can be curious about the girl of your dreams, but why not about any pie face? Remember that Leonardo da Vinci would want to know the inner workings of a country curate as well as of a beautiful actress.

Think over the rare conversationalists you have known. First, you will find it is almost sure to be a woman. Second, you will remember chiefly her warm, friendly curiosity; out it all came, things you had decided never to tell anyone. She had hardly to ask questions; all she needed was affectionate, intelligent interest; and paradoxically, though she did nothing but take it easy, relaxing in a dreamy way, you have the impression that she was the wittiest, most fascinating, brilliant, epigrammatical sorceress that ever breathed, that ever looked enigmatically through tangled lashes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

April 26, 1930

Cover Design by Eugene Iverd

SHORT STORIES — PAGE

Man Afraid—*Ben Ames Williams* . . . . *Illustrated by Robert W. Stewart* 8
Children Can't Understand—*Everett Rhodes Castle* *Illustrated by Henrietta McCaig Starrett* 10
Practically Faithful—*Olga Moore* . . . . *Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd* 14
The Longest Way Round—*Katharine Newlin Burt* *Illustrated by Austin Jewell* 16
Bright Like a Canary—*Brooke Hanlon* . . . *Illustrated by James H. Crank* 20
The Limestone Tree—The Rebel Trace—*Joseph Hergesheimer* *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger* 22
Swordsmen of the Sea—*Charles Francis Coe* *Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull* 24
The Victory Ship—*Murney Mintzer* . . *Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer* 50

ARTICLES

In Sunny Crime Land—*Harry Leon Wilson* . . . *Illustrated by Tony Sarg* 3
Kultur of the Saber—*Wythe Williams* . . . . . *Photographs* 6
Tombstone and its Epitaph—*Will Levington Comfort* . . . *Photographs* 12
Nice, Fresh Tigers, Etc.—*Frank H. Buck With Wesley Stout* *Photographs* 18
France on Two Words—*Nunnally Johnson* . . *Illustrated by Austin Jewell* 29
The Sporting Side of Aviation—*Brigadier General William Mitchell* *Photographs* 27
Reporters—*Don Marquis* 44
Ten Lessons in Smart Social Conversation—*Brenda Ueland* 56
Contract Bridge—*Shepard G. Barclay* . . . *Illustrated by George Wright* 60

SERIALS

The Walking Stick (Conclusion)—*C. E. Scoggins* *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston* 26
Happy Landings (Fifth part of six)—*Fanny Heaslip Lea* *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh* 32
Hard Money (Fourth part of six)—*Clarence Budington Kelland* *Illustrated by Orison MacPherson* 47

MISCELLANY

Editorials 28
Post Scripts 30
The Poets' Corner 158
Getting On in the World 198

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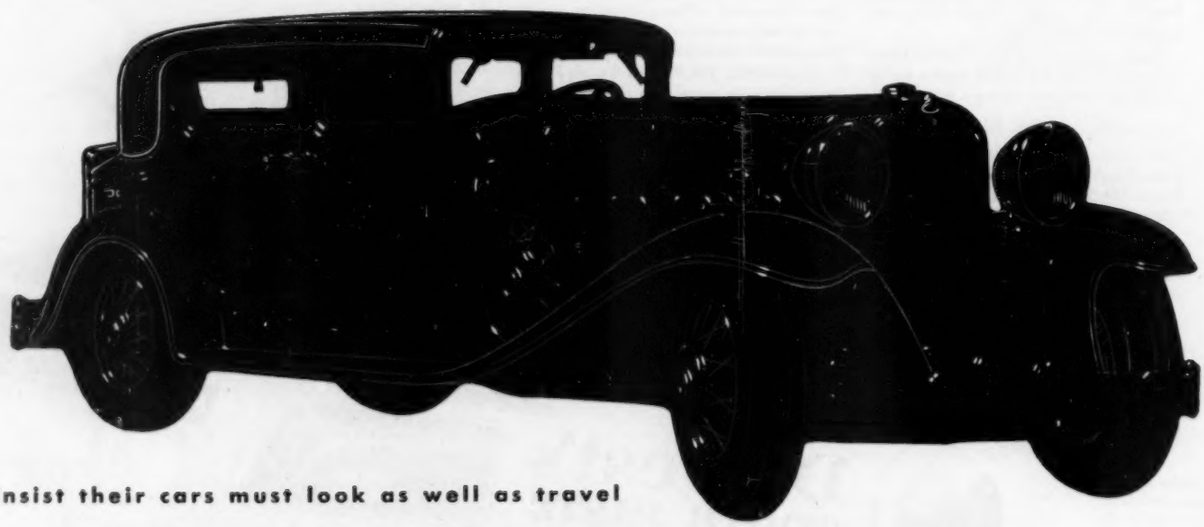

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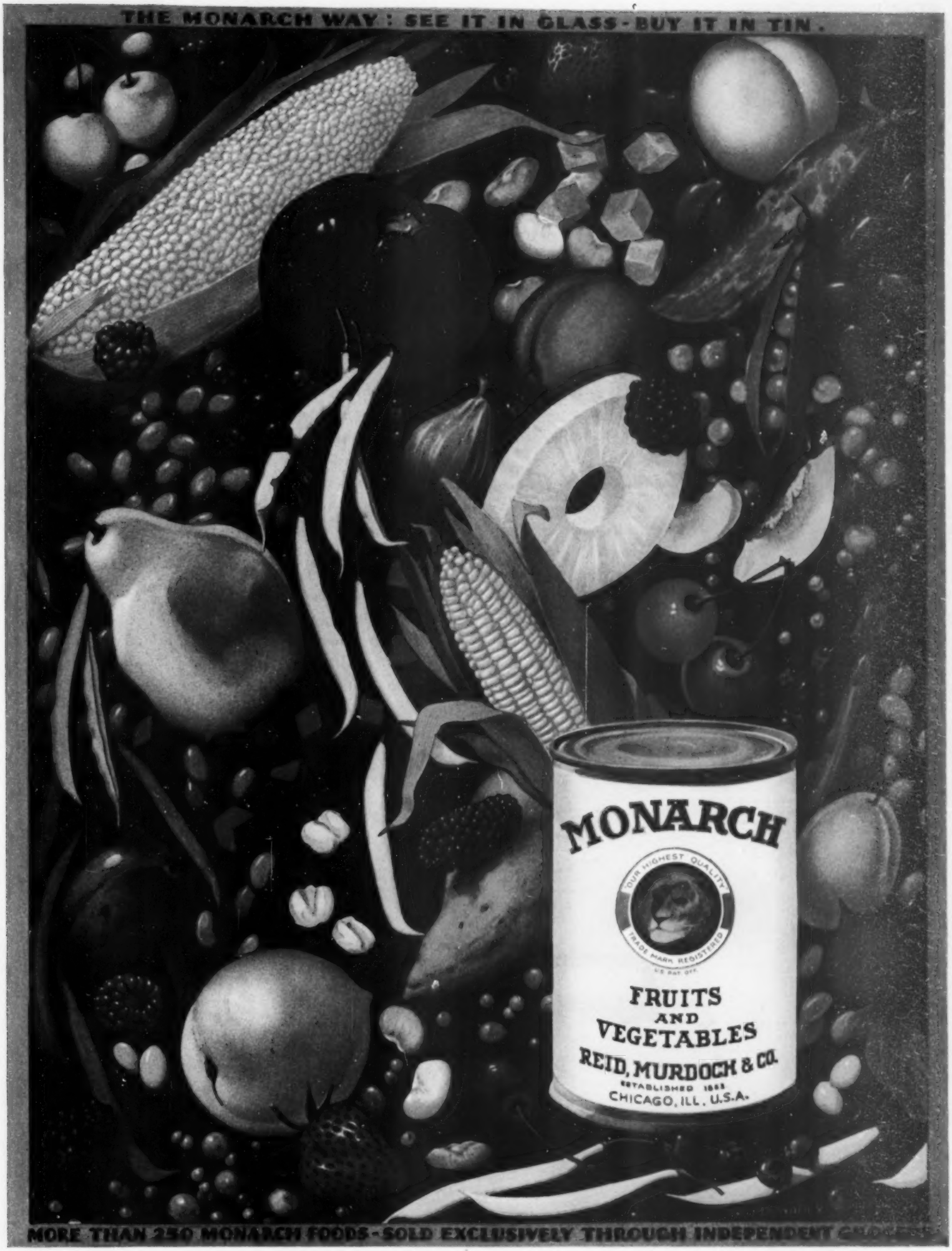
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